

COLLEGE FOOTBALL

Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 15, 1969 50 CENTS

OHIO STATE STILL No.1





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SHOPWALK

It takes a heap of hunting to fill the cans that Baxter's exports for gourmets

In Great Britain, when a man goes hunting to fill his belly rather than just to satisfy his spirit, he calls it "shooting for the pot." The firm of W.A. Baxter and Sons, which owns a world-famous canning factory in the village of Fochabers, Morayshire in the highlands of Scotland, has without a doubt one of the world's biggest pots. Each year it bubbles and boils with some 80,000 head of game, and to help fill it Baxter's is quite willing to employ the guns and hunting instincts of those who can afford such of their products as Whole Roast Pheasant in Burgundy Wine Jelly, Whole Grouse in Sherry or partridge in still another vinous jell.

So it was that on a crisp December day of last year I and nine other guest guns found ourselves on Baxter's 13,000-acre estate "shooting for the pot." A small army of beaters drove hundreds of pheasants high and fast over our heads and, before the day's nine drives were done, we had bagged a satisfactory 117 pheasants. Even after each gun had been presented with the traditional brace to take away for his own pot, there were still 97 left for Baxter's. But such a bag is puny compared to Baxter's yearly requirements.

Besides the whole pheasant, grouse or partridge, which they can and sell all over the world in the gourmet departments of famous department stores in many cities as well as in such fancy food shops as New York's Charles & Co. and Grinstead's, Baxter's fortifies the diets of more than 80 countries with rich soups like Cock-a-Leekie, Pheasant Soup with Sherry, Wild Duck Soup with Sherry and a sustaining brew called Royal Game Soup, a can of which costs 59c.

First marketed in 1934 from the allegedly secret recipe of a local chieftain, Baxter's royal game recipe was then so spicy that only Poona colonels could take it. Now it has been mellowed somewhat. To make 100 gallons of Royal Game Soup, Baxter's claims to need 1,17 red deer, 14 grouse, 31 pheasants, six partridges and 2½ bottles of French burgundy.

A fine fellow named George King is responsible for acquiring the necessary animals.

"I buy nearly 200 tons of venison a year to go into Royal Game Soup," King said. "That's about a third of all the venison shot in Scotland. When a stag has been shot, a gillie grallochs [viscerates] it, slings it across a pony and brings it down perhaps 10 miles from the hill. Deer that have been dragged fetch a lower price because of the bruises," he explained. "The gillie then contacts a game dealer who drives miles up the glen to collect the beast. The land-

continued



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the uncommon motor oil
Exceeds car makers'
warranty requirements.

SHOPWALK continued

owner gets about 27½ a pound for the grill-locked carcass, or about \$30 per deer. The dealer skins it and resells it to us."

King buys some 20,000 grouse a year. "All old birds," he says, "because they have more flavor and can stand up better to our long processing." (Lift a grouse by the lower beak—if the beak breaks, the bird is a young one.)

Baxter's own shoot provides only about 7,000 pheasants of the 40,000 that are needed each year. The rest are bought. "For canning, we buy cocks only... hens are too small," says King. "What we want is a bird that will fit neatly into a can 4½" in diameter and 7½" tall, weighing about 3½ pounds.

"There's a quite predictable cycle of pheasant prices," King said. "In October, at the start of the season, they are scarce and expensive in Scotland. So we have to go to England for our game. November is all right, and we can buy for 10 or 12 bob (\$1.20 to \$1.35) a head, then the price goes up just before Christmas when the lairds are giving their game away to friends. Supplies become very plentiful in the last few weeks of January when the keepers are out killing off the superfluous cocks. We try to buy and freeze enough then to last us through till November." One year, Baxter's thought they might economize by hand-raising pheasants and winging their necks like poultry, but the resulting birds didn't taste good.

The firm was founded a century ago when George Baxter invested £10 and opened a little grocer's shop in Forchabers. By good fortune or design he married a superior jam maker called Margaret. One of her early jam-lovers was the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, who recommended the product to big London stores, including Fortnum & Mason. The business is still a family one, and the story is that 91-year-old Mr. William Baxter visits the office daily to inspect every letter that goes out. His sons, Mr. Ian and Mr. Gordon, spend much of their time touring the globe to promote their products—fully kilted in Gordon tartan, of course.

Mary Baxter products are the invention of Gordon's wife, Ema. After any meal at home, it is cordily related, her husband may demand the recipe so that he can sell a million cans or so. Baxter's Chicken Gumbo—a totally un-Scottish food—she made from a Gwerner recipe: it sold a million cans the first year. Baxter's Marmalade (which even sells well in Italy) came into being at one of Mrs. Gordon's dinner parties. But it was Gordon himself, perhaps in a moment of desperate self-assertion, who came up with the idea of whiskey-flavored marmalade. Today connoisseurs expect that the finest marmalades should be matured for five years in drused whiskey casks.

—J. A. MAXFORD GRAHAM



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Not where arthritis is concerned.

Modern woman is its chief victim.

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Another thing. The Arthritis Foundation exists to help... to support research... to train specialists... to improve treatment... to help people in pain.

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The Arthritis Foundation

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Next week

PRO FOOTBALL kicks off its final season divided, and the halves—NFL and AFL—have never been so equal. In our annual special issue Tex Maule makes his downless picks. Artie Arnold Rothbarpoons football clichés with his mighty pen and Alex Kroll, a member of the '62 Titans, describes the most unangry, unloved and un-penned team in the history of the game—plus full scouting reports, color photographs of the kicking boom and a close look at amazon Jim Turner of the Jets and nm holder Goldfinger.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

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Senior Editor Walter Bingham was at home on Long Island enjoying his weekend, satisfied that our annual college football preview package (starting on page 46) was as up-to-date as he and a small army of correspondents, reporters, writers, photographers and editors could make it. But in the unlikely event that Stanford Quarterback Jim Plunkett sprained his throwing wrist the first day of practice or Notre Dame suddenly found another year of eligibility for Terry Hanratty we could make some late changes. Our own early-warning radar system was in operation, just in case.

Bingham was about to walk out his door to go to the tennis matches at Forest Hills when the telephone rang. One of our Midwest correspondents had called in to report that Purdue Linebacker Dick Marvel—who, by the way, is not the captain—had quit the team. Marvel was not a major part of the Purdue scouting report, but he was mentioned once and Wahl decided to come into Manhattan and delete the name. Two days later, when it would have been nearly impossible to change anything even if Ohio State still suddenly dropped football, the correspondent phoned in again. Mr. Marvel had rejoined the Boilermakers.

If linebackers are sometimes hard to figure, they are no different from the teams they play for, and that makes our annual task of picking the Top 20 teams—in order—about as simple as tackling Red Grange or O. J. Simpson in the open field.

Staff members went out in the spring to see the teams we thought would be among the elite, and we sent out hundreds of queries to colleges and correspondents. As usual, some ultra-cautious coaches couldn't understand why we would even bother to take a look at their poor cripples. "Most of them are so darn pessimistic," said Reporter Sandy Treadwell. "Listen to Notre

Dame people and you're sure they're not going to win a game!"

After blowing away the smoke screens, hearing all the intrastaff debate and getting the counsel of Senior Editor Dan Jenkins (an old hand at giving opinions on college football), Bingham sat down and made the selections.

"Some people have told us that picking Ohio State No. 1 shows very little imagination," says Bingham, "but there is an element of daring in it. How many teams are No. 1 two years in a row? Someone warned me that successful sophomore teams like the Buckeyes rarely do well as juniors, but I flew out to Columbus last May to check that point with Woody Hayes, and he assured me his team would not get cocky. In matters of that sort I always believe Woody.

"Inevitably, though, there are some teams we pass over that do well and some teams we favor that flop. There were some late changes. I got talked into adding Kansas and Stanford and removing LSU and UCLA. Somebody—maybe one of the latter two—probably will go undefeated."

The scouting reports were written by Pat Putnam (who will be on the college-football beat with Jenkins this fall), Joe Jares, Libby Krautter, Skip Myslenki, Harold Peterson, William Reed, Gary Ronberg, Sandy Treadwell and Herman Weiskopf.

While they were all looking forward, Jenkins was busy digging around in the past, researching his splendidly opinionated piece on the 11 greatest players of all time. At least Bingham didn't have to worry about last-minute injuries to them.

Gary Hall



There is a cigarette for the two of you. t.a.m.

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How a tire for the front of the car and a tire for the rear of the car help you get more out of your car.

Since your front wheels steer the car, it only stands to reason that tires designed specifically for steering will allow them to function that much better.

What makes our front tire so good for steering?

To begin with, it has nine tread rows as opposed to the five tread rows that most of the tires on the road today have. So you always have an enormous amount of biting edges in contact with the road, which obviously leads to better steering control.

And because the groove between the last two tread rows on either side of the tire is straight, cornering is just about as smooth as it can be.

Now, by the same token, since your rear wheels push the car, tires designed especially for traction will allow them to function that much better.

What makes our rear tire so good for traction?

Well, first of all, it's a wider tire than the front. So right off the bat, you have the benefit of more rubber on the road.

Plus, the combination of the regular tread pattern and the deep-lug tread pattern gives you superb traction on any kind of surface: smooth, dirt, mud, even snow.

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push, tires designed for traction will help them function better.

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**What will your team
play this year...**



Photographed at the University of Washington Stadium, Seattle



**U. of Alabama
Paul "Bear" Bryant,
Head Coach:**

"AstroTurf has given me as many as two days of extra practice in a week. We used to practice in the field house to protect the turf on wet days. The big thing with us is the reduction of knee and ankle injuries. I'm highly pleased with AstroTurf. In fact, I don't see how others can avoid going to it."



U. of Washington
Jim Owens,
Head Coach:

"AstroTurf adds speed and improves timing—in practice and in games. Spectators like it. They can read the numerals on the players' clean jerseys. The marching band no longer has to forego their half-time show when the field is torn up. And now we can offer preliminary freshman football and soccer games before varsity football. We would not want to return to natural turf."



Seattle Public Schools
Harvey Lanman,
Director of Athletics:

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Nationally televised games

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N.Y. Jets vs. Houston Oilers at Houston NBC TV network Dec. 6—1:00 CST

Regionally televised games

Miami vs. Houston at Houston ABC TV Nov. 1—12:00 CST
Texas A&M vs. Arkansas at Fayetteville ABC TV Nov. 1—1:00 CST
Stanford vs. Washington at Seattle ABC TV Nov. 8—1:00 PST

Pro games televised to visiting team's home town network

Philadelphia Eagles CBS TV

Franklin Field, Philadelphia

vs.
Washington Sept. 14—1:00 EST
Cleveland Sept. 21—1:00 EST
Pittsburgh Sept. 28—1:00 EST
Dallas Oct. 5—1:00 CST
New Orleans Oct. 26—1:00 CST
Los Angeles Nov. 16—1:00 PST
Washington Dec. 7—1:00 EST
Atlanta Dec. 14—1:00 EST

Houston Oilers NBC TV

The Astrodome, Houston

vs.
Miami Sept. 28—3:00 EST
Buffalo Oct. 5—3:00 EST
Denver Oct. 26—3:00 EST
Cincinnati Nov. 9—3:00 EST
San Diego Nov. 27—3:00 PST
New York Dec. 6—1:00 EST
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University of Alabama

Denny Stadium, Tuscaloosa

Southern Mississippi Sept. 27
Miami (Fla.) Nov. 15

University of Arkansas

Razorback Stadium, Fayetteville

Tulsa Sept. 27
Texas A&M Nov. 1
Texas Dec. 6

Boston University

Nickerson Field, Boston

Vermont Sept. 27
Massachusetts Oct. 11
Maine Oct. 25
Connecticut Nov. 1
Rhode Island Nov. 8
Delaware Nov. 15

Hofstra University

Hofstra Stadium, Hempstead, N.Y.

Bucknell Sept. 20
Gettysburg (Night) Sept. 27
Lafayette Oct. 4
Delaware Oct. 11
Bridgeport (Night) Oct. 25
C. W. Post (11 a.m.) Nov. 27

University of Houston

The Astrodome, Houston

Mississippi State (Night) Oct. 4
Mississippi (Night) Oct. 25
Miami (Fla.) Nov. 1
Wyoming (Night) Nov. 22
Florida State (Night) Nov. 29

Illinois State University

Hancock Stadium, Normal

Wis.—Milw. Campus (Night) Sept. 13
Illinois Wesleyan (Night) Sept. 20
Ferris State Sept. 27
Central Michigan Oct. 4
Eastern Illinois Oct. 18
Bradley Nov. 15

Indiana State University

Memorial Stadium, Terre Haute

Eastern Illinois Sept. 13
Eastern Michigan Oct. 4
Illinois State Nov. 1
Central Michigan Nov. 8

Northern Illinois University

West Stadium, DeKalb

Idaho (Night) Sept. 20
Western Kentucky (Night) Oct. 11
Ball State Oct. 25
Toledo Nov. 8
Western Michigan Nov. 15

Oregon State University

Parker Stadium, Corvallis

Southern California Oct. 4
Stanford Nov. 1
Washington State Nov. 15

University of Oregon

Autzen Stadium, Eugene

San Jose State Oct. 11
Washington Oct. 25
Idaho Nov. 1
Army Nov. 8
U.C.L.A. Nov. 15
Oregon State Nov. 22

University of Pennsylvania

Franklin Field, Philadelphia

Bucknell Sept. 27
Brown Oct. 4
Lehigh Oct. 18
Harvard Nov. 1
Cornell Nov. 22

University of Texas

Memorial Stadium, Austin

Texas Tech. (Night) Sept. 27
Navy (Night) Oct. 4
Rice Oct. 25
Baylor Nov. 8
T.C.U. Nov. 15

University of Washington

Husky Stadium, Seattle

Ohio State Oct. 4
Oregon State Oct. 18
Stanford Nov. 8
Southern California Nov. 15
Washington State Nov. 22

West Virginia University

Mountaineer Field, Morgantown

Cincinnati Sept. 13
Maryland Sept. 20
V.M.I. Oct. 4
Pittsburgh Oct. 25
Richmond Nov. 15

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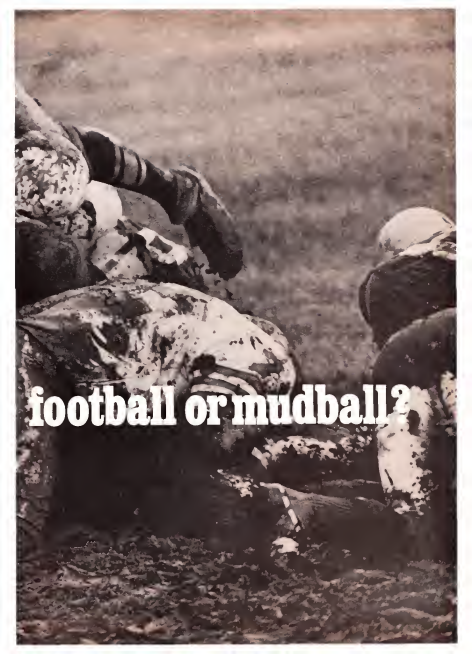
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First of all, there isn't any dirt. The entire field is covered with AstroTurf's grasslike blades of nylon. Water doesn't stay around, either. An AstroTurf field drains and dries much faster than a conventional one.

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AstroTurf helps take the crunch out of hard falls, too. With a thick shock-absorbing pad just underneath the layer of grass-like AstroTurf nylon.

You'll see better football on AstroTurf—and you'll see more of it. Two and three games a day on the same field. AstroTurf stays in perfect playing condition, no matter how hard or how often it's used.

Since your team can hold *all* its practice sessions on an AstroTurf field, practice is better and safer. And with no need for extra practice fields, your school can gain precious land for other sports or brand new buildings.

Amazing AstroTurf. If you're lucky, your team will play on it this year.

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RECREATIONAL SURFACES BY

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SCORECARD

THE LETTER AND THE SPIRIT

The NCAA keeps stumbling over its own rules. In 1962, partly to protect college basketball players from gamblers, the NCAA declared that a collegian faced suspension if he took part in a basketball game that had not been officially approved. But two current instances of NCAA enforcement of that basically sound rule seem to go far beyond its meaning and purpose.

First, the NCAA this year refused to sanction the basketball competition at the Maccabiah Games in Israel, although in the past the Maccabiah Games, like the Olympics and the Pan-American Games, had been sanctioned. When players from various parts of the country were being considered for the U.S. team, the NCAA—apparently because an AAU-approved group was the selecting agency—blew the whistle at the collegians on the team and said no-no.

Most colleges reluctantly told their players to stay home, but Yale, which like all the Ivy League is having its differences with the NCAA, told its Jack Langer, a 6' 8" junior, to go ahead. "He wanted to go and I encouraged him," says DeLaney Kiphuth, Yale's athletic director. "It was a great opportunity for him because he is a Jew and he wanted a chance to represent this country in Israel." As of last weekend Langer had not been declared ineligible but, Kiphuth says, "We made a stand, and I don't see how the NCAA can fail to bring us up before the infractions committee."

The second case seems even more extreme. Now a senior, 6' 9" Gary Freeman of Oregon State went home to Boise, Idaho last March and played in a seniors vs. alumni game at his old school, Borah High. Because Oregon State players had been cautioned about playing in "outside" games, Freeman checked first with the high school coach, who in turn asked city and state interscholastic officials if it would be O.K. Everybody said fine, and Freeman played. Late in

August, five months later, it was announced that Freeman had been suspended for violating the NCAA rule and that he could not play basketball for Oregon State this winter. Oregon State quickly asked the 18-man NCAA council, which has jurisdiction in the matter, to reinstate Freeman, but the request was denied.

People in Boise and at Oregon State were stunned and angry. It was generally accepted that someone at the University of Oregon had reported Freeman. The only Pacific Coast representative on the NCAA council is the University of Oregon's Dr. Raymond T. Erickson. According to people in Boise, the NCAA talked to none of the Idaho officials involved with the game. Said Ron Runyon, superintendent of athletics and physical education for the Boise public schools, "We were not aware of the NCAA rule, but as I understand it now the purpose of the rule is to stop college players from competing in organized games in summer leagues or in AAU tournaments. It's pretty farfetched to call this piddly little seniors-alumni thing an organized game. Gary didn't even play with the alumni—he played with the seniors to balance the teams. No official score was kept, there were no paid officials and there was only a small crowd. Admission was something like 25¢, and the little money we took in went to let-temers' club projects.

"The NCAA council's only justification for calling Gary ineligible was that they have done the same thing before. They may have been wrong before, too."

SEMANTICS

American League officials and club owners, unhappy about the widespread use of the term "playoff"—which has such strong overtones of football—to describe what they would prefer to call the championship series between the winners of the Eastern and Western Divisions, have decided that correction begins at home. Anyone of their group who uses the word

"playoff," orally or in writing, is subject to a \$1 fine, and Ewing Kauffman of the Kansas City Royals has been authorized to collect the money. League President Joe Cronin and executives Gabe Paul of the Cleveland Indians and Jerry Hoffberger of the Baltimore Orioles have already paid up. Cronin, in forwarding his dollar, cautiously avoided compounding his original felony. "Jerry Hoffberger has informed me," he wrote to Kauffman, "that I owe you a dollar for mentioning the word that formerly described our American League championship series."

DREAMS OF GLORY

They say that a vicarious sense of accomplishment is one of the things that contributes most to making a man a pro football fan. "I can do anything," he thinks subconsciously as he watches Gale Sayers or Joe Namath or John Mackey.

Sometimes his subconscious takes over completely, and for a moment or two he can do anything. For instance, 38 fans from Mountain View, Calif., got



aboard a chartered bus a Sunday or two ago and settled down for the 40-mile drive to San Francisco, where they planned to watch the 49ers in an exhibition game. But the bus would not start. Its battery was dead. Some of those aboard suggested pouring bourbon, of which there was a plentiful supply, into the battery, but their self-appreciative laughter died down when the bus driver came back from a phone booth to report unhappily that it would take near-

—continued—

ly an hour to get a replacement battery.

Stunned at this untoward delay, the 3R fans stared at him. But then the old subconscious got going. Almost before you could say, "Are we going to miss the kickoff?" three dozen Deacon Joneses poured out of the bus, put their suddenly brawny shoulders to the wheel and pushed until the motor turned over.

They made the kickoff easy.

BUT NO PEBBLES

Portland, Ore. introduced the 100%, artificial turf baseball diamond, including base paths (SCORECARD, July 14), and now Cincinnati's new River Front Stadium, scheduled to open next summer, brings the no-dart infield to the majors. AstroTurf will cover every part of the field in River Front except the pitcher's mound and the batter's box. There will be one concession to tradition. The "skin" of the infield will be tanned brown.

THE UNDEFEATED

On the morning of the day he was to fight Ernie Terrell in the Astrodome, in February of 1967, Muhammad Ali sat in his hotel room in Houston and watched the film of the Rocky Marciano-Joe Walcott fight, the one in which Marciano came back from almost certain defeat to knock out Walcott in the 13th round and win the heavyweight championship. When it was over Ali turned to his manager, Angelo Dundee, and said, with uncharacteristic respect in his voice, "Angelo, the man's tough. I'd wear him on the end of my glove for 10 rounds, but he'd still be coming. He'd be hell to fight. It wouldn't be no fight—it would be a war."

Marciano was a graceless fighter who appeared clumsy in the ring, but he was extraordinarily effective. He sparred with Ali once, to make films to illustrate one of those ridiculous computerized fights. He had worked hard getting ready for the filming, and he was in shape. "We wouldn't cut loose to the head," Ali said, "but we did rip punches to the body. I caught most of his shots on my arms, and for a week afterward it hurt me to lift them."

After he retired from the ring, Marciano lost money in a couple of ill-advised investments, and thereafter he seemed almost obsessed with the need to earn money. He would go almost anywhere if there was a dollar to be made (he was wearing the end of a business

trip when he had his fatal crash). Yet the fact that he had been a great heavyweight champion and had retired undefeated meant so much to him that he would not come back to the ring to fight again despite fabulous offers—including a reported \$5 million to meet Clay.

When Sonny Liston lost his championship to Clay in Miami by not coming out for the seventh round, Marciano was genuinely upset. "How could that big stuff sit there on the stool and let them take his title away?" he kept asking. "How could he care so little about it? The man was heavyweight champion of the world!"

RETREAT FROM BOSTON

Late in August the Massachusetts House of Representatives killed a bill that would have authorized construction of a \$42-million, 50,000-seat stadium in Boston. The political and economic complexities besetting the proposed stadium had become "a hopeless muddle," according to Speaker David M. Bartley.

The hopeless muddle means that Boston is going to lose its pro football team. The Patriots, who are playing this year's schedule in Boston College's 25,000-seat, plain-pipe-rack stadium, cannot survive in Boston without a modern stadium. Soon, maybe next year, they will depart for Seattle, Birmingham or—according to the latest rumor—Memphis.

AN ELEMENT OF SPEED

It was a rough week for the "fastest humans" who have tried to follow Bob Hayes' footsteps into the football arena. Jimmy Hines, Olympic 100-meter champion and world record holder, was cut by the Miami Dolphins, despite the \$70,000 he was reportedly paid last winter for signing. Hines' trouble was simply an inability to catch passes (his teammates nicknamed him Oopis). Tommie Smith, 200-meter champion in Mexico City and world record holder in that event, who before signing a pro contract had not played since high school, was put on waivers by the Cincinnati Bengals. However, Smith had shown potential, and the Bengals quickly recalled him to their taxi squad. Finally Lee Evans, 400-meter champion in Mexico and, yes, the world record holder, had gone out for football at San Jose State in an effort to show the pros what he could do as a runner in the open field. He

hoped to become a wide receiver or a specialist on the punt and kickoff return teams. But Head Coach Joe McMullen had made it clear earlier that he was going to use his players where they would be of most help to the team. In Evans' case, he had indicated that would be as a defensive back, and Evans decided to hang up his cleats.

CREDIT ECONOMY

Ford introduced its new Maverick on April 17 and sold 105,000 of the cars in four months. At the same time Ford, in its advertising, offered "an authentic 1/8 scale model" of the Maverick for \$1. It sold 84,000 of the \$1 toys, or 21,000 fewer than it did of the \$1,995 version. The only reason advanced to explain this startling sales advantage for the model that cost almost 2,000 times as much is that buyers could not use trademarks to help finance the \$1 Maverick.

CANOE CLEANUP

A reverse trend in conservation is running strong in Missouri. About 150 admirable canoeists from half a dozen states took to the Current River for the 10th annual cleanup sponsored by the Ozark Wilderness Waterways Club. They took three days to cover a 26-mile stretch of the river, and when they were finished they had filled 283 burlap bags with trash and junk. Most of what they found was paper, cans and bottles, but there were tires, too, and bed springs and a lawn mower, a washing machine, a wheelbarrow and a sewing machine.

It's a nice, positive idea. Not only "Don't Litter." Get out there and De-Litter.

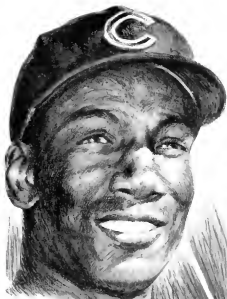
THEY SAID IT

• Earl Weaver, Baltimore Orioles manager, after Kansas City successfully executed a ninth-inning suicide squeeze bunt. "I yelled from the dugout, 'Watch the squeeze,' and then I watched it."

• John Edwards, Houston Astros catcher, asked where he was hurt in a home plate collision with the Pittsburgh Pirates' 210-pound Carl Taylor: "Everywhere but the roof of my mouth."

• Doug Atkins, New Orleans Saints defensive end, on hearing that reformed teammate Joe Oon Looney's dog had made a devastating raid on a hen house near Looney's farm. "I might have known. The manate the kid straightens out the dog goes bad."

END



Will your son be a slugger like Ernie Banks?

For years, Ernie Banks' homers kept the turnstiles spinning at Wrigley Field. With his wrist-powered swing and split-second timing, the wiry slugger hammered out homer after homer for the Chicago Cubs. In 1967, he almost single-handedly blasted the Cubs out of their 21-year exile in second division. Now the ninth most prolific home run hitter in the history of baseball, Ernie Banks is still belting them out as the Cubs make their big run for the 1969 pennant.

Maybe your son won't turn into another Ernie Banks. Not many children do become sports stars. But every youngster—including yours—can be as physically fit as the most talented athlete. It will help him get more fun—more of everything—out of life.

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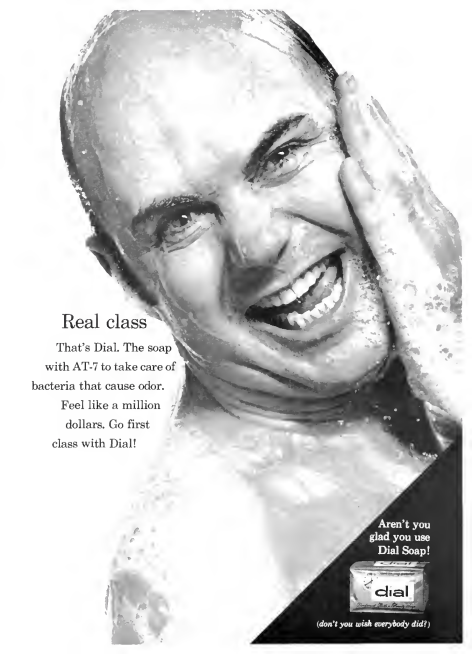
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THE PURSUIT OF WILLIE AND CLYDE



Sluggo Willie McCovey (right) and bespectacled Giant Manager Clyde King don't really plan to murder anybody. They just want to steal away with the title in baseball's hottest race

by MARK MULVOY

Willie and Clyde, they call themselves, and they have all the West chasing them. The guys on Murderers' Row in Cincinnati seem to be closing in. The Mod Squad kids in Los Angeles, Hammerin' Hank and Phil the Knuckler in Atlanta and Jummy the Cannon in Houston may need a little more time, but they are not far away from Willie and Clyde's place right now. "We're certainly not going to open the door for any of them," says Willie. "Damn, Willie, if all my plans had worked out right the last couple of months we wouldn't be worrying about these people trying to catch up now," says Clyde.

The team is the San Francisco Giants, and Willie is—surprise—Willie McCovey, the first baseman and at present the most feared hitter in the National League. Clyde is Clyde King, the rookie manager of the Giants. Willie's bat and Clyde's fresh psychology have the Giants in first place in the league's fratricidal Western Division. Although they led the second-place Reds by only $1\frac{1}{2}$ games and the fifth-place Astros by only $4\frac{1}{2}$ as of Sunday night, the Giants may prove to be more difficult to catch in the Western hinterlands during the next three weeks than Bonnie and Clyde ever were.

There are various reasons why this is so, but all of them can be summarized in one word: team. For the first time since they landed in California 11 years ago the Giants are a genuine baseball team. That is, there are 32 players in San Francisco who are now working in concert with the manager and his coaches to produce a pennant. In past seasons—particularly in the last four seasons when the Giants were always second—this was not so. Under Manager Herman Franks, the grand guru of the game, the Giants were marvelously sufficient in all the baseball departments save one: morale. Manager and management catered too much to the

star syndrome at the expense of the little man, without whose contributions, it became clear, their team would never make first place.

Franks, in fact, seemed to think that he had only four players on the Giants. They were, in order, Willie Mays, Juan Marichal, McCovey and Gaylord Perry. There was an occasional experiment when Franks played around with the possibility of adding to the select four, but his heart was never in it. The other Giants, he seemed to feel, were merely dwarfs. Their function was to appear three hours before the game and disappear half an hour after it was over.

"I don't think," says Willie McCovey, "that I've ever met two men anywhere

who have such opposite views about handling players. Herman was the type who hated to build a player up. Clyde, well, he's always around with the compliments to everyone. Bullplayers, like everyone else, like to get told they did something right."

Also now, for really the first time since the opening games of the season, King can field his regular team—or at least seven of the eight players he thinks of as daily performers.

The Giants have until now been baseball's Medicaid Nine. Their health insurance had its first workout when Catcher Dick Dietz' tonsils became infected. Then Jim Ray Hart, the No. 3 hitter, slammed his shoulder into a fence

during opening week and developed hepatitis. Not only was his throwing arm totally disabled, he was unable to use his bat. Last year he hit 23 home runs and had 78 RBIs. So far in 1969 he has hit only three homers and driven in 24 runs. Jack Hitt, a catcher, and Bob Etheridge, the regular third baseman, both developed ulcers. Tito Fuentes and Shortstop Hal Lauer injured their ankles. Ken Henderson pulled a hamstring, and Jim Davenport displayed the usual ailments that come with old age.

Juan Marichal developed a unique injury in the Astrodomes when he sneezed and simultaneously pulled a muscle in his rib cage. During the next five weeks he was able to win only one game. Second Baseman Ron Hunt, baseball's true grit, has been in and out, in and out of the lineup and the hospital, the recipient this year of 21 pitched balls on his head, his shoulders and any other place he was not too sure he should remove from the line of fire. Bobby Bonds, the brilliant young power-hitting outfielder, surveyed Hunt's black-and-blue body one day and said, "Ron, believe me, there's no advantage in turning my color." Two weeks ago Hunt was hospitalized overnight for observation after Tom Seaver skulled him with a fastball. Hunt then tried to play the next day.

But this is the story of the San Francisco Giants, and all previous stories about the San Francisco Giants have always begun and ended with Willie Mays. Not this year. Mays has not started 58 games this season because of injuries and advancing age. Last month he damaged his left knee in a home-plate crash with the Cubs' Randy Hundley, and it was not until last Saturday night in Houston that Mays was physically ready to play again. He went to the Dome in the morning for a 20-minute batting drill, then, in the game, hit a two-run triple to help the Giants beat the Astros 7-6.

"We've used eight different third basemen out of physical necessity," King says. "We've had countless outfield combinations. We've never had a regular catcher. Considering everything, our being in first place is incredible. If all those things hadn't happened, there'd be no race—we'd be up there someplace."

Fortunately for King and the Giants, McCovey and Bonds both have been

continued



The National League's most feared hitter, McCovey waits his turn at bat in the Astrodomes.

able to play almost every day, and right now they form the most lethal one-two batting attack in the league. Not that McCovey has been enjoying crazy, all-out health. On the contrary, he has been hurt all year with an arthritic knee and calcium deposits and bone chips in his hip. Nevertheless, he has missed only 13 games, and he leads the National League with 41 home runs and is tied with Ron Santo with 112 RBIs, statistics that are even more impressive when his 104 bases on balls (including 41 intentional walks) are added to them. The opposition now often plays a four-man outfield against McCovey and in close situations prefers to walk him even when there is a runner on first.

Bonds, at 23, has suddenly blossomed, as many had predicted he would. He has marvelous speed and has stolen 39 bases in 42 attempts. He also has tremendous power when he meets the ball, something he does not always do. So far this year he has hit 29 home runs and driven in 75 runs, but he also has struck out 159 times. "If I were batting, say, 210 instead of 270," he said, "then I'd be worrying about my strikeouts. But I don't like to worry up there."

Called the next Mays when the Giants signed him in 1965, Bonds shrugs and says, "There will be no new Mays. How can there be? I just want to play the way I can. I can run and steal bases. I don't steal like Brock. He goes anytime. I only go in strategic circumstances. I've always had good power when I've hit the ball. Hitting the ball has been the problem. I've got time, and I've got a lot of players here helping me out."

McCovey and Bonds have carried the Giants during the long injury siege. "The writers always said we wouldn't win without Mays," McCovey said last week in Houston. "We have proved the last few weeks that we can win without him. We have gotten rid of that tag. Guys read things like that and they think to themselves, 'I'll show them,' and they go out and play great ball. That's what has happened to us. The guys who have come off the bench this year have done great jobs for us. And that never used to happen before. Look at Jim Davenport. Ten game-winning hits, and he's really a reserve."

The dependable, efficient bench is only part of the new look that Clyde King

has injected into the Giants. From the start of the spring he has preached teamwork to his players. In the old days a Giant home-run hitter was welcomed back to the dugout like a worst enemy; King wanted a reception committee at the dugout steps. If a Giant happened to have a bad day even though the club won, that player usually sat around the clubhouse and sulked. King surveyed the locker room and detected the sulkers. He then prodded them into joining the party. Also, he discontinued the parties after defeats.

Most of the Giants accepted the manager's fresh approach. However, they all waited for the first real confrontation between manager and superstar Mays, the No. 1 Giant of all time, is 38 years old now, and at times he performs like a 38-year-old rather than the marvelous player of only a few years back. He was virtually his own manager under Franks, playing when he wanted to, resting when he wanted to. Although the other Giants agreed that Mays deserved some preferential treatment, they did feel that he often took advantage of his position. Franks, unfortunately, never played a dominant role in these matters.

King and Mays clashed in the Astrodome near the end of June. The two men had devised a plan whereby Mays would get extra rest after particularly strenuous games or series of games. This night there was a mixup. When King, who had written Mays' name into the lineup, noticed that Willie was not on the bench to bring the lineup card out to the umpires at home plate, he grabbed the card, scratched Mays' name from it and went to the umpires' conference himself. Mays arrived in the dugout seconds later, and when he discovered what King had done he was furious.

There are various and conflicting accounts of what happened on the bench. King says that everything he read in the papers was accurate, although he says he did not read every report. Two Giants did prevent Mays from doing something he would have regretted. King censured his star in front of the other players. In effect, he said that he was the manager of the Giants. When he said that, Clyde King was the manager of the Giants, and the fact has not been questioned since. McCovey and Marchal assured him it was so.

Last weekend the Giants flew into Houston again, this time to open an eight-game road trip—their most important of the year—with three games against the Astros. The Giants had not won in six games in the Dome this year, and both McCovey and Bonds were hitless on the AstroTurf. At the same time the Astros were talking pennant. The dozens of motels surrounding the Astrodome complex had "All The Way Astros" messages on their marquees. The Houston papers bannered the series on page 1.

The enthusiasm might well have depressed the Giants, who had become just about mired to inattention at home. Recently, for instance, they returned to San Francisco from a long trip East with a five-game winning streak and, for the moment at least, a lock on first place. The headlines on the sports pages, however, were CLIFTON MCNEIL MAY SIGN WITH 49ERS and RICK BARRY MAY SIGN WITH WARRIORS. One paper, dead set against the expansion of Candlestick Park, seemingly would give up its sports page rather



than mention the Giants favorably.

The Astros were only $5\frac{1}{2}$ games behind the Giants, and a successful weekend would shoot them into the race. No longer the team that always battled the Mets for 10th place, they are a young group of developers, with the three hardest throwers in the league, Larry Dierker, Don Wilson and Tom Griffin. They will be contenders for years to come. More important, the Astros have developed a pride in themselves. Dierker has appointed himself team lyricist, and after every game he sings verses of his song, *It Makes a Fellow Proud to Be an Astro*, dutifully accompanied by the other players.

Last Friday night Dierker shut out the Giants 2-0, winning the game when Denis Menke hit a two-run homer off Perry in the bottom of the ninth. He held McCovey and Bonds hitless and permitted only one Giant runner to reach second base. After the game Dierker and the Astros sang one of the few printable verses of their song:

Now Harry Walker is the one that

manages this crew

He doesn't like it when we miss
carfers.

But when we win our game each
day

What the hell can Harry say?

It makes a fellow proud to be an
Astro.

It was not a damaging loss for the Giants because their closest pursuers, Cincinnati and Los Angeles, also lost. "Every time we win a game," said King, "we're going to gain a game on two clubs. And every time we lose, two clubs will gain on us. That's how it's going to be all the way down to the wire."

On Saturday night, with Mays back in the lineup, the Giants roared to a 7-1 lead. Bonds got a double. McCovey had two hits. Then, with two out in the ninth, the Astros had four runs across, trailed by only one run and had runners at first and second and Menke at the plate. The hero of Friday night, however, looked at a called third strike Saturday night, and the Giants survived a scare. Sunday, though, they did not, losing

7-6 after leading 6-0 in the fourth.

"Our club is funny," McCovey said. "I don't think we're as good as some of our clubs that finished second the last four years, but we have something they didn't have. Winning is a serious matter."

The Giants have been near first in September before, but, says McCovey, "The last four years we had to fight for second. We're less apt to panic than, say, Houston or the Cubs. If we get beat, we'll get beat—not because we've tightened up or panicked. We've always won the crucial series for second place. This year the crucial series will be for first. Remember in '66 when we forced the Dodgers to use Koufax in the second game on the final day to beat us for the pennant? We didn't panic then."

With Cincinnati's 'Murderers' Row, L.A.'s 'Mod Squad,' Atlanta's 'Hammerin' Hank Aaron and the Astros' Jimmy Wynn chasing them, the Giants cannot panic now. *Willie and Clyde* is too fine a title for a World Series movie—or even a playoff movie—to throw away. **END**

Giving his all for the team, the Giants' scrappy Ron Hunt, already black and blue from numerous beatings, sails into third base on his nose.



NO CLINK AND NO CLANK IN CINCY

Now in his second year as head coach, general manager and part owner of the Bengals, Paul Brown is still sending in plays, but his players often tell him which ones they prefer to run **by PATRICK F. PUTNAM**

There he is, Paul Brown, stalking the sideline, getting ready to send in another play, to push the button to put his Cincinnati Bengal robots into motion. Clink, clank, whistle. Another button. Clink, clank, whistle. In Cleveland they may still believe that's the way cold, aloof, mechanical, stereotyped Paul Brown operates. They're wrong.

"Coach," says Bob Trumpy, the tight end, "that Denver strong safety is taking me all the way and he isn't too fast."

"Bob," says Brown, "do you want to give it a wharf?"

"Yeah, let's go."

Then Brown sends in the play. Greg Cook, the rookie quarterback, drops back seven yards to his own 14, puts the ball in the air. The strong safety isn't that fast. Trumpy catches the ball on the Denver 44 and goes in to score.

Now the game is over, and the Bengals have won 13-11, to close their exhibition season with three straight victories after two losses. In the field house Brown stands among his laughing players, shaking his head. It had rained early in the game and his suit is a mess, his shoes are muddy. "Look at me," he says with mock despair. "Now you see the real, cold, brutal Paul Brown." And even he has to laugh. "Now you see why coaching is a way of life to me. It's great to coach a team that's fighting for its life, kids that are exuberant and have this real joy of playing. Look at these kids. It's great."

Bill Bergsy, the rookie linebacker, waves as he heads toward the door. "Real nice game, coach."

"Hey, you played the game, not me," Brown yells. Then he adds softly, "Isn't that refreshing? What a kid! Sure, I still call the plays, but it isn't such a cold business as people think. The Paul Brown that everybody talks about isn't the real Paul Brown. That one is just a figment of the New York writers' imagination, created when the Browns and the Giants were in their heyday."

And that is as close as Paul Brown ever comes to defending himself against

the critics who forced him into exile almost seven years ago. If he was bitter at being fired by Cleveland, where he won four All-America Conference and three NFL championships, he hid it. "Bitter people bore me," he says. "They say football passed me by, and I say that time has the answer for everything. And I'll also say that going into our second year at Cincinnati our schedule is running right on time."

And what is the schedule?

"Well, right now I don't want to say," he says, "but I'll tell you this: last year I was talking to Tex Schramm of the Dallas Cowboys. I told him, 'You've been in it nine years and you haven't won it yet.' I intend to win the turkey a whole lot sooner than that." Brown has been turkey hunting since 1962, when the Browns told him to clean out his locker. Like Napoleon at Elba, he spent his years in exile mapping the campaign for his return. "I wasn't even sure if I'd come back," he says. "But if I did come back, I knew exactly what I wanted."

First, he wanted to come back as an owner. "I left as an owner [he had 7% of the Browns] and I refused to come back as anything less." Second, he demanded absolute control. "There is no other way for a team to operate and be a winner."

Four pro teams offered Brown the job as head coach, and four times he said no. He must have had faith in his convictions because outside of football life for Paul Brown is meaningless. He was living in luxury and he was suffocating.

With the Bengals, Brown is in complete control. He's a part owner (about 10%) and, as one club official puts it, "In this organization there is only one vote and Paul has it." He is the coach and general manager and he has the last word in everything from ordering pencils to appointments on the board of directors.

Brown began building the Bengals as he built the Browns—from scratch—23 years ago. Also, he believes, better. "Something is wrong if you don't do bet-

ter the second time around," he says. He even dug out the two-hour speech he used to read to the Browns the first day in camp. Only for the Bengals, after the part that goes, "It isn't going to take me long to recognize the tramp, the boozier, the barroom bum, the chaser..." he added, "We may be an expansion team but we aren't going to be the Foreign Legion. A selfish player is like cancer and we'll soon cut him out."

Brown had decided he wouldn't follow other expansion teams into the quicksand by trying to build with veterans. "Historically," he says, "every expansion team has had to junk what it started with and rebuild the second year and then, sometimes, rebuild again."

When the Bengals were founded, Brown got to select one player from each club, except Miami, after the first 29 players were frozen. Then two more were frozen. Then Brown got two more. Another frozen. Another for Brown. Then, if you can believe that, each club was allowed to pick one player to give to the Bengals. "We knew we weren't going to get much," he says. "The bad knees and the bad heads. But we tried to get as many young ones as we could. We got all the old players when they gave us that fifth player."

The bad knees, bad heads and old players were quickly gone. Of the 40 original selections only seven are still with the club. For the most part Brown used his rookies, starting as many as eight on offense and five on defense, and still the Bengals won three games last year.

Against Denver last Saturday, Brown started 20 players with three years or less experience, 14 with one year or less. Only Ernie Wright, an offensive tackle, and Bobby Hunt, a safety, qualify as elders and they are 29. Brown always has been a fine judge of young talent. Last year in the college draft he selected Center Bob Johnson and Defensive Tackle Bill Staley as his first and second picks and Running Back Paul Robinson as one of three No. 3 choices. All had exceptional seasons, and Robinson was



A relaxed Brown talks with Offensive Line Coach Bill Johnson during win over Denver

Rookie of the Year. This year Brown's first two choices were Cook and Bergy, and both are outstanding.

"We're not there yet," says Brown. "We still need some blue-chippers from the draft next year. But those boys are the pillars with which you build championship teams. I have a pretty good idea what it takes to be a winner, not just once but often. You build on the pillars. You start with Johnson. He's the leadership type, the kind you need. Did you see us asking him what kind of play he thought would go? Cook is a bright kid and a good boy. Although he may not know it, he's still three years away from being a real fine quarterback, but he will be."

Paul Brown is 61, and there has been no banking of the fires that have burned within him since his first coaching job at Severn (Md.) Prep in 1930 and that have produced 299 wins and 15 ties in 400 high-school, college and pro games.

"I ask nothing of my players that I wouldn't ask of my three sons," he says.

He demands that they don't drink and then he gives up his dry martins (and his golf and gin rummy) from the beginning of each season to the end. "Paul Brown," says Bob Johnson, "is a man of the true American spirit. He believes that if you do your job you'll be paid accordingly. There is no touch of communism in his outlook. He looks you in the eye, tells you what to do and that's it. Handle your responsibilities like a man and he's easy to get along with. If you are straightforward and hard-working you'll be happy here. He is without prejudice. You also know you can't lose because of his incompetence. He is thorough and scientific. We know we lost 11 games last year because it was our fault, not his."

In Brown's office in the Carew Tower in downtown Cincinnati there is no hint of past glories, nothing to tell a visitor that the man ever existed before 1967. In one corner is a four-foot trophy awarded to the Bengals for being the best expansion team in 1968. "But,"

protests Mike Brown, the second oldest son and the assistant general manager, "we were the only expansion club last year." A citation naming Paul Brown as Cincinnati's Citizen for the Day Aug. 3, 1968, hangs on the wall. "It's there," says Mike, "because somebody sneaked into the office and tacked it up when no one was around."

"I have a lot of stuff tucked away in boxes," says Paul Brown, "and I guess I could have a great big trophy room somewhere. But football is more than the accomplishments of one man, of one player. It's a team game. What an individual does as an individual is not important. It's what he does for the team. The only thing that counts in football is what's on the scoreboard. And everyone has to feel that way—the coaches, the players. It's the only way you can win the big brass ring."

And Brown has made believers of his kids. "If I have pause on the field, it's because I know Brown is on the bench," says Cook. "He's my security. If something goes wrong, he grabs you as soon as you come off the field. It's not because he's angry with you but because he wants to know what happened, an analysis of the breakdown. He's a football scientist."

A year ago, Brown stunned everyone by drafting Safety Jess Phillips out of a Michigan prison where he was serving time for passing bad checks. "He made a mistake," says Brown, closing the book on that part of Phillips' life. "I, perhaps better than anyone, should know that a man isn't always what his reputation proclaims him to be," Phillips says. "I played for a few coaches, excellent ones like Duffy Daugherty, but there is a difference between Paul Brown and anyone else. He wants perfection but he has great patience. He has begun to rally this team. Now we are looking to the stars."

Paul Brown isn't quite ready to look that far. "There are some things you can't hurry in life," he says. "Building a football team is one of them. I have mentally prepared myself for whatever anguish I have to go through, I won't like losing but I'll be ready for it. But always, deep inside of me, I feel we'll do better than I care to admit. I have my own little world again. I came back into football because I enjoy the life, I don't want anything or anybody to louse it up."

END

EVERYBODY DO THE PUTT-PUTT

They may never get a chance to show their stuff at the Masters, but last week at a miniature course in Fayetteville, N.C., 128 of "the best putters in the world" competed for \$110,000

by GURRY KIRKPATRICK

In Fayetteville, N.C., Raymond Floyd, who is a home-town boy and also the PGA champion, has become a big, blond afterthought. He's never home much anymore, for one thing, and he doesn't play the right game, either. "Ole Raymond, big and blond and ha-l-rasser that he is, does not play Putt-Putt."

But some 12 million other people do every year, in 300 towns in 42 states and 13 foreign countries. And the thing is—let's be quite frank about this to all those who have never known the thrill of winning a free pass at Putt-Putt by scoring a hole in one with the yellow ball when the yellow light goes, or with the blue ball when the blue light goes or with the red ball or the green—Fayetteville is where the game of Putt-Putt is really at.

Putt-Putt, the only sophisticated form of miniature golf yet invented, is a \$15 million business, and last week the results of all of this expansion and all of this money were on display just off a parking lot near downtown Fayetteville where 128 men—promoted as "The World's Greatest Putters"—gathered to compete for \$110,000 in the first annual world putting championship.

George Archer didn't make it, and neither did Billy Casper or the rest of those guys. Your country club champion didn't make it, either. But Ron Dubinsky was there, and Webb DeGenova was and Howell Sherrod and Woodie Pritchett and Kamal Harchaoui. And so was Ricky Smith, a pudgy-checked 20-year-old Purdue University sophomore. Smith made 13 consecutive holes in one to set a record in his first-round match and then, three days later, scored 12 aces in 16 holes as he defeated mustachioed Gary Love 4 and 2 to capture the \$15,000 first prize. Smith, who is referred to as The Ace Machine by his compatriots

and Rocket ("I'm never short") by himself, caught the bumps last month but, after laying off the Putt-Putt course for two weeks, practiced eight hours a day every day until he "got the stroke back" and, last Saturday, won his prize.

It wasn't a prior commitment that kept the Archers and Caspers away from challenging Smith in a pastime in which one might consider them to be expert. It was just that they aren't qualified. The field in Fayetteville was made up of members of the Professional Putters Association, a subsidiary of an organization that has franchised its Putt-Putt game into an exploding financial bonanza throughout the world.

They are men who don't putt on grass but on carpets. They don't read the carpets but memorize them. They don't stroke the ball so much as they bang, angle and ricochet it off boards and through pipes to get it into the cup. They are men in the storied tradition of pathfinders, deerlayers and boccie aficionados—who dwell on the outskirts of sport, breathe the musty air of anonymity and search for recognition in the darkest of corners. PPA members are identified only by the names and cities on their shirts, and they are forced always to answer such questions as, "Putt-Putt? What are you, motorboat guys?"

Miniature golf came to this country from Scotland in the 1920s and was an immediate national craze. The courses were sometimes called "Tom Thumbs" then, and they were very in places with the flapper crowd, including that old putting fool Rudolph Valentino. When the great crash came, the popularity of miniature golf dwindled, and it wasn't until a generation later that Don Clayton, an insurance salesman from Fayetteville, was able to revive it.

In 1954 Clayton remembers building his first course over a period of 21 days, getting back his full investment of \$5,500 in 29 days and, on that last evening, watching in awe as a prominent Fayetteville attorney stood in line for 45 minutes to play his new and wonderful game of Putt-Putt.

After expanding his franchises several years later, Clayton supervised a program of amateur tournaments around the country. When the popularity of these events increased and awards began taking the form of expensive automobiles, he decided to make his men professionals. In 1959 the PPA was formed "to recognize, develop and reward the skills and abilities of America's putters." There have been small tours in each of the PPA's four regions every year since, culminating this summer in more than sixty \$1,000 tournaments across the land (including three major events, the National Championship, the Northern Open and the Southern Open) which served as qualifying tests for the world tournament.

Clayton's philosophy of miniature golf is revealed in the design of his courses, which are contemptuous of those everyday dinosaur-mouth, elephant-foot gag holes. "I did not want to simply amuse people with giraffes and windmills," he says. "I wanted something that pitted man against man, to challenge the athletic ability of the competitor. On a regular miniature golf course a child could beat Jack Nicklaus if the ball goes in the right leg of the kangaroo. Not so in Putt-Putt. Our putters are great athletes and great men. We

—CONTINUED

Coasting the ball, winner Ricky Smith gives a putt the full body English, while runner-up Gary Love (inset) merely flexes his knees.





have made competition out of a thing that was recreational. I believe this is the type of drive and commerce that made this country so great. The capitalistic system is a fantastic, wonderful invention, the genius of this nation that made us what we are today. I can't say enough for America and for Putt-Putt. To know that millions of people go out and play my game of Putt-Putt every day is an American dream come true."

Hard by his course in Fayetteville, Clayton has started a chain of restaurants and of 45-foot-high slides. The restaurants are called "Wow-Wow." The slides are called "Slide-Slide." Clayton also owns a travel agency. It is not called "Travel-Travel" or "Go-Go." Clayton drives a root beer-colored Cadillac convertible which has "I play Putt-Putt" stickers front and back and a license plate that reads "Wow-Wow." His Putt-Putt organization has its own chaplain, Baxter Walker, formerly of Grace Baptist Church in Fayetteville, who writes a column called "The Game of Life" in the monthly house organ.

The game of Putt-Putt is indeed one of skill and finesse acquired over a long period of time and practice. PPA members—who play their tour only in the summer and are otherwise bankers, clerks, teachers, students, butchers, bakers and candlestick makers—use the same clubs and balls, and most of the same stances and strokes, as regular touring golf pros. Holes are standardized on every Putt-Putt course around the country and are given names like "Water Hole," "Sidehill" and "Drop-Off." Most of the holes require the putter to angle his shots off wooden, orange-painted bumpboards to avoid obstacles such as pipes, bricks, water and wrought-iron letters that spell "Putt-Putt" and "PPA." Because of this aspect of the game, Putt-Putt resembles hilliards or pool as much as it does golf.

Putt-Putt is not without relations to the PGA. Freddie Haas of New Orleans, who was once a leading money-winner on the PGA tour, played in a couple of Putt-Putt tournaments a few years ago. Bobby Mitchell, a PGA tour regular, is

a former city champion of Putt-Putt in Danville, Va. Moreover, last December in Pompano Beach, Fla. five members of the PGA—Dave Hill, Randy Glover, Lou Graham, Don Massengale and Rex Baxter—faced five PPA members in a putting match, half on Putt-Putt and half on a regular green. The Putt-Putt people claim they lost on grass but won on the carpets. The PGA claims victory on both.

"We made a mistake. We showed them how to putt the carpets and where to angle the spots," says Vance (The Lance) Randall, the only man to win the PPA National Championship in two different seasons. "And on the real green we were out there hitting 90-foot putts. That's not puttin', that's huntin'. We want the PGA again."

Randall, a girls' basketball coach in Rossville, Ga., says there is a big difference between PPA and PGA play. "The pressure in Putt-Putt is unbelievable on every shot," he says. "If I could swing away once in a while, or go out on a fairway and mix up the routine, it wouldn't be so bad. But I can't. It's all puttin'. At least the PGA boys get to walk."

In its pursuit of recognition, the PPA has abandoned itself, by financial necessity, to the whim of the television camera. Each year for the past eight, Clayton has staged a *Parade of Champions* TV series of seven pretaped matches that are shown on more than 70 stations around the country. This year he elected to make the last rounds of the World Championship serve as his TV show.

In a trailer on the eve of the final matches, Clayton explained the procedure to the eight remaining contestants:

"Now you men know the system," he began. "If the TV technicians do not catch the action or if a match goes over our allotted 21 minutes, we have to play the match over. You understand that if you're nine up after nine holes and the TV men say the tape hasn't gone right, we have to rub it out and start again. You are only paid for what the tape catches. You will sign a statement to that effect, that you agree to this. And please, men, if you do win a match tomorrow and we have to run it over and then you lose, please, men, don't say anything about it or complain about it. That's just the rub of the green."

Clayton went on. "Now on TV, I'm going to do commentary to sway the pub-

lic to one man's side. This does not mean I am for anyone or against anyone. Please remember this. Last year I had people all over America pulling for a man because he wanted to build an extra room onto his house for a new baby. We're doing sports reporting here, but we're also doing a selling job, and this is the best way I know how. God bless you all, men, and remember one more thing.

"Remember the image of this great organization is at stake. Try to smile at all times, even when you lose. Champions always smile."

On two previous occasions television mistakes had changed the outcome of a Putt-Putt match. In one, the legendary Prince of Putt, Neil Connor, a piano tuner from Greenville, S.C.,aced the 18th hole to defeat another former champion, Bob Williamson. At the time the TV cameras had not been turned on, and when they played the hole over, Williamson aced and Connor missed.

However, "There is never malice," says Williamson, "because we don't have anything to say about it. We know the risks. It's hard to believe, but the money isn't that important to us. We care more about how Putt-Putt looks."

Fortunately—although a couple of holes did have to be replayed for the camera—nothing serious happened in Fayetteville last week. The whole affair did take on the look of a green-and-orange fantasy with Clayton as director and Ricky Smith, Vance The Lance and all spectators as so many unfutured actors. The galleries were earnestly solicited with offers of free soft drinks and gently plied with Clayton's tributes of "Folks, you're just a beautiful gallery, but would you please get your shadows off our carpets?"

Smith, The Ace Machine, said he would use his winning purse of \$15,000 "to pay for a few semesters" and to start his own Putt-Putt at home in Indianapolis. Undoubtedly he will take the words of Don Clayton with him. As written to all prospective owners of miniature-golf courses, they are:

"... If you would like to be a part of the most wonderful industry that God has ever allowed to prosper in this land, we invite you to contact Putt-Putt Golf Courses. . . \$100,000 a year? If God gave you the mind and the health and the strength and the years in which to accomplish it, it can be accomplished for you and for your loved ones through Putt-Putt."

END

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRUCE ROBERTS

Capt. of Putt-Putt is Don Clayton (upper left). Tiny galleries, watching one player struggle with fered "green" and another sink an ace, see no problem—the money is in TV

MARJE'S LATE, LATE SHOW

By staging the sport's richest race at night, Marje Everett starts a civil war **by WHITNEY TOWER**

After nearly two days of steady rain, the temperature on a clear night in Chicago last Saturday was a comfortable 73°. Throughout most of the city the serious howling was just ending and the movie houses were emptying when, at 11:27 Central Daylight Time, a dozen 2-year-old colts set off after America's richest Thoroughbred racing purse, the \$366,075 offered in the seven-furlong Arlington-Washington Futurity.

At the start a chestnut named Insubordination swept to an easy two-length lead under the steady guidance of Bill Shoemaker. But midway around the far turn John Rott slipped Sonny Werblin's chestnut Silent Screen through on the inside of Insubordination, and that was the race. Silent Screen steadily improved his position and won the Futurity by eight lengths in the very fine time of 1:22 3/5. Favored Irish Castle was sixth,

beaten nearly 12 lengths. In addition to the winner's purse of \$206,075, Silent Screen earned the right to be called the best 2-year-old now racing and, therefore, a likely Kentucky Derby horse. But the real racing news from Chicago last week concerned the hour at which Silent Screen ran, not what he had won.

Although Thoroughbred meetings have succeeded under the lights at such minor league outposts as Scarborough Downs, Latonia and Fairmount Park, as well as the West Virginia-Ohio junior circuit, the eight nights of racing just concluded at Arlington Park constitute the first such display at a major mile-and-an-eighth track in the United States. And, since it occurred in Chicago, it was, naturally, sponsored by 48-year-old Marje Lindheimer Everett, who, like her father before her (the late Ben Lindheimer), runs racing at Arlington with an area

In the third race of his career, Silent Screen runs away from the best of the 2-year-olds to win the first Futurity under lights and \$203,038.



hand and a big stick (SE, Aug. 20, 1962).

Technically, Marje no longer owns Arlington or its sister track, Washington Park, now devoted entirely to harness racing. The Lindheimer-Everett holdings, known as Chicago Thoroughbred Enterprises, Inc., were bought for upward of \$32 million earlier this year by the Gulf + Western conglomerate. One of the first things Gulf + Western did, however, was to ask Marje Everett to stick around and run Arlington. Not in the business of losing money (last year Gulf + Western, whose major interests include real estate, sugar, Paramount Pictures and a cigar company, did \$1.31 billion worth of business), the conglomerate shared Marje's view that to make money you have to spend it. It promptly helped her spend about \$12 million to build a 13-floor hotel on Arlington property, another \$2 million on grandstand construction and an additional \$1.8 million to install lights.

For several years Marje has been telling everyone that she wanted night racing, in order to bolster Arlington's sagging daytime attendance, but it wasn't until the tail end of Arlington's 103-day run that she got final approval from the Illinois Racing Board to throw the switch. The immediate result was an increase in attendance of some 10%, and an avalanche of argument from horsemen. Not unexpectedly, Marje had the first word, and no one doubts for a moment that she will have the last. "I can be pretty bullish at times," she said matter-of-factly last Friday evening as she sat in her private dining room awaiting the night's attendance figures. (When they arrived they showed a crowd of 15,427, as opposed to 11,133 on the same Friday afternoon a year ago.)

"Lots of people attack your motives," Marje went on. "I've been sincere in my motives about racing and have stayed in racing only because I felt something could be done to improve it. Racing's complacency has made it a sick industry, and I want to give it a transfusion before the patient dies. Racing attendance is off practically everywhere. Hollywood Park averaged 5,000 more people in 1965 than it did this year. Santa Anita averaged 10,000 more people in 1947 than it did this year, in a community that must have tripled or quadrupled in population in that span.

Tracks boast of their healthy financial status because the mutual handle is holding up. Well, why wouldn't the handle increase when you keep on adding races and installing different betting gimmicks? I insist that the mutuels are of secondary importance to the attendance. Build your attendance and everything else, including the mutual handle, will fall into place."

The way to increase attendance the Marje Everett way is to follow the lead of the harness-racing people and turn to major night racing. She points out with obvious pride that she put \$5.5 million into Washington Park and business went up 145% in five years. "I remember the voices of doom about night baseball," she says. "When you look back on it, night baseball saved baseball. The way racing is going now, Thoroughbred racing is catering to the unemployed while harness racing is catering to the employed. What the devil is so wrong with night racing? Would these big shopping centers stay open at night if they didn't think it would improve their business? Would movie houses increase their ticket prices after 6 p.m. if they weren't aware that they could do more business at night? The trotting people looked at this thing realistically some time ago, and now we've got to do the same thing."

Owner Ogden Phipps, who had made plans to ship Wheatley Stable's Irish Castle to Arlington for the Futurity before the night-racing experiment began, doesn't like the idea of running under lights but apparently does like the idea of shooting for a big purse. Many of his Jockey Club contemporaries felt that their chairman could have made his protest more effective by flying Irish Castle back to New York before the Futurity, but Phipps' answer to this was, "We'll run, but only because we're out there. I'd never go out there under these circumstances and probably won't enter anything out there next year. Marje's argument, as I understand it, is that she's doing the public a favor by racing at night, because in the afternoon only the rich, the presidents of companies or the unemployed can go racing. Whether or not this is true—and it wouldn't appear to be—what justification is that for not racing on Saturday afternoons when presumably anyone who wants to can attend?"



I can be pretty bullish, is Marje's guess.

Jockey Club member Alfred Vanderbilt, who did not have a Futurity starter but who always has some pretty firm convictions about the state of racing and those who run it, says, "I have nothing against running at night. In fact, if we had done it in New York years ago we would have been in a lot better financial shape than we are now. For one thing, we would have seriously hurt the night trotting game, and might even have put them out of business. If you want to look at it realistically, the only thing against night racing is a personal matter. A community might be somewhat irritated by the inconvenience of night racing, but otherwise it's personal—meaning that a lot of people in racing itself, like owners, trainers and members of the so-called Establishment, simply don't want to spend their evenings at the racetrack. The regular fan couldn't care less. He probably likes it just as much at night as in the daytime, and I agree with him. I happen to believe that the real reason a lot of people like Saratoga so much is that the track is just five minutes from where we all live."

Arlington Park horsemen, being a hardy lot, took the night programs in stride, mostly because they knew they would only have to endure them for a little over a week. "If she had sprung this on us a few weeks earlier," said one tired trainer, "most of us would have bailed out as fast as we could have gotten stalls anywhere else." Backstretch help, long abused on racetracks everywhere in this country, have been par-

continued



have you come across the Sahara yet?

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MARGE'S SHOW *continued*

tially compensated for their long hours by a present of \$10,000 from Marge Everett's personal account. Each starting horse in every race is awarded \$15, and trainers have their choice of pooling that among all the stable help or giving \$10 to the horse's groom and the remaining \$5 to the hot-walker.

"With increased attendance," says Marge, "we'll eventually have more income and will be able to offer larger purses, which in turn will obviously benefit the horsemen and their help. I think it's unnatural to ask a man to get up at 4 in the morning and go to work at 5. If the harness people can train during the daytime, why can't the Thoroughbred people? As it is now, we keep our track open until noon, as opposed to our old closing time of 10 a.m., and we could keep it open all afternoon if the trainers wanted it that way. If stable help didn't have to be at work so early in the morning, more of them could live away from the barns and lead a more normal family life. Everyone knows it's at night that stable help are more apt to get into trouble—drinking and women at the barns. Horsemen now get Sundays off when all the shops are closed. Big deal."

The new routine is easier on jockeys than on trainers, says Shoemaker, "because most jocks don't have to get up early in the morning. I'm playing more golf than ever before, and I'm all for night racing if it helps the sport and provides more income for the people in it. People resent anything new. Over the long run, if this thing catches on, trainers will just change their training schedules, and I don't think they'd find it that difficult to adjust." As for the actual riding at night, it is Shoe's contention that "horses don't run any different." He agrees with other riders who have raced under both conditions that lights provide more reliable illumination than is available on many an afternoon when the sun can play tricks on horse and rider with unpredictable shadows.

Arlington Park's experiment brought to the track hundreds of first-time racegoers, many of them young married couples in their 20s and 30s. The per capita betting slipped only slightly, from Arlington's usual \$98 to \$94, despite the newcomers' unfamiliarity with the sport. Concession business went up 25%, for while many an afternoon fan found it

continued

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crazy to get through the program and a few beers and a hot dog, the evening fan made it a point to arrive in time for the first race at 8 o'clock and got comfortable at a trackside dining-room table where he not only ordered a full-course meal but also belted down some hard booze along the way.

Business at the trots at Washington Park, some 50 miles away, wasn't noticeably affected by Arlington's night racing, and it has always been Marje's contention that the Thoroughbred and harness fans don't overlap anyway.

Successful Trainer Arnold Winick, an Arlington regular, says scornfully, "The quicker they forget about night racing the better it will be. It will take all the class out of the game." Marje's husband, Webb Everett, who was originally against night racing, says, "The class has been going out of racing for 15 years. Fifteen years ago the wealthy all went racing, and as they die off there are no replacements. The only way to get class back is to educate the young."

"I must disagree," says Allie Reuben, owner of Hasty House Farm's stable. "How is this generation of kids going to instill class in racing? They know nothing about either bloodlines or the traditions of racing, and they'd be just as happy to watch a bunch of mules run around the track."

Be that as it may, and whether the horsemen or the sport's old guard like it or not, Marje Everett intends to apply for at least 75 night-racing dates in 1970. "You can't stand still in this business," she says, "and you can't win a popularity contest by running a track, either. But I want to be popular, and I want an opportunity to do something that in the long run will be a contribution to racing. Just because we don't race in New York or just because we may not have the social background of some of those people doesn't mean we should be denied the chance to contribute to the progress of a sport. Don't laugh, but I think our business will be up 50% in three years."

As the Futurity crowd scrambled off into the cool Chicago darkness, Marje straightened up her desk and rose to leave. She was tossing a winner's party in the Horseshoe Club atop the new Arlington Park Towers. "Speaking of night racing," she added with some finality, "how many of us get to bed before midnight anyway?"

END



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MERCEDES SPINS OUT AN ENGINE FOR THE FUTURE

A British authority drives a fascinating dream car and predicts that its system of rotors (inset) will supplant the time-honored reciprocating piston engine at Mercedes-Benz **by DENIS JENKINSON**

All big automotive firms have research and development departments, though with some the end product hardly seems to justify the outlay. At the Daimler-Benz factory in Stuttgart, Germany, research and development has always been very strong, and during the period 1952-55, when Mercedes-Benz cars were sweeping all before them on the motor-racing circuits of the world, it could justifiably have been renamed

the racing department. All the brains and technology available at Daimler-Benz were put into the project "motor racing" under Director Rudolf Uhlenhaut, with results that still may be seen in the engineering of the passenger cars.

When the racing department reverted to normal research and development work for passenger cars, there was no lessening of activity or experimentation, but, naturally, the outside world and

the customers saw only the end products. Such advances as fuel injection, greater braking efficiency, safer chassis structures, improved handling, better suspension systems were the result of work done by Uhlenhaut's experts. Uhlenhaut had no objection to people studying his racing cars, as they would be obsolete before they could be copied. What he did not permit was any breach of security in the experimental department.

This week Daimler-Benz is displaying a new experimental car to the world at the Frankfurt Auto Show. Its engine is not the traditional reciprocating piston engine to be found in nearly all the cars on the road today. It is instead a rotary piston engine, and to me the fact that Daimler-Benz has put it on public view is one of the most significant events in motoring history. I have driven the car, I have discussed the engine at length with the engineers, I have considered the company's legendary reputation for engineering integrity—after all, its roots go right back to the beginning of the automobile and of the reciprocating engine, to the pioneers Gottlieb Daimler and Karl Benz—and at the same time its great caution about new concepts, and the sum of my impressions is that this car contains the engine of the future for Daimler-Benz.

The automotive world has felt the need for a new prime mover for some time now. Gas turbines, steam power and electrical sources of energy are occupying many engineering minds, while rotating pistons have been with us experimentally for a long time. The engine of the German designer Felix Wankel—in which a triangular rotor revolves in a specially shaped chamber, uncovering inlet and exhaust ports as in a two-stroke engine but operating on the four-stroke Otto cycle—had been in the embryo stage for many years. Eventually it was taken up by the German NSU company, which transformed it into practical fact and then sold the patent rights to other firms. Toyota-Kogyo of Japan produced it in two-rotor form in the Mazda car, while NSU went ahead with its two-rotor Ro80.

Daimler-Benz bought an option on the patent. At that time I said to Uhlenhaut, "You've not done that to bury the idea." His reply was, "Of course not. It is an interesting engine." It is this concept, in three-rotor form, that Daimler-Benz has introduced at Frankfurt in a mid-engined, two-seater sports car called the Mercedes C-111. It is designed along the classic lines of the Le Mans-winning Ford GT40 and obviously

could go into limited production. At the moment, however, it is being shown as a research and development vehicle, or public test bed, for the rotary engine.

Coming from a small and adventurous manufacturer, the C-111 would have drawn admiration. That an apparently staid and conservative company like Daimler-Benz should produce it has laid the automotive world by the ears. It would have been a pity if the NSU Wankel had proved to be a failure; if the Mazda had failed we could describe it as an Oriental adventure. But by tradition Daimler-Benz must not fail, and so this engine from Stuttgart is a serious portent of what must come. The car is here for all to see, for some to drive and maybe even for some to own. This can mean but one thing: in Stuttgart the reciprocating piston engine is as dead as the dodo. The funeral will not be today, indeed it may not be tomorrow, but the only question is just when it will finally lie down.

What is this rotary Wankel engine and why? To the development engineer, the rotating piston engine is just beginning its useful life, whereas the orthodox reciprocating engine has long been past its prime. For equal capacity the Wankel engine can be produced at about two-thirds of the weight of a conventional engine and in about half the space, it poses far fewer problems of balance and smooth running, has unlimited development possibilities in the rpm sphere and already in its infancy at Daimler-Benz is producing 330 hp (SAE) from 220 cu. in. of displacement in production form. The piston and running chamber can be produced as a single unit or in any multiples thereof. NSU started with one chamber, Mazda went to two, Daimler-Benz to three. The next steps undoubtedly will be four, five or six, depending on how much power is wanted—and each addition takes up very little extra space.

As for the rotary engine's bad reputation in regard to air pollution, this may be said: normally if only 500 cars are produced you do not have to comply with antipollution rules. If 5,000 are

produced then you do. Mercedes is aware of all the rules, and however many cars are produced the company will adjust to them.

[In Detroit a senior automotive engineer who has studied and tested the Wankel concept said Mercedes would have to be making giant strides indeed if it were close to solving emission and other problems of volume production—problems which, in his view, are formidable.]

To anyone involved in the motor-racing world there is today only one place for the engine. That is the mid-engine position, just ahead of the rear axle and just behind the driving compartment, and that is where Uhlenhaut has put it in the C-111. Even USAC and Indianapolis have come round to this way of thinking. Ford and Chevrolet have shown that in sports cars they also agree. "For the ultimate in road holding and handling there is no argument against the mid-engined sports car," said Uhlenhaut, "and our compact Wankel fitted neatly into the whole concept." It would also fit neatly into the concept of a traditional front-engine sedan, but that is neither here nor there at the moment. Having driven Porsche, Ford, Lotus, Rover, Lamborghini, Ferrari and de Tomaso cars of the mid-engined coupe layout, I am convinced of the validity of that concept for sports car motoring, and from the time I saw the first single-rotor NSU Wankel experimental engine many years ago I was sold on it, too. To get the two concepts in one vehicle, as with the C-111, was more than I had expected.

Uhlenhaut said, "We are just going for a test drive in the C-111 to try out some small things. Why don't you come along?" I was in the passenger seat almost before he had buckled his seat harness. Uhlenhaut, at 63, still drives harder and faster than I have ever been able to do, and as we left the factory gates he floored the accelerator. The smooth hum from the Wankel engine became hard and purposeful as the speed went up to 7,000 rpm. "We are just on the threshold of this power unit," he said,

continued

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MERCEDES continued

as he released the 330 hp and reached peak rpm in the intermediate gears. "It has unlimited possibilities." The manual, five-speed gearbox he explained as a purely temporary expedient. A fully automatic transmission is obviously in the future for this engine and, ultimately, an infinitely variable transmission so that the engine can run at almost constant speed. After a few miles and a demonstration of the car's good manners over a poor-surfaced, undulating road, Uhlenhaut gave me the car and said, "Off you go, it is not difficult to drive. This is aimed at being a sports car that any enthusiastic driver can manage, not a racing car that needs a specialist driver."

With no camshafts, poppet valves or valve gear, there is virtually no mechanical noise from the Wankel engine, but the very quick uncovering of the exhaust ports and the free gas flow give rise to a lot of exhaust noise—as with orthodox two-stroke engines—that has to be subdued by large mufflers. Intake gas roar is also loud, for the same reasons, though once again good mufflers reduce this. The feeling of the engine on the accelerator pedal is very much like a two-stroke engine, and the exhaust note adds to this feeling. With relatively low rotating masses the inertia is low and torque is poor at very low rpm so that 2,500 rpm are needed when taking off from a standstill in low gear. Once over that figure the engine really surges upward, and the car accelerates

with that constant pressure on the seat that is typical of all high-performance sports cars. Apart from a very slight delay on the throttle response, it would be difficult to know that you had a Wankel engine in the car. It runs like a dynamo, and there is no feeling of stress from the engine at peak rpm, unlike some reciprocating engines that let you know orally and physically when they are flat-out. From 5,000 rpm the engine really surges on up to 7,000 rpm, and you need to keep a wary eye on the tachometer. On the C-111 the driving position is orthodox, with an adjustable seatback so that it can be fairly upright for those who prefer it that way. In all our discussions Uhlenhaut emphasized that this was nothing way out or freaky, but an advanced and practical vehicle. When I suggested that a sports Mercedes-Benz was long overdue to carry on the traditions of the SSK and 300SL models, he agreed.

Although Daimler-Benz has not been racing mid-engined cars, as have Ford, Ferrari, Lotus and Porsche, the company does not seem to have missed a thing, and the C-111's balance and handling more than matched up to my personal, rather stringent, standards. For me the satisfaction of the balance of a mid-engined sports coupe is its directional stability and the way you can make such a machine change direction very suddenly, without any subsequent drama—as when making high-speed traffic maneuvers on

continued



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MERCEDES *continued*

open highways or in mountain country where corners appear frequently and in different directions with very little warning. The C-111 came out well on handling, except when I experimented near the limit of tire adhesion and I found the front wheels wanted to "plow" straight on in an understeer attitude. Commenting on this, Uhlenhaut said, "Try the car again after lunch; at the moment we are experimenting, and we have no antiroll torsion bar on the rear suspension." Of course, he was right, for with modern suspension systems you can make adjustments to suit any taste, and the afternoon tests removed my only criticism of the car's handling.

Afterward, in the sunny countryside of southern Germany, I chatted with Uhlenhaut about sports cars, high-speed driving, automotive engineering, racing and manufacturing problems. This man, whom I first got to know well in 1955 when I joined the Mercedes-Benz racing team to passenger Stirling Moss in his classic Mille Miglia victory, does not change. It did not seem possible that it was 14 years ago that we sat together on the side sill of a gull-wing 300SL Mercedes-Benz coupe in Italy and talked high-speed driving. Here we were in 1969 doing the same thing, only this time on the side sill of a gull-wing Wankel-engined C-111. "Times don't change very much," I remarked. "Then you produced your desmodromic valve, fuel-injected SLR engine, today you have produced this three-rotor Wankel engine. It is the engineering confidence which is significant to me."

"The only thing that changes," said Uhlenhaut, "is that we are getting older. But we must not let it show."

As he drove me back to the factory, traffic conditions limited our speed to 135 mph, though the car is geared for a maximum of 160. Dr. Liehold, the engineer in charge of the development of the C-111, was following us in a 300SEL 6.3-liter V8 sedan, keeping pace with his chief, and I recalled a test day in 1955 when Moss and I were in our racing 300SLR, cruising the German *Autobahn* at 135 mph, and Engineer Kosteletzky, who was shepherding us, kept pace in a gull-wing 300SL sports car. Now the 1970 gull-wing sports car was leading, and a production sedan was keeping right up. I would call that progress. **END**

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THE FIRST 100 YEARS

It is recorded that the first intercollegiate football game was held at New Brunswick on Nov. 6, 1869 between Rutgers and Princeton and that Rutgers won 6-4, the scoring and playing rules being considerably different than they are today. What is not known are the names of the heroes of that game, for, surely, in a sense, they were the first All-Americans. It was not until 20 years later that such a list was officially compiled, and since then hundreds of players have been so honored, by newspapers, magazines and, more recently, television. Now, on the 100th anniversary of that first game, the writer boils down the list of All-Americans to 11, the first All-Century team

BY DAN JENKINS

To those of us who study and follow college football as closely as we do our plunging stocks and who devote a great many hours to genuflecting before its shrines—Bear Bryant's drawl, for instance, or John McKay's wit—the first 100 years seemed to speed by as quickly as Orenthal James Simpson on hut, hut, hut, 23 blast, or whatever that thing was he did off tackle so often. One day some young men from Princeton and Rutgers played Jab the Belly, Knee the Groom, and then the whole mosaic of the game unfolded wondrously like a card section spelling out Graney Rice: here came Pudge Heffelfranke, Amos Alonzo Bough, Pestilence, Famine, Death and Rockne, Slingin' Sammy Nevers, the Seven Blocks of Seats, Fireball Frankie Harmon, Mr. Sideways and Mr. Backwards, Win One for the Gifford, Indian Oak Thorpe, all of those marvelous coaching names: Pop, Jock, Dutch, Red, Tiny, Moose, Biff and Biggie, all inventing Old 83, the Flea Flopper, and finally like a breath of fire and a streak of flame outlined against a dull-gray October schedule, General

George (Blood and Guts) MacHayes and his Buckeyes win again.

It seems impossible that we would have had none of this had it not been for those inventive men from Princeton and Rutgers, 25 on a side, who removed their waistcoats back on Nov. 6, 1869 and fell into a heap; that without their efforts Texas would be meeting Arkansas this Dec. 6 on the new AstroTurf of Fayetteville, Ark. in a televised debate to see who's No. 1 in English Lit 341; that Walter Camp might have been the Father of American Crew; that the annual Army-Navy spectacle might now alternate between lacrosse fields at West Point and Annapolis; and that the Crimson Tide would roll, tide, roll largely during Southeastern Conference triangular track meets.

continued

The All-Century backfield (from left): Dock Walker, SMU, 1943, 1947-49; O.J. Simpson, USC, 1967-68, perhaps the best runner of them all, and Red Grange, Illinois, 1923-25, the Galloping Ghost.





The line (from left): Bennie Oosterbaan, Michigan, 1925-27; Bronko Nagurski, Minnesota, 1927-29; Tommy Nobis, Texas, 1963-65; Bob

ALL-CENTURY *continued*

Unthinkable. If no one else had, Notre Dame would surely have invented football later on, and this would then be the 58th anniversary of Knute Rockne's first fingertip catch on a wobbler from Gus Dorais.

Of course, it took more minds than just those of Princeton and Rutgers to develop college football into the slightly paranoid religion it has become: a game watched by paying millions who worship a galloping goose one season and fire his jolly old coach the next. Harvard and Yale had much to do with its early sophistication. Without them we might never have had the scoring we know, the snapback, 11 men to a side or picnics by station wagon. Notre Dame gave us the true intersectional schedule and introduced the enormous dividends of winning. A group of Californians gave us the bowl game. A man from St. Louis devised the forward pass, and the South-

west made it a major weapon. The Deep South thought up frantic defense, and the Midwest originated the brute. It was also the Midwest that dragged the game out of the East, forcing Walter Camp to acknowledge All-Americas west of the Statue of Liberty. If Bear Bryant actually originated effort, Bud Wilkinson invented speed and magic. Recruiting is older than Frank Leahy; it is as old as Pudge Heffelfinger and Germany Schulz. And in 100 years nobody has figured out a way to beat the team that has the studs, if the studs feel like exerting themselves on Saturday afternoons.

There is a saying today that pro football has become the national game, one insinuation being that baseball no longer is and another being that college football is no more than a farm system. But, before this can be a fact, the pros must answer some questions. Such as: What pro



Peck, Pittsburgh, 1914-16; Bob Suffridge, Tennessee, 1938-40; George Connor, Notre Dame, 1946-47; Don Hutson, Alabama, 1932-34.

player caused more excitement and received more publicity over the past two seasons than a collegian named O.J.? Before him, what pro player got more national attention than Roger Staubach at Navy? Ernie Davis at Syracuse? Billy Cannon at LSU? Howard Cassady at Ohio State? If there are so many coaching geniuses in the pros, why is Vince Lombardi the only one who ever wins? How many pro clubs would like to draw the repetitious crowds of Ohio State, Notre Dame, USC, Texas, LSU, Michigan State, Georgia Tech, Alabama, Arkansas and many others? As it happened in 1967 and 1968, how could USC out-draw the L.A. Rams, when both had winning teams? Pick a regular-season pro game that can out-Nielsen a poll bowl, even if it isn't Notre Dame vs. USC? Why does Ohio State get its 81,000 at home whether its quarterback can throw a pass in the air or in the dirt?

What may actually be true is that football, college and pro, has become the national game, each variety enhancing the other's prestige. But it is also true that the colleges could do without the pros, as they did for years. Pro football is beautiful, to be sure—the avid fan likes all phases of his game—but the pros only sell the bomb and the mystique of the double Z-out, while the college game, armed with its vast head start in tradition, has both of these plus more triple options and monster rovers than the fan (or the writer) will ever comprehend, not to forget so many other things: the raccoon coat, the pregame party, the post-game party, the halftime girls, cheerleaders, fight songs, homecoming, All-Americans, the effigy, the bowls, who's No. 1, pursuit, the button-down shirt and all of those years of lore, all of those breaths of fire and streaks of flame galloping through the swollen heart of Clyde (Old)

continued



RWEAVER

Grad, season ticket holder No. 46,567, his lovely wife Mavis, an ex-twirler, and his son, Bubba, who'll start at fullback this year for Super-Suburb High.

College football endures and prospers with legend. The stars never die, and hundreds of games live on. Classics, they are called. Those who saw them still hear the thunder of USC-UCLA in 1967, of Notre Dame-Michigan State in 1966, of Army-Notre Dame in 1946, of Minnesota-Michigan in 1940, of Pitt-Fordham in 1937, of TCU-SMU in 1935 and of as many Army-Navy's, Texas-Arkansas and Alabama-Tennessee as you care to count. Old 77 is still delivering ice for the Illini. Old 98 is still cruising down the sidelines for the Wolverines. Billy Cannon is still returning that punt against Ole Miss on a Halloween Night in Baton Rouge. They're still totaling up the magazine covers that Oak Walker made at SMU. It took a lot of Morley Orurys to make O.J. the noblest Trojan. Harry Stuhldreher begat Frank Carideo who begat Angelo Bertelli who begat Johnny Lujack who begat Ralph Guglielmi who begat Paul Hornung who begat Terry Hanratty at Notre Dame. At Texas the Longhorns try to "dance every dance" like Tommy Nobis did. And Joe Namath was wearing white shoes and blowing it in for six at Alabama long before he ever found his way to Broadway.

We can estimate that more than 2½ million men have played college football in a century and that about 1,500 have been immortal, which is to say All-America. At least as many immortals were overlooked for All-America, no doubt because they didn't wear their socks high or have a colorful nickname or work for a publicity-minded coach or have a Granny Rice writing poems about them. How could a halfback be a breath of fire and a streak of flame playing for, say, Southwestern Louisiana, for example? And yet Chris Cagle became something akin to that when he went on to Army for four more years of college ball back in the 1920s when you could do that sort of thing.

With so many greats, near-greats, semi-greats and would-have-beens handed down to us through the years, it would not seem likely that any select group of them—11, say—could have been better than all the rest at their positions as collegians. And yet some were. Although coaches like to say you can't compare athletes of different eras because size, speed, technique and emphasis change, in a way you can. Desire and instinct do not change, nor does that strange, inspired ability an athlete can possess that will lift his team above itself.

Thus, there have been those players who combined these traits to win consistently against big-time competition, who sparked all the more when they were thrust into stardom, who literally seemed to relish the dramatic situation and most often conquered it. By all that we know of college football's history and what we believe to be true of legend, and from all that we have seen and heard, the men depicted on the foregoing pages were the truest immortals of the first 100 years. Call it an All-Century team if you like.

The quarterback: Sammy Baugh, TCU, 1934-36; he could throw a football with uncanny accuracy, long and short, soft and hard, in addition to being a marvelous punter and a vicious safety on defense.

Basically it is a modern team, and that does not seem improper. Mental strain became a great part of football after mid-century. The pressure to excel in packed stadiums and against the weight of headlines has become enormous. We shall never know what Willie Heston might have done, going for No. 1 before 90,000 in the Los Angeles Coliseum, for example, but we do know what O. J. Simpson did.

It is a team whose members share a number of distinctions. Eight players, for instance, have been chosen by various reputable selectors on Alltime teams. They would be Sam Baugh, Red Grange, Don Hutson, Bronko Nagurski, Bennie Oosterbaan, George Connor, Bob Sufridge and Bob Peck. Each of the 11 was an All-America, naturally, most of them twice and five of them—Doak Walker, Grange, Oosterbaan, Sufridge and Peck—three times. Walker is football's last three-year consensus All-America. Eight of the men led their teams to at least one undefeated season, and seven of them played on mythical national champions.

But let us look at them individually.

Sam Baugh of Texas Christian was everything a quarterback should be and something few of them are anymore. Joe Namath is the only passer who has come along that anyone would dare suggest could throw the ball as well as Sam. But Baugh was also perhaps the finest punter who ever arched his foot. For example, in the Sugar Bowl game of 1936 against LSU, on a rainy day, Baugh punted 14 times, frequently within LSU's five-yard line, for a 48-yard average.

Wiry and tobacco-chewing, Sam had the con artist in him, as a leader on the field who also played a vicious safety on defense. Once, when TCU was playing Tulsa, his fullback obviously scored, but an official disallowed it. "You're exactly right, Mr. Referee," said Sam quickly. "I saw it and he didn't get over." Whereupon, Sam called his own number on the next play, and this time the referee's hands went up for a touchdown almost before Baugh could take the snap.

Slingin' Sam threw long and short, soft and hard, dancin', running, being hit or with his feet planted. In an era when 10 passes in a game was considered extravagant, Baugh hurled 30 and 40, hit most of his receivers in the bridge of the nose and spiraled an unbelievable (then) 38 touchdowns in three seasons.

Grantland Rice was so taken with Sam and the dazzling style of football that TCU played that he went on picking Dutch Meyer's teams in his preseason Top 10 for years after Baugh left.

Another Baugh never turned up in the Southwest, but a Doak Walker did. Walker did more things well in football, including win—win with a mediocre team—than just about anyone who ever played. He ran, passed, punted, caught, placekicked, blocked and defended. And, in an era of free subs, he would play most of a tough game, both ways.

Handsome and shy off the field, graceful, calm and dramatic under pressure, he was everything the magazine covers yearned for, and the Cotton Bowl got double-decked because of his deeds for SMU. His most familiar play

continued

would be to get trapped trying to pass and then weave off a long run. Doak had that wonderful talent for making a five-yard run seem like 30, and his 60-yarders seemed to take an hour, for he faked, dodged and bewildered everyone in the stadium along the way.

In everything he tried, the form was always perfect. If you wanted a 70-yard quick kick, Doak kicked it. If you wanted a 30-yard field goal, he kicked that, too. He would raise up and complete a pass on one play, then leap up and catch one from somebody else. And best of all, he would find a way to win, frequently in the closing minutes. They called him "the miracle man," and he was precisely that in an age of perhaps the strongest football (the late 1940s) we have seen.

The miracle man of the 1920s was Red Grange. Primarily an open-field runner—and by all evidence the best ever—this led to a joke that has become part of football lore. Before Grange's famed Michigan game of 1924 when he scored five touchdowns and gained 402 yards (including returns), the *Wolverines'* daily newspaper had said, "All Grange can do is run." And the *Daily Illini* had rebutted, "All Galli-Curci can do is sing."

Grange's style was not to waste motion and he had a freedom of movement. He would start wide, cut back, then cut back again, carving a big S on the field. He once said his mind tried to envision where his teammates were and what they were doing as he ran and he would somehow use them. "I could see the run happening as I ran," he explained.

Grange had real speed for his day, a fast start, excellent balance and the uncanny ability—peripheral vision, they called it in Doak Walker's day—to see tacklers coming from the sides.

Knut Rockne complained that much of Grange's success was due to "skillful exploiting in the papers," but he *did* make all of those runs for three years, and he later turned them into big money. He endorsed everything he could find, including cigarettes he did not smoke, which could have invoked one of the marvelous ad slogans of all time: "If Red Grange smoked, he'd smoke Philip Morris!"

As much as Grange ran, he did not come near running as often as O.J. did at USC. Nor has anyone else in just two years. Or against such consistently rugged opposition, much of it stacked against him. As it has been said before, no runner in college ever combined speed, power, elusiveness and endurance like Simpson. All he did was gain about 3,500 yards in 22 games (counting Rose Bowls), scoring 36 touchdowns.

Over and over, O.J. made holes where there weren't any and created daylight out of tangled jerseys. Not only was he 6' 2" and more than 200 pounds, he had 9.4 speed and moves. And never had a fast man carried so often, up to 40 times a game. In the 100th season of college football he was, appropriately enough, all of the greatness that had come before him in one dynamic package.

It has never been easy for a lineman to achieve glory, as we are aware, for in football most of the romance thrives on dazzling runs and accurate passes. Baugh, Walker, Grange and Simpson prove it, as have so many others. But a few have risen from the gore of the scrimmage line

and remained giants ever since. The player on the All-Century team who goes back the farthest is the center, Bob Peck of Pittsburgh, who was one of the best at focusing attention on himself.

One reason was that he taped his wrists, ankles and headgear so there would be no mistaking him in a heap. Small

THE BEST ELEVEN

THE FIRST 50 YEARS

- E Frank Hinkley, Yale
- E Tack Hardwick, Harvard
- T Wilbur Henry, Washington & Jefferson
- T Belf West, Colgate
- G Pudge Heffelfinger, Yale
- G T. Truxton Hare, Pennsylvania
- C Bob Peck, Pittsburgh
- B Walter Eckersall, Chicago
- B Jim Thorpe, Carlisle
- B Willie Heston, Michigan
- B Ted Coy, Yale

THE TWENTIES

- E Bonnie Oosterbaan, Michigan
- E Brick Muller, California
- T Bronko Nagurski, Minnesota
- T Ed Weir, Nebraska
- G Dutch Diehl, Dartmouth
- G Jack Cannon, Notre Dame
- C Peter Pand, Georgia Tech
- B George Gippy, Notre Dame
- B Red Grange, Illinois
- B Chris Cagle, Southwestern Louisiana, Army
- B Ernie Nevers, Stanford

THE THIRTIES

- E Don Hutson, Alabama
 - E Gaynell Tinsley, LSU
 - T Ed Widseth, Minnesota
 - T Bruiser Kinard, Mississippi
 - G Joe Routh, Texas A&M
 - G Bob Suffridge, Tennessee
 - C Ki Aldrich, TCU
 - B Sam Baugh, TCU
 - B Tom Harmon, Michigan
 - B Clint Frank, Yale
 - B Marshall Goldberg, Pittsburgh
-

but outrageously aggressive, Peck's yelling could often be heard high up in the stands, and, when he made tackle after tackle and kept up the chatter and fierce mannerisms, a Pitt whoop got started: "When Peck fights, the team fights."

With Peck at center, Pitt lost only one game from 1914

through 1916; and the last team was not only the national champion, Pop Warner said it was the greatest he ever coached.

The guards who flank Bob Peck were the same type of fanatics. One needs to say little else of Tennessee's Bob Suffridge except that General Bob Neyland considered him the greatest lineman he ever had. Suffridge was a moody, antagonistic player who could hardly eat or speak on the day of a game. Best of the pulling single wing guards, he was a defensive terror as well. The Vols did not lose a regular-season game in the three years that Suffridge made All-America, 1938 through 1940. As for the other guard, it is doubtful if ever there breathed a more dedicated player than Texas' Tommy Nobis, who had size and ability to go with it. He had a fire that was usually found in players trying to compensate for lack of size—like Peck or Suffridge.

"He simply never made a bad play," says his coach, Darrell Royal. "I've never seen any player handle his position so well—or ever heard of one."

Nobis was primarily a linebacker of the type who averaged 20 or so tackles a game, who was everywhere, quick, strong, nimble and eager, but who also, in a platoon era, went over to offense when the goal line got into view. Much to his credit is the fact that Nobis was at his best against the big names he faced—Namath, Roger Staubach and Donny Anderson among others—and Nobis won.

Notre Dame for some time has been up to its Dome in immortals at all positions and, if you said, O.K., the Irish can have all 11 of the Alltime team, South Benders wouldn't be able to agree on most of the names. One guy would be a cinch, however. Notre Dame never had a better tackle than George Connor, and if big George is the best Notre Dame ever had, then he must be better than nearly all the others.

A blocker who opened gaps for the Johnny Lujacks and Terry Brennans, he was a crushing defender who moved from one side to the other to put the brakes on runners like Buddy Young. Big and mobile, he was a leader who had a sense of humor. Once, before a great big Army game, he told the team, "The sons of slum and gravy are coming to the campus of beans and sausage."

"He had the ability to sort out the ballcarrier and the toughness to break up the power play," said Frank Leahy. "He was indestructible."

So, apparently, was our other tackle, Bronko Nagurski, who was more than just a tackle. For Minnesota, Nagurski was also a fullback and he was even an end for a time. He would have benten out any man at any position, old Gopher fans will argue, but the experts pretty much agree that Nagurski, powerful, numb to pain, durable and inspired, played his best football at tackle, almost singlehandedly raising so-so Minnesota teams into winners.

Nagurski was considered a physical brute at 6' 2" and 217, and his bravery was often displayed when he would bunker into the line to stop every play, then shift to fullback to lug the ball repeatedly. One way or another, he made the big play.

Bronko Nagurski benefitted from a catchy name, to be

continued

THROUGH THE DECADES

THE FORTIES

- E Leon Hart, Notre Dame
- E Barney Poole, Mississippi, Army
- T George Connor, Holy Cross, Notre Dame
- T Dick Widung, Minnesota
- G Alex Agase, Illinois, Purdue
- G Bill Fischer, Notre Dame
- G Chuck Bednark, Pennsylvania
- B Johnny Lujack, Notre Dame
- B Donk Walker, SMU
- B Glenn Davis, Army
- B Doc Blanchard, Army

THE FIFTIES

- A Ron Beagle, Navy
- A Ron Kramer, Michigan
- T Alex Karras, Iowa
- T Lou Michaels, Kentucky
- G Les Richter, California
- G Jim Parker, Ohio State
- C Jerry Tubbs, Oklahoma
- B Dick Kazmaier, Princeton
- B Jim Swink, TCU
- B Howard Cassady, Ohio State
- B Billy Cannon, LSU

THE SIXTIES

- E George Webster, Michigan State
- E Jerry Levas, SMU
- T Ron Yary, USC
- T Bobby Bell, Minnesota
- G Tommy Nobis, Texas
- G Dick Butkus, Illinois
- C Lee Roy Jordan, Alabama
- G Gary Bates, UCLA
- B Gale Sayers, Kansas
- B Chris Gilbert, Texas
- B O. J. Simpson, USC

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ALL-CENTURY *continued*

sure, as did Grange, the Galloping Ghost. Between them in the Big Ten, there was a player who had a name to overcome—Bennie Oosterbaan. But while Oosterbaan might have been a headache for headline writers, he was the most splendid thing Michigan had ever seen.

Oosterbaan was the first of the brilliant pass catchers, an acrobatic player who dived and scooped up the ball or who one-handed it in midair. Wherever Benny Friedman threw it, it is said that he was the most complete end who ever played, that in three years of All-America performances no runner ever gained around his end. And this included Grange.

Oosterbaan was a natural type of player, fluid of motion, almost beautiful in his faking, the patterns he invented and the ease with which he gathered in the ball. Only Don Hutson, who came along in the next decade, has ever been compared with him as a receiver.

What Hutson could do better than Oosterbaan was run with the ball after he caught it. Tall and willowy with immense speed and at least four different guts, Hutson at Alabama brought all of the dimensions of a pass receiver that we now know of to the game. "I just ran like the devil, and Dixie Howell got the ball there," Hutson says today, but he did more. The Alabama Antelope invented catching "in traffic," he made the end-around a devastating weapon and shifting gears a must. He made multiple faking vital.

While Hutson would catch only six or eight passes in a game, that was a bundle then, and they would be Alabama's key yardage, if not its touchdowns. When he grabbed six passes for 165 yards and two touchdowns in Alabama's victory over Stanford in the 1935 Rose Bowl, he was lavishly labeled "the world's greatest pass-catching, speed-merchant end," and no one has tried to put anyone ahead of him since.

And so we have a team to commemorate a century, a team that can speak well for the lore of a colorful game. We have a Bronko and an Antelope, a Slingin' Sam and a Galloping Ghost. We have passing, running, kicking, receiving and wanton defense. We have speed and enough size. We have winners. But now who do we play? Well, in only 100 more years we'll see.

CONTINUED



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WAVE GOODBY TO DEFENSE

As college football begins a new century, it may well have said goodbye forever to the fullback constantly running up the backs of his guards and tackles. It may have also bid farewell to the quick kick, field position, clawing defense—to every conservative element that once helped distinguish the game by regions and made it different from the pitch-and-catch style of the professionals. It started happening early in the 1960s, it happened in 1968 as never before and this year it should be even more so. For better or worse the collegiate game is now played the same way over the entire country. No more can one look at the Big Ten and say, there are the hutes who control the ball, or glance at the Deep South and say, there is what defense is all about, or probe the Southwest to see if the forward pass is alive and well at, for example, Baylor. Everybody throws the ball, everybody catches it and everybody runs with such alarming success that scoreboards have taken on the appearance of a light show for hippies.

This may not have been exactly what the rules makers intended when they gradually resurrected free substitution and then last season added more plays per game by stopping the clock after every first down, but this is what they got. Last season produced so much offense that even the pros looked stodgy. The average number of points scored in a game leaped to 42.4, the average total offense per game jumped to 657 yards, the average passing yardage climbed to 315.4 and the number of total-offense plays reached a peak of 150.1.

What the collegiate sport has come to can be highlighted by reviewing the scores of a few of last season's games: Indiana 40, Baylor 36; Air Force 58, Colorado 35; Virginia 63, Tulane 47; Ohio 60, Cincinnati 48; Rice 35, Washington 35; Wake Forest 48, North Carolina 31; Abilene Christian 50, Howard Payne 49; and Houston 100, Tulsa 6.

There were many, many more absurdities, of course, as just about every team had somebody trying to be a passer and as a record 16 ballcarriers, led by O. J. Simpson, gained more than 1,000 yards. The paranoia that beset coaches who

thought they taught good defense was best exemplified by Arkansas' Frank Broyles. His team led Chuck Hixson and SMU into the fourth quarter by 35 points but barely held on to win 35-29. And Broyles explained, "We shouldn't have gone for a first down at mid-field instead of punting. A 35-point lead just isn't safe anymore."

Completing more passes for more yards than any nonsenior ever, Hixson—only a sophomore—provided some indication of the future. Fourteen of the top 25 passers from 1968 return this year, and 10 of those are juniors. At the same time, a lot of top runners may have departed, but many splendid ones are back. Foremost is Oklahoma's Steve Owens who needs only 1,045 yards—one can use "only" for such a figure now, it seems—to become the alltime major-college career number. Other excellent ones are Arizona State's Art Malone, Penn State's Charlie Pittman, Texas' Steve Worster and New Mexico State's Ron (Po) James, and there will naturally be a whole new cast of runners whose names will glimmer by midseason.

With conservatism a thing of the past, defensive geniuses like Woody Hayes, Bear Bryant and Ourrell Royal have learned to split at least one receiver out wide and hope a quarterback will drift the ball toward him. Even on a shaggy, muddy field (and there will be fewer of those with the rush to Tartan and AstroTurf) a team has become accustomed to calling a minimum of 20 passing plays per game. As Texas' Royal says, "We didn't use to mind giving up the football because we trusted our defense. Now we aren't so eager to give up the ball to anybody—anywhere."

In an effort to try to keep the ball with a strong ground game, Royal developed a formation last year—the Wishbone T—that will be the vogue in 1969. Basically, it is a straight T formation utilizing the triple-option play of the quarterback, but a receiver is split wide and the fullback is moved a step closer to the line of scrimmage.

Nearly everyone else this season will have a Wishbone T of some kind, just as everybody went to the I formation of USC's John McKay a few years back.

Whether it works, however, will depend on the option finesse of the quarterback, the running and blocking prowess of the fullback and the team's ability to run and pass with equal intent.

The qualifications for a winner are becoming more complex. A good drop-back passer who can do nothing else or a sprint-out quarterback who can't drop back or the player who has to make up his mind whether he is going to keep or pitch before a play unfolds—all of these types—are losers. The winning quarterbacks, those who can take their teams to championships and not just to statistics, are those who can do it all: a Rex Kern at Ohio State (see cover), a James Street at Texas or a Bill Montgomery at Arkansas, to cite three good examples from a year ago.

But more than just this, the team that finds itself in the Top 20 will have good runners and receivers—and kickers as well, especially placekickers, since five times as many field goals were scored a year ago (566) as were booted 10 seasons previous.

One of the intriguing things about the current style of play will be to see what coaches do about it defensively. So far, every trend of offense has been met and eventually stymied. But never has so much heat been concentrated against defense. Never has there been so much offense with so many rules on its side as well. The first thing coaches undoubtedly will do is shift some of their better athletes to the defensive team, as Woody Hayes did last year with his great sophomore, Jack Tatum. This will help some, but it will not be the total cure.

A retreat back to the days of one-plateon football might be the one way coaches could be rescued from what can be called the modern disease of scoring.

But, alas, it is only those suffering coaches who yearn for a retreat. Nearly 30 million fans will see the college game in 1969. Such a multitude, plus all of those touchdowns, does not seem like a bad way to begin a new century.

TURN PAGE FOR SCOUTING REPORTS BY THE COLLEGE FOOTBALL STAFF ON THE TOP 30 TEAMS, LEAVING CONFERENCES, INDEPENDENTS AND SMALL COLLEGES



OHIO STATE

There is only one thing Mr. Wayne Woodrow Hayes of Ohio State has more of than All-America football players—and that is superstitions. Silly things. Like the hot chocolate, sugar cookie, apple snack each player gets Friday nights before games. And the orange juice and dry toast appetizer at the Saturday morning pregame meals. And the team movie on Friday nights—action, nothing else. Once a brew soul suggested *Belizé de Jour*, they saw *The Good, The Bad and The Ugly*. Last year the team was also shown *Coogan's Bluff*, *The Dirty Dozen* and *Bvlltv*, which ends with Steve McQueen blowing his adversary through pane glass doors at the San Francisco International Airport. Says one player with a smile: "Woody thinks movies like that get us psyched up."

Whether the diet or the movies or a combination of the two had anything to do with transforming last year's Bucks from a group of unknown sophomores into the best team in the country is debatable. There is no debate, however, on the contribution Hayes made. "He put it all together," says Fullback Jim Ott. "All we did was carry it out." And there is even less debate on who will keep this year's edition from becoming a No. 1 bunch of prima donnas. "Woody's the guy," says Split End Bruce Jankowski. "If he sees you getting a big head, he won't ask questions. He'll just kick you at the tail and sit you down."

Still, it would take an epidemic of swelled heads to keep Ohio State from repeating as the year's top team. The Buckeyes have 18 of 22 starters back from last year's undefeated national champions. Statistically they are just as frightening: returning are 273 of 323 points, 2,982 of 3,022 rushing yards, 1,359 of 1,384 passing yards and 100 of 104 pass completions. And behind it all is Hayes. "Football is like a battle," he explains. "And that's where General Patton was so great. He'd look at what he had and say, 'Here's what we can do and here's what we can't do. Let's not even try what we can't do. And let's not worry about what they can't do. Let's just concentrate on our strengths.'"

Woody can concentrate wherever he pleases—his Buckeyes are one conglomerate, incorporated strength. The chairman of the board is Quarterback Rex Kern (King Rex or King Kern—your choice), the baby-faced redhead who as a sophomore last year walked in and took over. Those close to Ohio State say Hayes' respect for Kern is

so great he has already given Kern more freedom than any quarterback since Dave Leggett in 1954. And there is no doubt Kern is the first Buckeye quarterback since Tom Matte with the temerity to scramble on a busted play—risky, of course, even greater loss. Kern's only weakness is his health. Last year he was hurt in eight of 10 games, and this winter he had an operation on his left shoulder, after popping it out during an intramural basketball game. But even this causes Hayes less than normal worry, for backing up Kern are supersub Ron Maciejowski and sophomore Don Lanka, who guided the first team to a 66-0 win in the spring game.

It is, literally, behind Kern where the competition becomes a bit fiercer. At fullback there is a battle between two-year veteran Jim Ott, who could make a first down against the Chicago Police Department, and John Brockington, who is a little faster and who, in spring practice, played a little ahead of Ott. Yes, when someone asked Ott about the prospect of not starting, he snapped back, "They'll have to kill me to keep me out of the starting lineup." At running back there is Leo Hayden, a speedster who is getting fierce competition from Dave Brumgard, the No. 1 sub who wants to be just plain old No. 1. Wingback belongs to Larry Zelina, the most versatile performer on the team (he was No. 3 runner, No. 2 pass receiver, he can punt and placekick and he returns kicks), as long as he is healthy. Always threatening him is Ray Griffin, who replaced the injured Zelina in the Rose Bowl and gained 83 yards total offense and caught four passes, one for a touchdown.

With both the split end, Bruce Jankowski, and the tight end, Jan White, returning, the prospects excite even the normally plaintive Hayes. "We scored 30 touchdowns last year with our power offense, the old button-shoe offense," he says. "But we'll change. If you have the backs, you use them to put the pressure on." Then he becomes Hayes the general. "You know the most effective kind of warfare is siege. You have to attack on broad fronts. And that's all the option is—attacking on a broad front. You know General Sherman ran an option right through the South."

The only question is whether the line can provide the help Sherman had. Gone are two All-Americans, Dave Foley and Rufus Mayes, yet Tackle Coach Hugh Hindman bittely says he's "very pleased," thank you. Taking Foley's place will be Dave Cheney, the team's most improved player last spring. Mayes' spot will go to 245-pound Chuck Hutchinson, the swimmer for the past two years. Brian Donovan, who started at guard in the Rose Bowl, will move to center, while Alan Jack and Tom Backhaus, both starters last year, return at guard.

Where Kern is the personality of the offense, Ohio State's defense is characterized

by John Tatum, the quiet roverback and the man whom Hayes has called "the best athlete on my team." Tatum plays the wide side on the Buckeyes' mirror defense, where one set of four (safety, defensive half, linebacker and end) will always handle the open side and another set the closed side of the field. Myopic, his face an expressionless mask, Tatum often seems bored to the point of disinterest, yet he's the Bucks' top headhunter. After his handling of Purdue's Leroy Keyes last season, he received a rare double. Associated Press voted him Back of the Week, while United Press voted him Linebacker of the Week. Said Assistant Coach Lou Holtz shortly before he took over the head job at William and Mary: "He's the greatest athlete I've ever coached. If he's not an All-American, there never was one."

Complementing Tatum on the wide side is Dave Whitfield, a superb end and the defensive captain; Doug Adams, the team's best linebacker; and Ted Provost, a tall, bird-legged halfback. "Our whole defense is time oriented," says Hayes. "If we ever run up a back that does the 100 in five seconds flat, we're in trouble."

More likely is the danger of complacency, though Hayes fairly bristles at the thought. "Well," someone will ask, "what's to keep them from getting lazy?"

"Me. I'm a mean coach," Hayes barks. "Then I guess it's not true you're getting soft."

"Soft?" Hayes raises his voice a boom or two. "I'll be damned if I'm getting soft. I'm not going to let them get aliphed. I don't care if they like me for it. And I don't care what they call me, so long as I can't hear it. And so long as it isn't that I'm a nice old man."

TEXAS

Waller Creek meanders across the Texas campus, purging quietly and trickling peacefully. It is a tranquil, lazy, picturesque scene until football practice begins. Then players come barreling out of Memorial Stadium, clatter over some improvised steps across the water and up the embankment to Freshman Field for a whoop-and-holler workout that pierces the silence along the creek and its peacocks-and-cottontail-wood-lined banks.

Towering above the scene is Coach Darrell Royal, who after mounting the circular orange staircase of his portable viewing stand can inspect his troops. Royal is not one to

James Street of Texas shows the secret of broken field running: when he tips, you tip.

rave about his prospects, but what he saw as he gazed down this fall made him smile frequently.

Oh, his defense will be minus All-American Tackle Loyd Watson, signal-caller Corbis Robertson and Bill Bradley, the erstwhile quarterback who wound up a top punter and defensive back. Royal's offense will have to make do without Chris Gilbert, the only college back ever to gain 1,000 yards three years in a row.

But shed no Texas-size tears for Royal. He has enough talent to fill Walter Creek. In all, Royal will have back 35 of 48 lettermen. Among the best are two tackles, Leo Brooks on defense and Bob McKay on offense, Tom Campbell, a linebacker turned defensive halfback who was the star of the last Cotton Bowl game, Quarterback James Street, Fullback Steve Wurster, Halfback Ted Key, Flanker Cotton Speyer and Tight End Deryl Comer. As for ground-gainers, there are plenty to man the triple-option Wishbone T, one of the lines and most potent offenses around. Scoreboard operators were kept busy totting up the 379 points it mass-produced last season.

"It's really little bits of many different offenses," Royal says as he talks about the Wishbone. "Coaches are the biggest copycats in the world, and the offense is spreading, and spreading fast. Maybe if we'd rip our lips..." whereupon, in mid-thought, Royal zipped his lips.

The Wishbone offense works for Texas because of runners like Wurster and Key, a pair of 210-pounders. Wurster, who gets those difficult up-the-middle yards, scored 13 times as a sophomore and gained 806 yards at five yards a try. Evidence of Wurster's value to the team is best supplied by Royal himself. Last spring coaches all over the country were calling to ask Durrell about the Wishbone T, and one of the most constant was Duffy Daugherty at Michigan State. One day on long distance Royal told his friend Daugherty, "Duffy, you don't want my offense. You want my fullback, and he's got two more years with me."

Adds Royal on Wurster: "He plays his position better than anybody we've ever had except Tommy Nobis. He's the kind of kid who just goes out and causes wrecks, straightens his headgear and walks back to the huddle quietly."

Key is another integral part of an offense that amassed 447.6 yards a game, having averaged 5-plus yards per carry. Both Wurster and Key are also expert blockers and will help clear the path for whoever takes over for Gilbert. Top candidates for that spot are Billy Duke, a junior, and Jim Bertelsen, a sophomore. Bertelsen, who already has the gift of knowing how to use his blockers, gained 685 yards, the most yardage gained by



a freshman in Royal's 12 years in Austin.

Big Ten coaches ogled Bertelsen, who comes from Hudson, Wis., but Royal got busy when he learned that Jim wanted to attend a "warm-weather school." Royal made a rare out-of-state recruiting trip and just happened to wind up in, well, Hudson, Wis. Despite his own persuasive powers, Royal feared he might not get Bertelsen, who visited Austin on what turned out to be the coldest day of winter and on the day when food poisoning hit the dining hall. Bertelsen, however, shook off the chilly reception and signed on.

Getting Wurster, another high school whiz, was a project that came up a year earlier and proved far less frustrating. "Most people think we must have wired and dined him," recalls Assistant Coach Fred Akers. "All it took to get him was two hamburgers. That's the kind of kid he is."

Two other vital cogs in the offense are Speyer and Street. Speyer, who caught 26 passes for 449 yards, has speed, can fake left and go right and this year will further torment foes by running back punts and kickoffs.

After a loss and a tie at the start of last season Royal at last admitted he could not win with Bradley at quarterback, so he turned to Street. Zingo, the Longhorns won nine straight, including a stunning 36-13 rout of Tennessee in the Cotton Bowl. Street is also a first-rate pitcher on the Texas baseball team and over the past two years has had a 21.6 record.

"He is," Royal adds, "a pleasant extro-

vert. He's wound tight, though. Sometimes I'll come up behind him and touch him and he'll jump."

Street is unproductive in other ways. Take last New Year's Eve when the Tennessee and Texas teams attended a pre-Cotton Bowl luncheon at which two footballs were to be given as door prizes. When Volunteer Quarterback Bubba Wyche drew the first winning ticket and saw that the recipient was only 10 feet away, he lobbed the ball to him. Then came Street's turn. He picked a ticket and, not to be outdone even though the second winner was halfway across the huge ballroom, he threw a pass that swept dishes and glasses off three tables and missed his target by two tables. On the field the next day, though, Street was considerably more accurate, hitting his receivers for 200 yards and two touchdowns.

Street gives the Wishbone and its triple option its Go Power, for he not only passes well (50+), but is one of the finest running quarterbacks anywhere and, if need be, can wait until the last instant to pitch back.

Although he can be confident that his Longhorns will disturb the tranquility on many fronts this fall, Royal refuses to do any early shouting. "Last year we got better and better each week until at the end we were as good as we've ever been. We can't start out that good this time—not as good as we ended up. There is," he points out, "a Southwest saying that, 'There ain't a boss that can't be rode and there ain't a man who can't be throwed.'" Nevertheless, throwing Texas this year is going to be difficult.

CONTINUED

3

PENN STATE

Joe Paterno, by his own admission, is a cornball. Last year he was voted coach of the year, an honor that did not impress him, and shortly after he was offered a job as head coach of the Pittsburgh Steelers at \$500,000 a year, plus all sorts of little attachments assuring his future financial security. He turned down the offer, saying that he preferred life in the Nittany Valley, where he could pile his wife and kids into the family car on a Sunday afternoon, drive into the country and talk to the cows. Of course Paterno is a deceptively sharp man and he knows that talking to cows is better than watching the Pittsburgh Steelers and that by staying with Penn State he has a very good chance of repeating last year's 10-0 record, of this time finishing No. 1 in the polls and of winding up as coach of the year again. Some cornball.

"Someday when we're 3 and 7, I'll remind people how glad they said they were when I decided to stay," he says with a grin. Grinning is easy when you're 10-0. But, even if he were 3-7, Paterno would probably still grin and tell people: "I didn't play that boy because he's Italian. I played him because I'm Italian."

Paterno has the longest nonlosing streak in the country among major colleges, a 19-game string that includes two of the most improbable bowl game finishes. First there was the 17-0 lead he blew in the Gator Bowl two years ago when he came up with a 17-17 tie. Then there was last January's 15-14 last-second win in the Orange Bowl against Kansas and its 12-man team.

This year the string undoubtedly will be extended because State has the softest schedule of any top-ranked club, as well as most of last year's team back again. This includes Chuck Burkhardt, the quarterback, who often appears to do nothing right except win.

"I wish somebody would give him credit," Paterno says of Burkhardt, who has never lost in high school or college. "When he came off the field in the Orange Bowl after the first quarter—in which he had bounced one pass on the ground, had thrown two interceptions and had looked bad all-around—I asked him if he was all right. 'Sure,' he tells me. 'Why do you ask?' That's the kind of self-assurance he has."

Burkhardt will try to improve on last year's

Penn State's defense proves on this play that at times football is not even a game of inches.



87 completions and 49% accuracy, but it won't be easy. Gone to the pros is Tight End Ted Kwailek, his leading receiver Greg Edmunds, though, may turn out to be a strong split end and pass catcher.

Halfback Charlie Putman is back and will try to break some more of Leary Moore's school records. Last year he erased one by scoring 14 touchdowns. Putman is a Baltimore boy who insists upon wearing the No. 24 that Moore wore while with the Colts. He is an elusive runner in the Moore tradition. Trying to replace Putman's talented sibling, Bob Campbell, will be hard-running Gary Deuel and Lydell Mitchell, a sophomore. At fullback will be Don Abbey or newcomer Franco Harris.

Warren Koegel and Charlie Zupiec are two bulls around which the offensive line is built. The others are generally small for linemen and, if Penn State can be said to have a weakness, the tackle and tight end positions are it.

Defensively, State gets rougher: nine starters return from a crew that limited opponents to 106 points and also helped get 145 of the Nittany Lions' 339 points by recovering 18 fumbles and intercepting 25 passes. Neal Smith, who picked off eight passes, is a hard-to-beat safety. For linebackers there are Jack Ham and Dennis Onkutz, an All-America last season. Onkutz has the ability to be where the action is, largely because he creates the action. There is no better set of tackles than Steve Smear and Mike Reid. Smear speaks of the defensive unit with a sort of primitive passion: "Three years we've played together and never a voice has been raised in anger. It's no fake. We work together. The Celtics, the Packers—it all boiled down to team pride, and this is what Coach Paterno has tried to instill in us. He says, 'Would you like to go to war with the guy next to you?' I know what he means."

Read, a budding concert pianist, also speaks with emotion about football—and music: "When I'm disgusted or disappointed, I turn to the piano. Quite a few great composers expressed deep sadness in music. Beethoven suffered, and it comes out in his music. I don't mean to sound melodramatic, but when I got word that I had to undergo a second knee operation [in 1967], I turned to the piano. It gave me much comfort."

With talent that ranges from piano movers to piano players, Penn State will not be easy to beat. So what can keep Paterno from adding to his nonlosing streak? "Overconfidence," he answers. "My job is to motivate them. I have to remind them that if they won't work hard they'll look back at later years and regret it. And we have a chance to claim our third Lambert Trophy in a row, something no team has done, except for Army during the war years." Anybody care to contest the claim?



The John McKay Decade Medallion, with a smiling image of the coach embossed on one side, has the comforting heft of a silver dollar, but what is really comforting to USC supporters is to flip the coin (causing McKay to fall uncharacteristically flat on his face) and look at his nine-year record spelled out in raised letters: coach of the year (1962), five Pacific Eight titles, two national championships, two Hensman Trophy winners, four Rose Bowl teams, eleven All-Americans. This medallion is part of a little merchandising scheme cooked up by the Trojan athletic department whereby a fan can be a Variety Correspondent for \$10, a Statistician for \$7.50 or a Spotter for \$5 (no box tops, please) and get all sorts of goodies, from color photos to a USC Sports Desk Calendar and Doodlepad.

Of course, selling tickets to football games is still the main business, and during McKay's reign the Trojans have been eminently marketable. This last year of his decade should be no different, despite the loss of O.J. and Quarterback Steve Sogge, who set school passing records on the few downs he did not hand off to Simpson. The 1969 USC drawing cards are Jimmy Jones, a black quarterback, and Bob Chandler, an outstanding flanker.

Jones is a sophomore from Harrisburg, Pa., who was ardently recruited McKay, who rarely visits a prospect's home, even in California, showed up personally to sign him. Everyone agreed he was a fine runner, but some coaches thought his arm was good only for passing the salt. Jones demolished that notion in the USC spring game when he hardly ran at all and, in a little more than a half, completed 19 of 32 passes for 392 yards and five touchdowns.

"We're either going to be an excellent passing team," said McKay, "or we've got the worst defensive backs in history."

Chandler caught 15 passes in that spring game for 315 yards and five TDs. When he wasn't faking the defensive backs into the Pacific Ocean he was winning midair wrestling matches for the ball or making contortional catches. He is only one of the best group of receivers USC has ever had (with Gary Orenti, Sam Dickerson and Terry Oekmat, plus Tight End Gerry Mullins). "Bobby had an exceptional day even for an exceptional player," said McKay.

With a double threat quarterback and lots

of good targets, USC will go back to its 1962-style attack—roll-outs and run-pass-lateral option plays, which make the opposition's defensive coach feel like he's trying to hold off the Normandy invasion. There will be more razzmatazz, perhaps more scoring and certainly more chance for foul-ups. However, Jones won't have to do all the ball-carrying. There will be a lively fight for O.J.'s vacated tailback spot among Bob Georgetown, Mike Berry and Clarence Davis, who made the interesting transition from L.A. city shotgun champion in high school to sprinter in junior college. All three might be on the bench if JC hotshot Lou Harris is as good as his reputation.

The blockers up front are good, too. The starting offensive guards, Steve Lehner and Fred Khasigian, will be back, although both missed spring practice, and either of the tackles, senior Sid Smith or soph John Vella, could make All-America. Vella, who is 6'4", is agile enough to play tight end or middle guard if needed. "He's what you call a boss," says McKay. "He's tremendous."

The defensive line has some interesting additions, one of whom, 267-pound Tody Smith, is the younger brother of Michigan State behemoth Bubba Smith. The other important newcomer is Charlie Weaver, a defensive end who catches fleet halfbacks from behind. Weaver and all-conference Jimmy Gunn give the Trojans an exceptionally fine pair of defensive ends to protect the flanks of Interior Linemen Tony Terry, Bubba Scott, Gary McArthur and O.J.'s boyhood pal from San Francisco, Al Cowling, all of whom weigh about 240 or so. If any linebackers are needed behind all that front-line beef, the Trojans have a number of them, including returning starter Bob Jensen.

All this talent confirms what frustrated recruiters up and down the Pacific Coast have been saying for a long time, that USC gets the cream in California, where the quality of high school football matches Texas, Ohio and Pennsylvania. Many of the best players at USC are black, but even though—or maybe because—the school is private, expensive and notably conservative, there has been no racial trouble. The only black member of the coaching staff, Willie Brown, recruits and works with whites as well as Negroes.

USC has a chance to be the first team in history to appear in the Rose Bowl four straight years, but despite the talent there are some problems to solve. The defensive backfield was leaky in the spring game, partly because McKay split up his first-string defense. Help should come from three sprinters who were busy with the track team at the time. There is also the possibility that sophomore Jones, with the additional pressures that face a black quarterback, is not yet ready to run the team. Jones was daz-

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zing on the frosh, and perhaps he fooled everyone, including the pro scouts, in the spring game. If he doesn't make it, which is doubtful, USC has JC transfer Jim Finsel, a good passer and ball handler, and dropback passer Mike Holmgren.

The schedule is tough, especially the biennial oedipal of playing Notre Dame at South Bend, where the Trojans have won only once since 1939. There are trips to Oregon State and Washington, and the one conference team USC does not play is probably the weakest, Oregon. The opener will be at Nebraska, and interest in the Trojans is so high in Los Angeles that there will be closed-circuit telecasts of the game in the Shrine Auditorium for students and in the Sports Arena for all those Varsity Correspondents.

Despite his success, McKay has not become bored with the job. His personal meditation is etched in plastic on his desk so he can't fondle it or stomp it on his sleeve, but he does have a USC Doodlepad on which he can do all sorts of creative things with Xs and Os. Very few coaches have the Xs and Os to match his.

5 ARKANSAS

"First time I saw him," recalls Assistant Coach Don Breau, "I thought, 'That can't be Al.' He was so small and he had on those horn-rimmed glasses. I figured this must have been some lousy nigger, not the boy who was supposed to be the great new quarterback." But it was him.

"Hen" is Bill Montgomery, a bookish-looking prelaw major with a B average, and it was Breau's job last year to instruct him in the mechanics of Coach Frank Broyles' new souped-up offense. When the season was over Montgomery had set school records by completing 134 of 234 passes for 3,595 yards and 10 touchdowns. He led the Razorbacks to a 9-1 record and a tie for the Southwest Conference title with Tex-

as, then on to a 16-2 upset over Georgia in the Sugar Bowl.

"He's a new breed, a polished drop-back passer who can also run the option," Broyles says. "Where else do you find that kind of quarterback? Not in the pros. Pros don't count on the quarterback as a runner, but we combine a pro passing attack with a running quarterback, and Montgomery is the boy who makes it go."

He makes it go because he not only passes with precision but because he is a deceptive runner. "He's going to get better and better until he drives people crazy," says Darrell Royal of Texas.

A few years ago Montgomery was so fired that the smallest hip pads were too big for him and his jersey flapped in the breeze. Now he has fleshed out to a man-size 183 pounds. Muscle is something new for Montgomery, but poise is something he has always had, even if he himself argues the point.

"I remember my first game for Arkansas," he says. "There were 53,000 people in the stands, and when I threw my first pass it almost went out of the stadium. Two plays later I fumbled. Great start, huh?"

Last year was a critical one in many respects for Arkansas, for Broyles installed a new defense as well as a new offense and had to pray that a horde of sophomores would somehow master both. "We could never have done it if we hadn't had two excellent assistant coaches," Broyles says. "We got Richard Williamson from Alabama to work with our split receivers. Williamson helped Dennis Homan and Ray Perkins to become All-Americans at Alabama. And we got Don Breau from Florida State to design the offense and to work with the quarterbacks." Breau, when not busy working with Montgomery, smoothed out the intricacies of an offense that floods the field with five receivers and somehow manages to leave enough players around to form a passing pocket.

One of Williamson's prize pupils was Chuck Dieus, a sophomore split end last year. Dieus, who caught 50 passes (plus 12 in the Sugar Bowl) for 778 yards and nine touchdowns, often seemed to have suction cups on his fingertips as he hauled in pass after pass. In high school he was a quarterback and he had the distinction of beating Montgomery's team several times.

"I used to worry so much before games I'd get sick," Dieus recalls. "I'm just happy that Bill is the quarterback here because I can let him do all the worrying for me."

The running attack will be provided by Tailback Bill Burnett, the third of the Burnett brothers to play for Arkansas, and by Fullbacks Bruce Maxwell and Russ Garber. Burnett, like brother Bobby, gains vital yardage by diving over stacked-up linemen

As the Razorbacks line up, they look ahead to a December showdown with Texas.



when he is not doing some dazzling out-in-the-open running. Teammates speak of Maxwell, a former Marine, with awe. "One day in practice he had three teeth knocked out," Dicus says. "But he never came off the field. Just spit out the teeth and lined up for the next play."

Maxwell, a crumpling blocker, averaged five yards a carry last season. Garber, a sophomore, is described by his coaches as "a light-footed 220-pounder."

The offense will get support from sophomore Bill McClard, a placekicker who booted a 53-yard field goal in high school, and from Cary Stockdell, a punter with a 39-yard average.

Broyles did away with his famed monster defense a year ago because too many foes were using increasingly versatile offenses. His new 4-3 was built by Assistant Coach Charlie Coffey, and the entire seven-man front returns intact. Among the best is linebacker Lynn Garner, who has an unusual memento that bears tribute to his doggedness. It is a framed letter of apology from SMU Quarterback Chuck Hixon, who was clubbed so often last year by Garner that he finally docked him with a punch.

Before the start of last season Broyles had commented that his defense, filled as it was with sophomores, was "suspect." Now he laughs about it. "After the defense got 22 turnovers in our last three games," Broyles says, "one of the sophomores asked me, 'Are we still suspect?'"

The battle for the Southwest Conference title—and perhaps the national championship—will come when Arkansas tangles with Texas on Dec. 6. Broyles will rely heavily on Montgomery that day. Last June, however, he learned—painfully—that Bill is as poised as ever. Broyles and Montgomery were opponents in a golf tournament, and Bill sank a 20-foot putt on the 18th hole to beat his coach. That is real poise.



In 1964, Vince Dooley's first year at Georgia, the experts grinned, asked, "Vince who?" and wrote off the Bulldogs as just another mediocre football team. When Alabama beat Georgia 31-3 in the opener, no one—except perhaps Dooley—was surprised. But from that point Georgia won seven (including one over Texas Tech in the Sun Bowl), tied one and lost only twice. Vince Who was voted SEC Coach of the Year and found five more years added to



Enjoying a moment of weightlessness, Spike Jones of Georgia watches his punt in flight.

his contract. The 1964 season also earned Georgia a carve in the 1965 preseason polls, which the Bulldogs scuttled by losing four. That set the pattern.

"Ever since I've been here," said Dooley, with some grimaces, "we've either been one year ahead or one year behind the polls." He is somewhat grim because this is an odd year, meaning the experts again will be predicting bright happenings for the kids from Athens. Now Dooley loves bright happenings for his kids; he just doesn't like people forecasting them.

In 1966, all but ignored, Georgia won

mine, tied for the SEC championship, beat SMU in the Cotton Bowl and finished fourth in both wire-service polls.

"And then everybody picked us first or second the following year," said Dooley. "One magazine said if we lost a game it would be an upset. Well, there were three upsets."

Last year the Bulldogs were once more firmly entrenched among the predicted also-rans. So Georgia went unbeaten, with two ties, winning the SEC championship. "And now," says Dooley, sally, "I guess people will be picking us high again. There's no

continued

way we can be as good as we were last year."

Dooley's gloomy observations are not, however, shared by rivals. Said one SEC team assistant: "There's nobody in our league who can stay with Georgia. I'll tell you why, but you had better not use my name. It's very simple: Georgia has the best players and the best coaching combination. How do you beat that?"

There is a third factor: the Bulldogs' humiliating Sugar Bowl loss to Arkansas just when the 1988 team was being touted as the school's best of all time. "We have to set some things straight," said All-America end candidate Dennis Hughes. "This team had no business getting beat, and I don't like to get beat."

Georgia's fans, too, have been known to get up tight when the team loses. There was a period just before Dooley when they turned out 1) to cheer the band, and 2) to boo the team. But that is past. Now they are piling in from Athens, of course, and the other big cities within a 100-mile radius of the campus—Atlanta, Macon and Augusta—and buying season tickets at a record rate in happy anticipation of seeing things set straight.

At last count the sale was nearing the 25,000 mark, which is about as many season tickets as can be offered for a 59,000-seat stadium. At least they think it's a 59,000-seat stadium. That's the figure set for a capacity crowd. But no one in Athens is really sure. There are no turnstiles, and to date no one has bothered to count ticket stubs after a game. Instead, they have Joel Eaves, athletic director and crowd guesser.

It is halftime, Georgia leading, of course, and a newspaperman wanders up, pencil and pad at the ready. "I wonder," he wonders, "how many we got today?"

Eaves glances around, studying the crowd, taking in the 200 or so (for free) lining the railroad trestle to the east, taking in the 1,000 or so (for \$2) lining the bridge between the two campuses to the west. "I would say," he says, "there are 58,132." And that's the way it goes in the book.

But when it comes to counting quarterbacks, Dooley prefers a more exact tally. This year he counted and got four, not one of whom would embarrass any school. The best may be Mike Cavan, a starter as a sophomore last season and rated by many as the best quarterback in the conference. But he injured a knee in the Sugar Bowl and had a dismal spring, mostly because he had grown fat.

"Sure I was overweight in the spring," said Cavan, who does not suffer from modesty. "But spring practice doesn't really count. When it's time to play, I'll be down to weight and I'll be the quarterback."

Then there is Donnie Hampton, a senior who throws and runs well and makes few

mistakes; Paul Gilbert, an excellent passer and runner who was scheduled as last year's No. 1 quarterback until injured; and Jack Montgomery, a sophomore sensation of spring practice. Georgia, it is said in Athens, can lose its first three quarterbacks and still have an All-America contender.

The rest of the backfield is only slightly less complicated. Brad Johnson is gone as fullback, but Dooley had planned on replacing him with Bruce Kemp, a big, bruising breakaway power runner. Then up stepped Julian Smiley in the spring. A 205-pound sophomore, Smiley has been described as a white Jimmy Brown.

The receivers are Flanker Charles Whittemore, who led the team in receptions last year; Dennis Hughes, the wide end known as Superman; and Billy Bruce, the tight end. Georgia claims it hasn't had a receiver like Whittemore since Jimmy Orr.

There is inexperience in the secondary, but Georgia's overall defense should be as tough as ever. It's Dooley's trademark.

But, Dooley still argues, "We are overrated again. If we go undefeated and win another SEC championship, I'll retire. If I can do that with all the weaknesses we have, it won't be any use for me to hang around and try and top that feat."



For a man who is the self-proclaimed superfan of the Missouri Tigers, the events of last year's Christmas holidays were unsettling. A business crisis in one of his two Kansas City steak houses, both called the Cock and Bull, forced Peter J. Carter to miss his team's 35-10 victory over Alabama in the Gator Bowl. "When it reaches the point where one of my restaurants is interfering with Missouri football," he said, "then that restaurant has to go." So Carter, true to his word, put the steak house up for sale.

Carter plans to let nothing prevent him from attending Missouri's games this fall. This is the year he has longed for since 1945, when the Tigers won their last unclouded conference championship. (They also won in 1960, when Kansas was declared ineligible.) "I have no doubts," Carter says. "In my estimation we will win the conference. Missouri has more material than ever. All Coach Devine has to do is fit the pieces together, and nobody can do that better than Dun."

Enthusiasm for the Tigers isn't restricted to the team's premier supporter. Because no other major university or college in Missouri plays football, the Tigers are the hometown boys of the entire state. Start at Columbia, the site of the university, and go to the cotton lands of southeast Missouri or northeast to Mark Twain country around Hannibal or to the Ozark Mountains and lakes in the southwest. The people there will tell you about the Alabama game and, largely because of it, they'll echo Carter's prediction.

Even Dan Devine, the intense, introverted coach who has given his state 11 consecutive winning seasons and four bowl game victories, bubbles with joy at the mention of the Gator Bowl. "If you had compared our football facilities with Alabama's," he says, "you wouldn't think we had a right to be on the same field. Their athletic dome has everything. We don't even have an athletic dome. Why, Bear Bryant's private bathroom is bigger than my whole office."

The star of the Gator Bowl victory, Quarterback Terry McMillan, is back. His three touchdown runs earned him the bowl's most valuable player award. To McMillan, who is at least as interested in representing the Campus Crusade for Christ as he is in scoring touchdowns, his performance was surprising. He had been a substitute at a Coral Gables high school and, when Florida recruiters came buzzing, Terry was ignored. McMillan is only an adequate passer, but he is superb at running option sweeps. And when he isn't keeping it himself, he will have a difficult time deciding which one of Missouri's herd of runners should get the football.

After Missouri beat Army last year, Coach Tom Cahill shook his head and said, "They have so much depth in the backfield that most teams would be happy to start their third-stringers." The most versatile of the lot is Arthur Ashe's first cousin, Jon Staggers. While Ashe practiced tennis on a court between their homes in Richmond, Staggers was playing football. As a junior he led the Tigers in receptions and kickoff returns and was second in rushing. This year, he will also run back punts. Fullback Ron McBride is a two-year letterman whose most important contribution is as a strong, reliable blocker.

Waiting on the sideline, and confirming Cahill's cause for envy, is James Harrison, who is huge and fast. He played four positions for his high school in San Antonio—fullback, both defensive tackles and defensive end. Of the 85 schools that recruited him, he chose Missouri because, "The cloud-of-dust running game here is my kind of football."

Should McMillan and his backs ever find the dust chomking them, Split End Mel Gray is capable of providing six quick points and

abreast. He is the Big Eight's 100- and 220-yard champion and also happens to be the fastest man in the history of Missouri football.

The key to Dan Devine's string of winning seasons over the years has been his defensive units, and last year's was one of his best. But the defense suffered from graduations, and it may give Devine and Peter J. Carter many an anxious moment.

Missouri coaches are quick to point out that the front line uses a read-and-react style of play that can only be learned under game conditions. Missouri's schedule provides them with time enough to learn—the first three games are against nonconference teams. In the meantime, veteran Tackles Rocky Wallace and Mark Kuhlman should keep the opposition in check.

The rest of the defense had better be experts at the system by November, when the Tigers face Oklahoma and Kansas for the Big Eight championship. There are some conference coaches, notably Kansas' Pepper Rodgers, who believe that Devine has a tendency to choke in the big games, and the absence of an undisputed Big Eight title during his years there would appear to give substance to that theory.

But Peter J. Carter will have none of it. If the Tigers make it to another bowl, he'll be there to watch it, even if he has to sell his other restaurant.

NOTRE DAME

Notre Dame has added something new to its attack this year—girls. "The concept of the all-male institution is outdated," explained Father Hesburgh a few years ago, and with that the girls of St. Mary's were bused across South Bend's Dear Way North to share classrooms with the boys. It was perhaps inevitable that this change would eventually affect the football program and, sure enough, this spring an announcement was made calling for girl cheerleaders. More than 100 St. Mary's students answered the call. When Ara Parseghian was told that young ladies would be dancing along the sidelines offering encouragement to the Fighting Irish, he reacted with a frown. "I didn't realize we would have them," the coach said, "but we won't have time to watch them anyway." Speak for yourself, Ara.

Parseghian's sense of urgency is understandable. On Sept. 27, when most other

coaches are still trying to find out whether their linemen can block and their quarterbacks can throw, Parseghian has to face Purdue. "The most difficult problem about coaching at Notre Dame is losing early," Parseghian says, remembering last fall's 37-22 loss to the Boilermakers. Purdue scored 20 points in one 3½-minute explosion during the second quarter and, with the season just underway, Notre Dame's chances for a national championship had already vanished. "If you're the coach of a conference team, you can lose early and still go to a bowl with a 7-3 record. But we're a major independent. We have no conference to win and no bowls to look forward to [because of school policy]. Our position in the polls and, ultimately, the national championship—these are our objectives."

At the conclusion of the final spring practice, girl friends and parents were politely ushered off the field. Parseghian gathered his team around and told them that if Notre Dame loses to Purdue again it won't be because the team is poorly conditioned. He listed five events, among them the mile run and the 100-yard dash, and then read off the times individuals would be expected to run them. "As soon as you get here for practice this fall you'd better be able to qualify. If you don't you'll be running them over and over again until you do."

Notre Dame football will be different this season.

Ara Parseghian (center) takes the stance that finishing No. 1 in the polls should be Notre Dame's objective, even if others disagree.



year and not just because of the girls or the Marine-type conditioning program John Ray, the assistant coach responsible for the Irish defense and, therefore, much of the team's success, has left to become head coach at Kentucky after five years of willingly residing in Ara's shadow. Gone, too, are many headline names: Goodbye Terry Harratty, Farewell Jim Seymour. So long George Kuntz, Bob Glashears, Coley O'Brien and Ron Dushnizy. Parseghian will have to replace his entire backfield, pray his quarterback won't be injured and then run most of his plays through the left side of the line.

Notre Dame's backs have never been known for their speed. "There must be a skinny Italian kid somewhere who is a devout Catholic and also happens to run the hundred in 9.3," says Assistant Coach Tom Pagura. Parseghian's bellicers have been large and powerful, and this year's replacements—Fullback Jeff Zimmerman and the halfbacks, Ed Ziegler and Andy Huff—are not exceptions. Huff is the team's most talented sophomore, and Zimmerman and Ziegler have had little game experience, but all three can run.

The man who will hand them the ball is Joe Thiersmann, who became the Irish quarterback last season when Harratty suffered a knee injury with three games remaining. He performed well, leading the team to an unaccustomed role of spoiler as Notre Dame tied USC 21-21. Thiersmann is a good runner and he is also able to throw, but he may not do much of it this year. Notre Dame is so short of receivers that the starting split end is a converted bowllegged punter named Joe deArrieta. What about tight end? "I'm thinking of running an ad in the paper," answers End Coach Jerry Wampler.

Signal-calling should be easy for Thiersmann—something along the line of take the ball and run quickly to the left. There the holes will be opened by Guard Larry DuNardo and Tackle Jim Reilly, the only remaining members of last year's excellent interior line.

Even without a strong passing attack, and with the talent and experience bunched along one side of the line, the Irish should do all right, for the schedule grants them laughs at seven of their 10 games. As for the others, against those three nemeses, Purdue, Michigan State and Southern Cal, the offense will need all the help it can get from the defense. Luckily for Parseghian, the help is considerable.

John Ray has left Assistant Coach George Kelly with a strong nucleus from the only defensive unit to successfully contain O. J. Simpson—55 yards in 21 carries. Kelly doesn't have Ray's booming voice—during one practice he asked his front four to get down on one knee so they could hear him—but he does have eight years of producing

stringy defenses at Nebraska. He will be pleased with Mike McCoy, who is back at tackle, all 270 pounds of him, and with Bob Olson, Tim Kelly and Larry Schumaker. Two sophomores, Safety Clarence Ellis and Halfback Ed Gulsas, compensate for the lack of experience in the deep secondary with their speed. They will be seeing a lot of each other this fall because, as the fastest men on the team, they'll also be returning the punts.

Notre Dame without a passing attack may be tough for enthusiastic Irish alumni to swallow, and this year they may have to cheer the defense. And if the defense fails, they can always stand up and cheer for the cheerleaders.



The practice of rustling is still very much alive in the great Southwest these days, as football recruiters from Oklahoma continue to run beefy linemen and pony backs across the Texas state line and into Norman. Texas Coach Darrell Royal will visit some homegrown phenom and think he has him all tied down when all of a sudden, before you can say Joe Don Looney, he's gone to Oklahoma.

This fall the Sooners welcome back 12 starters, five of them from south of the border. In addition, as many as a dozen of the 30 Texans that Coach Chuck Fairbanks and his staff have recently talked into going to Oklahoma could crack the starting lineup. Of these the best is sophomore Quarterback Mike Milder.

Milder, you may remember (SI Sept. 9, 1968), is the blue-chip boy from Abilene, who a year ago told reporters he thought he might have a chance to both start as a sophomore and win a national championship at OU before he was done. Last year, while amusing himself on a sparkling freshman team that took Tulsa 77-7 and outscored four opponents 194-66, Milder looked like he was worth all the coaxing by making good on 49 of 79 passes for 376 yards. He also averaged 5.3 yards running the option and could scarcely have been better.

"As to whether I'll be an All-America," Milder likes to say when he's asked, which is about every hour, "I haven't even won the starting job yet." That is technically true. Mickey Ripley, who as a junior lost a pair of scoring passes in the Bluebonnet Bowl in relief of an injured Bobby War-



The prospect of watching Tailback Steve Owens run his old Oklahoma routing, too.

nick, is back again and anxious to lay claim to the quarterback job.

Regardless of who the Sooner quarterback is, he'll be giving the ball to a Heisman Trophy candidate much of the time. Tailback Steve Owens may well be the most effective rusher in the country now that O. J. Simpson and Leroy Keyes are gone. He didn't make any All-America teams and was somehow quiet about gaining 1,536 yards and scoring 21 touchdowns. But Owens is without reach of Eugene (Mercury) Morris' one-year-old NCAA career rushing mark and he could become the highest scorer in college history. Fullback Mike Harper, used chiefly as a blocker in the formation, nevertheless averaged five yards a crack. Wingback Roy Bell, one of the many sophomores Fairbanks is counting on to help improve the Sooners' 7-3 finish of last year, is a dangerous deep receiver, but his lefty fresh rushing average suggests he'll share the split backfield alignment with Owens in Oklahoma's new pro set.

Center Ken Mendenhall, the team's most capable one-on-one blocker, and Owens have established a mutual admiration society. "Owens is so great at cutting back and sliding along the line to find openings," Mendenhall says. "He runs so low that most

sticklers glance off him. I don't know how he keeps going like he does. You see how tired he is after every play, but he gets so excited after he's made a gain he comes back to the huddle and congratulates everybody." Owens returns the compliment to Mendenhall. "He's always got the way cleared for you. He's fantastic coming off the ball with a man in front of him. I'm not blessed with great open speed, but our linemen use sort of scramble-style blocking to drive their men off the line. Then it's my job to cut to wherever there's room." The remainder of the offensive line looks solid with sometime Defensive End Steve Zabel returning to his natural spot at tight end.

Zabel's absence isn't expected to cripple the defense, although he is given a large measure of credit for Oklahoma winning its last five games. The defensive line is a mixture of new and old, but it's all big. If two young Texans, Albert Qualls and John Gorman, have difficulty at the ends, Oklahoma's new containment 4-4-3 defense should lend a helping hand. Firebacks has a covey of able linebackers to fill the four slots, and his secondary looks so good that Joe Pearce, who intercepted two passes and blocked a kick in the Bluebonnet Bowl, may not get his job back. Pearce and another defensive half-back, Bruce Stetard, are being pressed hard by sophomore Glenn King, who as an offensive back scored 64 touchdowns in high school. At safety is Monte Johnson, a predecessor of Mildren who went to Texas for a year before transferring to Oklahoma.

As an indication of the relative strength of the Big Eight, Oklahoma ranks near the bottom of the conference in returning lettermen, with 27. The Sooners will have a chance to adjust themselves in their first two games against ailing Wisconsin and Pittsburgh, before meeting rugged Texas. The game is played annually in Dallas, and this year a national television audience will be treated to what promises to be a brutal battle.

Jack Mildren, who said he's had "quite a few word battles over the summer with high school teammates who attend Texas," returned to school in midsummer in order to take part in a football clinic for Oklahoma's Little League football players. The clinic is sponsored by former Sooner Ron Shotts and it drew more than 400 boys in its first year. "There are a lot of guys from the team now coaching the younger fellows," Mildren said, "and some of those who have graduated are working with the 12- to 15-year-olds. The boys are really fun to work with and they get a lot of enjoyment out of learning football and having us sign autographs after sessions. We all wear T-shirts with our name and varsity number on them, but I don't think many of the boys even know who I am."

They shouldn't have too much longer to find out.



On the second floor of the University of Alabama's new \$4-million all-purpose arena are the offices of the athletic department. The publicity staff has little bristly offices, the basketball coaches have nice medium-sized offices and the football coaches—well, suffice it to say that those dudes have some elbow room. Right in the middle is the biggest office of them all, the Papa Bear's den, the place where Paul (Bear) Bryant sips Cokes from his private cooler, sometimes foos around with the putter leaning up against the paneled wall and, mainly, shapes the future of the Crimson Tide football team.

The office has all the comforts of home, including a TV set, thick carpeting and soft chairs, but what is really impressive is its state of readiness, like a general's war room or Mission Control. An intricate telephone apparatus rests within easy reach on the expansive desk. Green chalkboards are built into the paneling, all the better to make all those Xs and Os. Down the hall are two projection rooms, one for offense, one for defense. There Bryant's players, reliving in theater seats and air conditioning, ciné watch movies and be told what they did right or wrong.

The Crimson Tide did enough things wrong last season to lose—gasp—two regular-season games (to Mississippi and Tennessee). That was calamity enough, but then came that stunning 35-10 loss to Missouri in the Gator Bowl, the worst bowl loss any Bryant team has ever suffered. Whatever the Bear felt about that disaster at the time, this fall he is inclined to regard it philosophically, making some Bear watchers wonder if, at 56, the old boy is going soft.

"A bowl game is not a real true test like a regular-season game," Bryant says, the words rolling out slowly and evenly as that maverick deep Southern tone, a voice that moves more Alabama than Billy Graham. "There's a lot of guesswork from a preparation standpoint. I said this, too, when we enjoyed a good holiday season. The psychological buildup has a lot to do with it—it's helpful in sometimes, hurt in sometimes."

Psychology. Bear Bryant is nothing if he is not a psychologist, and already this season's team is being aroused with homilies like these:

"We're still small. If you're small and have average speed, too, you'd better be a little *ho-tile*, and we haven't been too *ho-tile* yet by any means.

"Unless we have mighty good mamas and papas, we're going to have a disastrous year. Our defense is real inexperienced and, frankly, real weak. If we're not stronger on the field than on the blackboard, we're in trouble, bad trouble."

Alabama could have a hard go of it, as Bryant sadly suggests, but then again the Crimson Tide could be very good indeed. The schedule does not appear much stronger, or weaker, than usual, with Louisiana State the only dangerous away game. Alabama's three toughest games—Mississippi, Tennessee and Auburn—will be played in Birmingham, the Crimson Tide's second home.

The team may not be big by anyone else's standards, but—with a couple of 220-pound tackles around—it is bigger than the usual Alabama team. As always, Alabama will be quick and mean, and perhaps the meanest player of all will be a sophomore back who may give the Tide the running game it lacked last season.

His name is Johnny Musso, and Bryant himself says flat out that, "Musso at this stage is the best sophomore back I ever had with the exception of John Crow." That is a mouthful all right because John David Crow of Texas A&M was some player, being fast pounding over all the football teams in Texas. In Alabama's spring game Musso was the leading ground-gainer with 131 yards in 33 carries, including two touchdown smashes from inside the 10. "I wish I had more like him at the other positions," says Bryant, almost wistfully. "He can do everything—block, run, receive—and he can play defense without any practice."

It would seem that Bryant would be almost as glacial over his passing game, what with last year's record-setting combination, Quarterback Scott Hunter and Split End George Ramage, back in Tuscaloosa. Hunter broke or tied seven passing records last season and already stands behind only Steve Sloan and Harry Gilmer—and ahead of Joe Namath—in career total offense at Alabama. Yet Bryant, who has handled a few quarterbacks of note in his time, frowns a little when he talks about Hunter.

"He's a great power, but that's just part of it," says Bryant. "He couldn't get it over the goal line consistently last year. We'll have to just wait and see. You just can't go out and throw and expect to win." Then, ominously, he adds: "We have some depth at quarterback this season."

Senior Guard Alvin Samples, who Bryant says "has been a solid citizen for two years," should become "a great lineman," the team's offensive anchor. But the defense, with 11 lettermen gone, is a little suspect, with the exception of senior Safety Tommy Wade. "He has what it takes," says Bryant. "He'll play anywhere and he'll really kickin'."

One afternoon before practice, *The Bear* continued

was sitting in his office, dragging on a Coke, mourning the low, low state of Alabama football. "My recruiting hasn't been what it should be," he said. "We haven't got as many players as we should have. I hope we have more next year." He paused. "A year ago I thought we'd have a terrific football team, but some people I thought would be great aren't even here and some who are here aren't great. No, I don't think we belong in the Top 30, and you know what? If I were the president of this school and Alabama wasn't in the Top 20, I'd fire the coach."



The Katsenammer Kids are back for their third and final show, a bit older, sure, perhaps even a bit wiser, but certainly no less rambunctious. You remember them! They were the Cardiac Kids in 1967, when they won about eight million games in the last two minutes, tied for the Big Ten title and went to the Rose Bowl—all in one fan-filled melodramatic episode. And then last season, starting the same way, winning their opener against Baylor when Quarterback Harry Gonso scored with 18 seconds remaining. It seemed just like old times, and after the game there was the watercracking Gonso, listening as a reporter asked, "Who called that last play, Harry, you or Coach Pont?" then answering, just loudly enough for Pont to feel the needle, "Why Coach Pont, of course. Don't you know? He's the coach of the year."

The rest of the season wasn't quite as funny, as Indiana's bag of miracles emptied fast. The team lost once by three points and once by five—story endings unheard of the year before. Yet Pont, forever an optimist, ended the season with a promise: "Save your money," he told everyone in Bloomington. "Indiana is going back to Pasadena next year."

Next year is here, and nothing has changed Pont's mind. "We have no basic problems that are going to give me restless nights," he says. "The only thing we worry about are injuries to key people." The most important key is Gonso, the brash and cocky quarterback who is the hub of the option-power-sweep series that is Indiana's offense. Local sportswriters have gotten to calling Gonso "The Franchise," and even Pont will admit that "we always tell our line to keep him clean. I'm afraid if we lost Harry. . . ."

Pont's voice then trails off like a man having a bad dream.

Not that Gonso would ever think of easing his coach a sleepless night. Moses Hallback John Isenbarger, "Harry" Hell, he's cocky as they come. He'll just get out there and win by intimidating the other team." Gonso laughs. "I don't care how many times I'm hit. Or how hard I'm hit. I can't be scared." Such dering-do has netted Gonso a few minor concussions, which he has always managed to hide from the coaches, and enough floating bone chips and torn tendons in his right ankle to get him a deferment from the service. It also has made him, in only two seasons, Indiana's all-time total offense leader—which must impress Woody Hayes, who once rejected Gonso as too small for his Buckeyes. ("Aren't you happy you didn't go to Ohio State?" someone once asked Gonso. "You'd be playing behind Rex Kern," Gonso snapped back. "I think Kern would make a good halfback.")

Gonso, of course, wasn't alone in creating the miracles that transformed Indiana into something more than the Big Ten's ugly duckling. There was also Isenbarger, the team's leading rusher the past two seasons, and Jade Butcher, a superb flanker and Gonso's favorite target. "With those boys," Pont says, "even though time is short and we may be behind, I think we have an advantage."

While Gonso is the most cocky on the field, it is Butcher—Psychodetic Jade—who is the zaniest off. A good pro prospect, he wants, naturally, to play in New York and, even more naturally, with the Jets and Joe Namath. He is already modeled in their image. As a lifeguard in Bloomington last summer, he let his hair grow down his neck—and then, for want of better things to do, he bleached it blond. He is also big on striped belts, flowered shirts, imported shoes.

Isenbarger, who gained nearly 700 yards in 1968, though missing four games because of a tender knee, should be back as strong as ever. The trouble, as always, will be getting him interested when the game promises little challenge. "John needs to be inspired," says a teammate. "He tends to get lazy if he doesn't feel threatened."

The rest of the offense, if not as heart-stopping, is at least sound. Hank Pogue, the fullback, is in Pont's words "the most underrated player on the team." Split End Eric Stollberg, though not as flashy as Butcher, proved himself good enough last year to keep defenses from concentrating on one side. The interior of the line, strong last year, should be even better. Center Steve Applegate starts his third year; the guards, Don DeSalle and E. G. White, are both veterans, with DeSalle one of the best in the country. Chris Morris, a starter at guard last year, will move to tackle, replacing John Andrews, who has switched to tight end.

Offense, though, has never been a wor-

ry; it is defense where Indiana should—and must—show the biggest improvement. While running up a 6-4 record last year, it gave up 262 points, winning some 40-36 and 38-34 games, yet losing 38-35 and 38-20. Such generosity was too much even for Gonso & Co. to overcome. "When I first came to Indiana," Pont explains, "things were so low that I kept putting my best players on offense, figuring even if we lost, at least we'd score. Now that the offense is set, I can put some of the top boys on defense. I think we've finally evened up the two."

The defense, like the offense, will gain-



ble. "If we say, 'Come at us,'" Pont says, "we'll be blown out. We'll gamble."

So even defense will be centering at Indiana, where the Hoosiers, if nothing else, promise fun football. Certainly they are going to be the most individualistic—Pont, as the saying goes, gives everyone his own head. "I don't believe in the automation of man," he says. None of his players are robots, and the fun they have should only increase as they move down opponents. And the people of Bloomington should get a chance to spend all that money they saved at John Pont's behest—on another trip to the Rose Bowl.

12 PURDUE

Gonzalez Leroy Keyes, Mr. Everything, and Perry Williams, the fullback, and Chuck Kyle, the All-American middle guard, and three other all-conference players, yet up pop all these optimists at Purdue saying how the 1969 team may end up being better than last year's. Oh, Jack Mollenkopf, the coach, will hem and haw and scrape his feet, kicking around some imaginary stones, but finally he'll admit, "We just might prove to be a little more explosive this year." And then he adds, "I'd like to go to California again before I quit coaching." Since he will be 64 in November, there will not be many more chances.

If indeed the Boilermakers end up better than last year's team (8-2), it will most certainly have more to do with intangibles—more specifically, attitude—than unsuspected strength. Even Mollenkopf will concede that "there was something you could feel that wasn't right last year."

Tim Foley, the team's best defensive halfback, is more specific. "I think we may have depended on Leroy too much," he says. "I mean if we ever were in trouble we'd always figure he could get us out. Now we'll be more rounded, and the other teams won't know where we're going to hit them. And maybe everyone on the team will try a little harder because, well, they feel a little bit more important to the whole."

And Mike Phipps, the senior quarterback, says much the same. "It's hard to say whether we had a good team, as far as being a team goes. I hope we have more leadership this year. If a superstar is one who just comes up with a big play every so often, I'd rather not have him. I just want a guy who will do his job consistently, a guy the other players know is out there giving his best."

Such a player is Phipps himself. As a sophomore his total offense was more than 2,000 yards; last year, though he missed three games because of an ankle injury, he managed to throw for more than 1,000. Big and strong, he will not only have to stay healthy for Purdue to succeed, but also throw as he did last year, along with lifting the void left by runners Keyes and Williams. "We'd be wasting Mike if we didn't use him," says Mollenkopf.

Without Keyes and Williams, there will

be less consistency to the Boilermaker attack. It will be a peak-and-valley offense, gambling for the quick score rather than settling for a sustained drive. There will be little of the 22 Toss, which had become the Purdue trademark during the Reign of Keyes—instead, the attack will center on Phipps and the option. He will go after the corners, first with a pass, then the option itself, with running his primary choice. There will be more inside slants and certainly more drop-back passing. "We should really have more diversity this year," Phipps claims. "We did it last year, but it seemed whenever we got into a game we'd always go back to what we did best." He will be Purdue's best this year and he realizes the danger that may present. "Yes," he says, "I know the pressure on me now. I just want the team to respect me. I'd like to be a Bart Starr-type leader."

Purdue would be better if there were a few Bart Starr-type helpers around as well. Backing up Phipps will be a pair of promising juniors, though both have little experience. The setback will be John Bullock, recruited from Newport News, Va., the home town of Keyes. He is regarded there as an even better prospect than Leroy was, but Bullock himself realizes the futility of trying to follow in Keyes' footsteps. "No one can fill his shoes," Bullock says. "I'll just do my job." The Z-back, or splitback, will be Stan Brown, a sprinter who, if he can stay in one piece (he's only 5' 11", 170 pounds) will be a consistent breakaway threat. Split End Ashley Hill is just a sophomore, and the tight end, junior Greg Fennner, played only briefly last year, so Phipps has not worked much with his receivers.

Experience is even thinner on the line, where tackle Paul DeNuccio will be the only returning regular. The other tackle will be a giant junior, 375-pound Donnie Green, switched over from defense. Tim Huthold and Paul Baker will be the inexperienced guards, and Walter Whitehead, after turning letters for two years as a reserve, will start at center.

But, while the Boilermakers cross their fingers and hope they can find enough help for Phipps offensively, they absolutely plan about their defense. And well they might, for returning are eight starters from a unit that gave up the fewest points in Big Ten competition. It had the unerring habit, however, of letting opponents get close before shutting the door. This year, without a Keyes to bad out the offense, the defense will have to kick the habit.

The veteran line, in the tradition of all Purdue lines, is big, led by the monstrous Alex Davis at 280. But the heart of the team—and a strong one at that—is the linebackers and the halfbacks. Taking Kyle's place at middle guard will be Bob Bramby, who has played little, but Veno Paraskos is an experienced outside buckler.

continued



A look at Purdue's Alex Davis awaiting the next play could spoil one's sense of humor.

Parankees, who gives cheerleaders more problems than rain (try Par-ask'-e-vas), was the most pleasant surprise on the team list season.

The defensive backfield is exceptional. Randy Cooper, who can also swing to offense if needed, plays one corner, with Tim Foley at the other. Don Webster and Richard Mahurt are both experienced halfbacks.

Two tough nonconference games are early on Purdue's schedule—against Notre Dame and Stanford—and should give an indication of the chance Mollenkopf has for a surprise trip to the Rose Bowl. But even if the Boilermakers don't make it to California, they certainly will prove themselves to be more than the poor orphans of Leroy Keyes.



In Oxford, Miss., where the time is always 1860 and the Old South is alive but sleeping, there are only a few surefire, fool-proof, guaranteed-or-your-money-back ways to be a celebrity. One is to have known William Faulkner. Another is to date one of the Miss Americas that traipse their little ol' way off the University of Mississippi campus at regular intervals. And, most preferred of all, is to play quarterback for the Ole Miss Rebels.

Behind every great Ole Miss football team there has been a great quarterback. Eagle Ony, Glynn Griffing, Jake Gibbs. The names roll off the tongue like pure honey, all the fine quarterbacks who have worked their magic under Coach Johnny Vaught the last 22 years. But lately, alas, quarterbacks at Ole Miss have been worth about as much as Confederate money. Like the Old South itself, they have gone with the wind, or with Alabama or Notre Dame or somebody. Then, last year, along came Elsha Archie Manning III.

Archie Manning, the name does not have that marvelous Southern ring, like Joe Willie Smith or Billy Joe McAllister or even Eagle Ony. But make no mistake, Archie Manning, keen of eye and strong of limb, is a "good ol' Southern boy," as they like to say in Oxford, coming from tiny Drew, Miss. (pop. 1,700), where he had one of those classic all-round sports careers that Clair Bee used to write-often about. And now, in his junior season, all the Yankee pretenders to the national title, the Penn States and the Ohio States and all the rest, should consider themselves warned: Archie Manning is ready to put on his No. 18

jersey and, with a bow to the Misses America, pass and run and lead Ole Miss back to its rightful place of high standing in the weekly polls.

"Anyone on our schedule can beat us," says Vaught, who like most coaches begins to get nervous when the future is discussed, "but then we can beat anyone, too. Basically, what's at issue is the essential progress of a good many of our juniors, plus having adequate depth at every position." After a disappointing spring practice Vaught was more nervous than ever. "We should be better than last year," he mused, "but a championship contender."

Well, to get on more solid footing, what did Vaught think about Archie Manning? "He was the best sophomore quarterback I ever coached," said Vaught, "and he had a real fine spring." (The baseball coach agreed about Archie, making like a 6' 3" Marty Williams, stole 16 bases.)

Indeed, none of Mississippi's great quarterbacks ever had a better sophomore season than Manning, whose all-round play was largely responsible for Mississippi's respectable 7-3-1 record, including a comeback victory over Virginia Tech in the Liberty Bowl. Although he ran for five touchdowns, and even caught a pass, what Archie did best was throw. His passing statistics (263 thrown, 127 caught, 1,510 yards, eight touchdowns) enabled him to place second behind Mississippi State's Tommy Pharr in Southeastern Conference total offense (1,718 yards). Even more impressive, Archie played most of the season with injuries ranging from a hurt groin (against Kentucky) to a sprained thumb (Georgia) to a cracked rib (Houston). After the latter injury, his most serious of the season, Archie came back with his most stirring performance, completing 24 of 40 passes for 345 yards to befuddle LSU. Somebody named him national back of the week for that one, and everybody knew for sure that this Manning kid was more than just another pretty face.

Of course, there are reasons other than Archie to like Ole Miss. One is Vaught, whose teams have won six SEC championships and have gone to 16 bowls. Another is depth. Ole Miss has 42 lettermen hanging around this fall, with at least one, and sometimes four, at every offensive and defensive position. The junior class accounts for 28 of these lettermen, including Manning, and nobody in the SEC, not even the reticent Vaught himself, is naive enough to believe that last year's sophomores will make as many mistakes, or be crippled with as many injuries, now that they are juniors. As early as last May, Ole Miss was named No. 1 in the SEC by *The Birmingham News*, an honor that Vaught would rather have not received. "It's something to work for," he said, "but it also puts us on the spot. Now a lot more people will be pointing for us."

Giving Manning a lot of support on offense will be Guard Skip Jernigan, who blocks, and Fullback Bo Bowen, who blocks and runs. A junior, Leon Fells, is a strong runner at tailback. And it should come as no surprise, considering that Ole Miss has enough depth to afford a plackard-holding specialist, that five players are all ranked more or less equal at the position of wide receiver.

There is no reason to doubt the defense, either. Safety Glenn Cannon is regarded as an All-America prospect, and Claude Herard and Buz Morrow, each 6' 3" and 230 pounds, provide a couple of immovable objects in the interior of the line. Nor is anyone going to turn the corners off, with Hap Farber and Dennis Coleman stationed there. And, as one Ole Miss fan proudly put it, "We all well-endowed with linebackers and middle guards, too."

The schedule is rugged—four opponents in the Top 20. There are only two, maybe three, teams that can be figured as lightweight, and there are two humps that could be murder. On the first two weekends in October, Ole Miss plays Alabama and Georgia back to back, the first game being at Birmingham and the second in Mississippi's home away from home at Jackson. Then, after Southern Mississippi, come successive games against Houston in the Astrodome and LSU in Jackson. Even after this, Ole Miss is not out of trouble, still having to face Tennessee on Nov. 15 in Jackson. The danger is obvious, but folks in Oxford would rather look at the schedule another way: as the perfect showcase for Archie Manning to tell the world that the Ole Miss Rebels are back in business at the same old stand and manner than ever.



It has been six years since Tennessee sent word to Doug Oickey in Arkansas, urging him to pack his whistle and his clipboard and journey to Knoxville, where football had fallen on hard times. In the two previous seasons the Vols had lost 11 of 16 SEC games, and thank God Gavy Crockett for the likes of Tulane and Vanderbilt. Oickey arrived, surveyed the wreckage and announced the junk would have to go—such as the Vols' traditional single wing offense. There wasn't anything wrong with the offense; it was just that Tennessee couldn't recruit any talent to make it go. High school players, looking ahead to a

pro career, knew there wasn't much of a future for a player with nothing but single wing credentials. The ones that did come weren't going anywhere else anyway.

"At least," said the Tennessee traditionalists, watching bitterly as their beloved single wing hit the junk pile. "Dickey hasn't come out and condemned the Southern Baptist Church." That first season, 1964, the Vols won just four games. "Ha," said the diehards. "Ha," said Dickey right back, "now we are ready to win," once again breaking from tradition. "You have to rate the first five teams in the SEC ahead of us. But we are no worse than a solid dark horse. Wait and see."

The dark horse won eight (including a victory over Tulsa in the Bluebonnet Bowl), had two ties and lost only one, and happy times had come to Knoxville once more. This year should be no exception, although the schedule is a killer, the quarterback is inexperienced and it will take no small miracle for the Vols to go unbeaten. Georgia and Mississippi are rated one-two for two-one, depending upon the poll; in the SEC's preseason selections, and the Vols must face them—as well as Alabama and improving Kentucky—away from the comforts of their own artificial turf. (Doug's Rug, the artificial turf, turned black during the summer and had to be repainted green. "No, no, not paint," exclaimed a representative of the manufacturer, who was embarrassed. "It's not paint, it's a, uh, green solution.") In any event, paint or solution, the whole thing will be replaced, free, next year. "As far as playing, it's just as good as ever," said a Tennessee assistant. "It's just that it's the ugliest football field I've ever seen."

There is pressure all around, but most of it is on the shoulders of Bobby Scott, a 6'1" junior quarterback, long on potential but short on game experience. Last season he completed 26 of 55 passes for 322 yards and four touchdowns. These are impressive statistics but ones that must be discounted, for he seldom played until after a game had been decided.

Like most teams Tennessee is going to the triple option. "At first in the spring Scott didn't handle it too well," says Dickey. "But in the last five practices, we began to see signs that he was mastering it. We made a few adjustments in what we were asking him to do and we finally settled for the things that he does best. Then he began to look good."

He had better, because, as Dickey admits, there isn't much behind him. Dennis Chadwick, a sophomore, is the No. 2 quarterback and he is finding that he has much to learn.

"If we go against Alabama this year with our quarterback hurt," Dickey says, with

continued

One of a jungle of fallen bodies covers the sign that Tennessee has won another battle.



the hope that he won't. "We won't have a Bubba Wyche to step in and do the job."

Scott will be working with three excellent and experienced receivers. Tight End Ken DeLong, Split End Gary Kress and Wingback Lester McClain. With them the Vols can expect to be strong through the air. But behind them the talent is thin, and again Dickey is worried about injuries.

"It's the same in the defensive secondary and with the linemen," he said. "The players we'll start are good ones. Our linemen are excellent. But if we have to go to the bench we may find ourselves in serious trouble."

Defensively, the team is solid and experienced. Linemen Steve Kiner and Jack Reynolds are as good as any in the country, and Manley Nixon is just a shade behind them.

For tackles, Dickey has Steve Carroll and Frank Yonous, and they are better than most coaches can hope for. Bill Young was the second-best safety in the conference last season, and with the departure of Georgia's Jake Scott, who was No. 1, there is no reason to think that now he isn't the best. Last year he intercepted nine passes, and no one yet has been able to find a better way to stop an offense.

Scott's job at quarterback will be easier, not only because he has receivers like DeLong and Kress and McClain, but because he can hand the ball off to people such as Don McLeary and Curt Watson, especially Watson.

McLeary, a junior, has the edge in experience at fullback, but Watson is a crutching sophomore who can move his 210 pounds across 40 yards in 4.7 seconds. Tackling him is like trying to tackle a fast elephant. In the spring game he gained 193 yards in 31 carries, leaving the Tennessee staff scratching at being picked to finish sixth in the SEC. Already fans are tabbing him the finest runner to wear Vol orange since World War II. "I don't know," says Dickey, with the usual coach's caution, "we had a running back in Richard Pickens, who averaged more than five yards per carry for three years and made all-conference. If Watson does better than that, he'll really be something."

After the spring game Duke Hennessey, an Alabama scout, offered Dickey a trade: "our coliseum for Watson." Carroll Huntress, who was looking at the Vols for Kentucky, jumped in with a bid of his own. "How about Watson for one of Majestic Prince's first offspring?" he said.

Dickey laughed. "No deal. I'm just glad the kid is going to be on our side for the next three years."

Up front offensively the Vols have a powerful crew headed by Chip Kell, a junior who is fast and strong. He was all-SEC as a center last year but has been moved to guard. Another good one is

Don Denbo, an SEC all-sophomore guard.

With an inexperienced quarterback and that crushing schedule, Doug Dickey doesn't figure to make anyone forget the Tennessee teams of, say, the 1926-through-1932 era. But the Vols should win enough to quiet the last diehard who longs for the single wing. And in Tennessee that's still a tremendous accomplishment.

15
STANFORD

How ya gonna keep 'em down on The Farm? Apparently Stanford Coach John Ralston doesn't even try. One of his best selling points with high school football prospects is Stanford's overseas program—60% of the student body enjoys two quarters on one of the university's five foreign campuses. Perhaps it is not what old Leland Stanford had in mind when he founded The Farm, but there it is, a first-class travel agency with course credits. Except in a recruiting device, however, the program does not enchant the football staff. Last spring, when the Indians were supposed to be getting in serious preparatory work for a Rose Bowl

run, Split End Jack Lasater was in England, Defensive Back Rich Keller was in France, backup Defensive Tackle Vern Gant was in Italy and seven other varsity candidates were studying somewhere in Europe.

"Our overseas curriculum is marvelous," says Ralston, without a gulp. "If I were a kid I'd try for it."

Maybe he can afford to be magnanimous because Quarterback Jim Plunkett stayed at home, and this imposing junior from San Jose, who can heave a football 80 yards and who led the Pacific Eight in total offense and passing as a soph, seems to be in the mold of such great Palo Alto passers as Franco Albert, Bob Garrett and John Brodie. He is being pushed hard for All-America, which should add spice to his early-October duel with Purdue's Mike Phipps.

Plunkett has not had an easy road. He was a good high school quarterback but was relegated to defensive end in California's scholastic all-star game. Surgery to remove a fatty tumor made him miss his freshman season, and then he was redshirted a year. Surprisingly, he even has a pretty good signal-calling rival, his fraternity brother Don Bunce. Don, also a junior, was voted the outstanding offensive player in the final spring game, although Jim's team narrowly won. They worked together all summer as carpenter's helpers.

"Our basic offensive strength is the pass," says Ralston. "Plunkett is as quick to release the ball as any man in the country, and he throws a harder ball than Bunce."



He is now a seasoned veteran and we think his presence will create many defensive problems for our opponents."

The vital thing, of course, is for the Indians to bombard Cal in the Big Game, but USC rates second on the hate list. There are more than 100,000 Stanford alumni in Southern California, and they have fumed as the Trojans knocked off Stanford 11 years in a row. Last year the score was 27-24 (Kicker Steve Horowitz missed on three field-goal attempts), and before the Indians came out of their deep gloom they had lost two more games and had been tied by weak Washington State. If Plunkett can inspire a victory over USC, he'll get a niche next to Eric Nevers in the Stanford Pantheon.

Plunkett has plenty of good recollections. Last year, the tourist, averaged 74.8 yards a catch last year before he suffered a shoulder separation. Tight End Bob Moore, who turned down a big baseball bonus out of high school in Klamath Falls, Ore., is a fine blocker and was the second-leading receiver last year. Split End Jim Cross missed last season because of a near-fatal auto accident but was one of the league's best this year before. Rick Tipton, a cocky high hurdler from New Mexico, and stubby JC transfer Randy Vataha, deft and speedy, add depth.

Should Plunkett and Bence choose to hand off the ball once in a while, just for variety, it will likely be to Isaiah (Bubba) Brown, a lefty breakout threat who actually had a better yards-per-carry average last year than O. J. Simpson. Howie Williams, now at fullback, was the team's leading ground-gainer.

The offensive line is solid, too, anchored by Center John Sande, Tackle Pete Seymour and Guard Bob Reinhard, son of Cal's All-America lineman of the same name. Their work was so efficient last season that Stanford quarterbacks were caught behind the line of scrimmage only 13 times.

What worries Ralston and his staff is the defensive line, which they call the Down Four. Graduation wiped out last year's group, and there is some danger that Stanford will present a rushing defense made of wet tissue paper. Sophomore Pete Lazorch from Montana could fill one spot capably, but the rest seems to be patchwork. Linebacker Dennis Moore and second-team fullback Jack Schultz have been switched to defensive end.

What might save the situation are the linebackers, principally senior Don Parish, who led the team in tackles last year and made first-team all-conference and honorable-mention All-America. Don was a fullback in high school and a defensive end as a freshman and sophomore on The Farm.

"He's one of the finest football athletes Stanford's ever had," said an assistant coach.

Stanford, with an eye on the Rose Bowl, hopes Jim Plunkett is a passing fovea.

"He made the transition last year to linebacker beautifully," Ralston adds, "The strength of our defense is Parish. He has no equal at linebacker across the country."

Pat Preston, the other linebacker, is very good, and behind them is an experienced defensive backfield led by Dick Oliver, a sure-tackling Texan who already had spent his two quarters in England and thus made it to spring practice.

Stanford has long been noted as a passing team, but the Indians should have even more of a pro look this year. Ex-49er Head Coach Jack Christiansen is on Ralston's staff, and during the spring five active players from the pro ranks, John Brodie among them, came back to tutor. "They gave the kind of tips that do not come in mass practice," said Ralston. "It is impossible to measure what this might mean in the stress of an important game, but we believe that if we are successful this season, those young pros deserve a lot of the credit."



In 1966 the NCAA sprung the trap on Houston, charging that the Cougars had a) excessively entertained prospective athletes, b) engaged in improper out-of-season practice and c) committed a whole bunch of other no-no's; and, suddenly, Coach Bill Yeoman and his Cougars found themselves in that murky never-never land called probation. Sure, Houston could still play football—but not on television and certainly not in a bowl game. Many a coach would have sat crimson-faced in his office, fuming for his job. Not Yeoman. He went out and produced a scoring machine that has been the national leader in total offense three years in a row, averaging 35 points a game.

The citizens of Houston and the students at its university, with nothing else to hang their sections on, became statistics-minded. They began discussing the 361 yards per game produced by the Veer T offense last year and the 563-yard total offense average that broke the collegiate record by 90 yards. The electronic scoreboard in the Astrodome kept fans amused during the season by revising the total yardage on each play. Even the linemen, who usually reminisce about memorable blocks, considered every new number flashed on the board a personal triumph. Last year, after Houston scored 100 points against Tulsa, Center Pat Pryor said, "Let's see the basketball team match that."

The probation had a negative effect, also.

Yeoman's teams were as startlingly inconsistent as they were explosive. In each of the three years, impressive scores were followed by late-season upsets. "Playing for national recognition can carry a team only so far," Yeoman explained. "It helps to have a postseason reward, something the boys can look forward to."

This fall, with the suspension lifted, the Cougars can look forward to earning a bowl bid, and Houston fans expect the Veer T to produce just that. The Veer T was discovered quite by accident during a practice five years ago. "We were working on our power sweep against an eight-man defensive line," Yeoman says. "We saw that if the defensive tackle and end were allowed to penetrate, a fake to the fullback created quite a pickup and a great deal of confusion." The play began as an alternative to the sweep, but it soon became the backbone of the offense. Because the Cougars have dramatically shown its scoring potential, the Veer T is now being adopted by rival coaches. "So many other teams will be using it," Yeoman continues, "that now I'll have to learn how to defend against it."

As in most complicated offenses, a good quarterback is essential, and Houston is lucky to have two: Ken Bailey, last year's starting quarterback, and Rusty Clark. Yeoman can't decide which one to start. Clark is so big that at Baylor, where he began his college career, he was placed at defensive end. His ability to throw a football has some pro scouts recommending he be drafted in the first round. "Don't think the possibility of starting Clark hasn't kept me awake nights," he says. "But then what do you do with a kid like Bailey who shatters NCAA records?"

A more difficult problem is the rest of the backfield. Yeoman was all set at halfback with Carlos Bell, who as a junior led all the backs in the Southwest with a 6.5 rushing average. But Bell lost academic eligibility after the spring semester. "When you lose a guy like that, well, put it this way, there's quite a hole to fill," said Yeoman. Houston will go with sophomores Willie Roberts or Tommy Moezak. Roberts has speed and Moezak was named the state's outstanding schoolboy back, but even together they hardly equal a Bell. The team also lacks an experienced fullback, the Veer T's decoy. Ted Haisell scored five touchdowns last year, but he didn't have enough playing time to earn a letter.

Houston's opponents will have little consolation as a less lightning Veer T, for, if the Cougars need points quickly, Bailey or Clark will toss out the options and throw instead in the direction of Split End Elmo Wright. Students call him Little E, recognizing his athletic abilities as just short of those of Big E, Elvin Hayes. Little E played the saxophone in the Swearsy, Texas high school band. The band and the football team

continued

practiced on adjoining lots. "After rehearsal the football guys would be out there hitting," Elmo says. "When the band director left, some of us would go over and join the football guys. I found out right away that what I like to do best is catch the ball." But one day Elmo appeared at rehearsal with a swollen lip. "He [the director] had this thick board, and if you moved up a song, whap, he'd let you have it. When he found out how I hurt my lip, I couldn't sit down for a week."

Elmo found football less painful and considerably more rewarding. As a sophomore he charmed the crowds in the Astrodome with his speed, considerable showboat talents—and his smile. After prancing into the end zone and tossing the ball into the stands, the smile was as spectacular as his 11 touchdowns and 1,198 yards gained. That first football injury of his in high school had provided Little E with two gold front teeth.

With athletics like Elmo Wright performing on the offense, the defense was a less-watched commodity last season. While the offense provided the points, the defense secondary set a Houston record with 31 interceptions. Safety Richard Harrington and Linebackers Charlie Hall, Glenn Graef and Mike Johnson are all back looking for more. So is End Jerry Deones, the only returning member of the front line. Deones weighed only 160 pounds as a senior in high school and he was written off by Southwest Conference recruiters. Since then he has added 60 pounds and has grown into an All-America candidate.

In Houston, where the clubs close shortly after midnight, the best show in town on Saturday nights is the Houston offense in the Astrodome. Though it will be less spectacular this year and the cast has changed, the crowds are standing room only—hoping for a run straight through New Year's.



17
SMU

And so, hopefully, there will never be another person who thinks a Southern Methodist Mustang is a new automotive model. Hasn't SMU twice changed dates of games from midseason to practically summer so it could appear—nationally!—on the first ABC college game of the week? And hired an advertising agency and spent more than \$40,000 on something called "Excitement

Chuck Hixon can't do much except throw, but that keeps everyone on his toes.

'68" to remind all those people down in Dallas that there is another football team in town besides the Cowboys? And gone and put together this 15-minute history of Southern Methodist football, beginning with banjo music back in 1915, running through Bill Stern's account of that famous near upset of Notre Dame in 1949, recalling the feats of Doak Walker, Kyle Rote, Raymond Berry and Dundy Don Meredith, finally ending with a jazz background for the 1968 Bluebonnet Bowl champions? Why, SMU even has a coach who doesn't talk about a football game as just so many oblique-sounding Slot Right Fake 44 Boots at Six. Hell, no? His football games live by the three Es—they have to be Exciting, Electrifying and Entertaining.

"Now, don't get me wrong," Hayden Fry says. "I am interested in making the game enjoyable for the fans. We promise them excitement. Heck, I didn't know anything about excitement, but after we spent \$40,000 I had to come up with something. And all I knew was to put the football in the air. I figured we might not catch it, but at least we'd have it up there where the fans could see it."

The man Fry chose for the job, a lanky sophomore named Chuck Hixon, soon proved able to do much more than just toss the ball up for the fans to see. In his first varsity game he threw for three touchdowns in a win over Auburn. A week later he completed 37 of 69 for 417 yards and two touchdowns—all in a losing cause to national champion Ohio State. Against Arkansas, with SMU trailing 35-0 going into the final period, he completed 14 of 24 passes for 203 yards and four touchdowns—all in 14 minutes and four seconds. The Mustangs lost 35-29, only because two other drives were stopped inside the 20. And then again in the Bluebonnet Bowl against Oklahoma, he threw two fourth-quarter touchdowns in a 28-27 victory.

All of which makes Hixon a pretty rare athlete—for his running ability is on a par with that of, say, a pregnant cow. "The only requirement is that he run fast enough to get to the sidelines when he can't pass," Fry says. "If he can get to the sidelines and stay sound, his running game is more than adequate." Muses Hixon: "When I run, the fans don't know whether it's part of the play or whether I'm just walking over to ask Coach Fry for instructions." The same confusion, it seems, besets opposing players. Once last fall, Hixon, unable to find a receiver, scrambled. One opponent closed in, looked right at Hixon and the ball and then, unable to believe what he saw, veered off and tackled Hixon's blocker.

Such limitations do not bother Fry. "He may not run well but he sure can pass. He has all the outstanding qualities—an extremely quick release, distance, accuracy and

consistency. Further, he knows when to hum it and when to lay it over the defensive man to the receiver. And he has the height (6' 2") and weight (190 pounds) and stamina required to take the sort of sinuous duck punishment a pocket quarterback knows he'll have to take.

"Best of all—the thing that really sets Hixon apart from other good passers—is his ability to see the whole field and to go to the second and third receivers when the first is covered. He also has tremendous poise—standing tall in the pocket we call it—letting the defense pour in and still getting the ball away."

Hixon completed 265 passes last season for 3,101 yards and 21 touchdowns. Those figures—as well as those for the Ohio State contest—set Southwest Conference records. With Hixon running Fry's anything-goes-and-usually-does Alpha offense, the Mustangs became one of the most exciting teams of 1968. Time after time Chuck rallied SMU, outscoring opponents 171-96 in the second half. SMU's only losses in a 7-3 season were to teams that won major bowl games: Ohio State (Rose), Texas (Cotton) and Arkansas (Sugar). Not bad for a squad most people had felt would finish no better than 5-5.

"Just once I'd like to get in front early," Hixon says. "I'd like to see what it would be like if we could start with the ball on our 35 yard line instead of inside our 10 all the time. The first two times we had the ball against Texas A&M we took over on our own four and then on our one."

This season Hixon will be missing two of his biggest helpers—Split End Jerry Levis and Halfback Mike Richardson—so the offense may not be quite as explosive. Levis was second in the nation in pass receiving with 80 catches, and Richardson became the fourth SWC runner to gain 1,000 yards in a single season.

Back again will be End Ken Fleming, who gathered in 53 passes, and Flanker Sam Holden, who caught 30. Another pass-catching prospect is sophomore Gary Hammond, who came to SMU as a quarterback.

"He looked real good at quarterback this spring," Fry says of Hammond. "But who can compete against the No. 1 quarterback in the nation? He could be our new wide receiver or our No. 2 quarterback."

When it comes to running power, Fry will have problems unless Bickey Lester, Walter Haynes or Gordon Gilder can maneuver well enough to take some of the pressure off Hixon. Another member of the backfield could well be Daryl Doggett, who will try to cash in on one of the most improbable of all parlays. He is converting from the defensive secondary to the offensive backfield and, at 5' 6" and 170 pounds, will try to serve as a fullback. Despite his size, Doggett is a tough-to-

bring-down runner and a sturdy blocker.

Good blocking is a must if Hixon is to pass properly. He will be shielded well by a line that is light, quick and two deep in lettermen from tackle to tackle. Guard Rufus Cormier, who scores high in the classroom and hits hard on the field, is the standout on an all-letterman defensive line. Cormier is a 225-pound 6-footer with a 3.8 scholastic average and a double major in anthropology and psychology.

Experience and quality are lacking in both backfields, especially the defensive. Despite such shortcomings, Fry remains optimistic about the season ahead. This is because, as he says, "Each year some unknown surprises everybody. I think I'll have at least one or two of those this year."

Fry, though, will have far more than one or two offensive alignments. His Alphabet runs the gamut from A to Z, one of his underlying theories being that every defense has weaknesses. It may take extensive probing to find those soft spots, but then, as Fry likes to say, "We scratch where it itches." This fall, Chuck Hixon's right arm will be doing most of the scratching.



to the 11 years since Frank Kush started taking his Arizona State football teams high into the cool, pine-tree country north of Phoenix each September, the tales that have filtered back down have become almost as well-known as any written by Zane Grey. ASU players who have lived through Kush's Parnis Island routine can talk for hours about "Decho West" and "the days of football, sleep and pain," and their coach can't wait to restrain them. "We don't go up there for a picnic," he says. "We just want to find out who wants to play football and who doesn't."

Kush coaches tough because he comes from a tough background. The son of a Pennsylvania coal miner who died when Frank was 14, he had to work in a garage before and after school to help support the family of 15. Later, at Michigan State, he weighed only 170 pounds but still made All-America at middle guard. When Kush went to New York to be honored on national TV, as usher refused to let him through the door, on the assumption he was just another gate-crasher.

If Frank Kush were any less successful than he has been, he probably would have only a handful of players when he opens

camp each fall. But, because there are only four active coaches—Nebraska's Devaney, Mississippi's Vought, Alabama's Bryant and Missouri's Devine—who have better records than Kush's 81-28-1, the talent comes to ASU in waves. "You respect him because he's winning," says Ron Pritchard, last year's All-America linebacker, now with the Houston Oilers. "If he was losing, you probably wouldn't."

Kush punishes himself and his staff almost as fiercely as he does his players. He runs two miles a day, works hard on the paddle court—and he makes sure he's not alone. The assistant coaches run before practice, where the players can see them. (Kush also encourages a free exchange of ideas, and the meetings and film sessions are filled with angry ranting and eloquent cursing.)

"We've played a lot of lists that were just as good as we were," Kush says, "but we've beaten them because they weren't as tough as we were." The University of Texas at El Paso is one of those teams. UTEP has never beaten Kush, and twice in the past four years it has blown two-touchdown leads to the Sun Devils. Last year ASU scored 21 points in the first nine minutes against UTEP to win going away 31-19.

"We could have had them 35-0 in the first period if we'd wanted to," Kush says. The Sun Devils went on to win eight of 10, missing the Western Athletic Conference title only because they lost to Wyoming, a team that happens to be just as tough as ASU. A running team that still operates out of the old-fashioned Winged T, ASU simply buried some of its opponents, running up scores like 47-12, 39-21, 66-0 and 63-28. "We are," says Offensive Coach Chuck McBride. "The kind of team that will kick around, dunk around—and then on one play we'll put it all together. Pfffff! Sixty yards. Six points."

Kush, of course, has sent a few runners into the pros—Travis Williams, Charley Taylor, Tony Loric and Max Anderson. But, because he has one this year who may be the finest he's ever had, nobody—even Wyoming—should beat the Sun Devils for the WAC title. Art Malone, ASU's sleek, 190-pound fullback, had the kind of season last year runners dream of. Malone was held only once to less than 96 yards in a game. Twice he made more than 200; six times he went more than 100. When the season was over, Malone had gained 1,431 yards and scored 16 TDs. His average for each of 235 carries: 6.2 yards. "We probably feared Art Malone as much as any back we faced all last season," said Oregon State Coach Doc Anderson—and Oregon State faced O. J. Simpson.

Malone isn't alone, either. Quarterback Joe Spagnola, a 9.7 man, is back and he's being pushed by Grady Hurst, who's just as fast and who completed 15 of 27 for 259

continues

yards against the varsity in the spring game. With these two, ASU will be a roll-out threat all year long. There is still more speed at halfback, where 9.5 sprinter Dave Buchanan returns, and at wingback, where Mike Brunson (9.8) can fly with the ball after he has caught it.

Kashi's problems lie in pushing up the interior of his offensive line. Center George Hummer, twice All WAC, will be replaced by Tom Delnoce, a senior, and Ken Coyle, a junior from the defensive unit, will take over for Left Guard Jim Kane. Tackles Roger Davis and Rick Leek are big, but green. Pritchard, the principal loss on defense, will be replaced by junior letterman Mike Mesa (who really can).

So, once again ASU will be a wide-open, high-scoring team—fun to watch, horrifying to play. This year more fans will see the Sun Devils play than ever before, for ASU's stadium has been enlarged to 51,000. The way ASU looks right now, all those new seats have come just in time.

13 FLORIDA STATE

On a Saturday afternoon a little short of a year ago Bill Cappelman, a tall gifted quarterback who had yet to throw his first pass in combat for FSU, took the field against Maryland. On the sidelines, Head Coach Bill Peterson kept remembering the four interceptions Cappelman had thrown in a scrimmage a few days earlier. He watched grimly as Cappelman brought the offense out of the huddle and up to the line. "Oh, oh," thought the quarterback, surveying Maryland's defense. "I've called the wrong play." He barked an audible, but the switch

of plays was lost in the roar of the crowd. Half the team heard him call 60, a passing play. The other half thought he called 16, a running play. The snap of the ball brought chaos. Peterson stared in disbelief as his team ran in 10 different directions. "My God," he screamed, "they made up a play in the huddle." Undismayed, Cappelman passed—right into the hands of a Maryland linebacker who ran 40 yards for a touchdown.

Shaken, Coach Peterson called for Gary Pajac, a sore-armed senior quarterback who as a sophomore had broken all of FSU's passing records. But in a few minutes Pajac was back at the sidelines, shaking his head and holding his arm. "Cappelman," shouted Peterson, and Bill Cappelman responded. "Go in there and . . . never mind, just go in there." He did and he fumbled. FSU recovered, moved 73 yards and scored. Florida State eventually won, but Peterson was not convinced.

"I thought he just couldn't run the team," Peterson said recently. "No spark. He had a great arm but he never asked any questions. I figured he just didn't give a damn. What I didn't know was that he didn't have to ask questions. He knew our offense better than I did."

Peterson went with Pajac the following week in a 9-3 loss to Florida—a defeat he felt just a little more than if he had been coaching Carter at the Little Big Horn. For better or worse Cappelman was returned as the No. 1 passer. It was for the better: seven victories in eight games for FSU; for Cappelman, 162 completions of 287 passes for 2,410 yards and 25 touchdowns. The people at Florida State have been waiting for the 1969 season ever since.

"We've had a few good quarterbacks at FSU," said Peterson. "Steve Tensi, Pajac, Kim Hammond. But without a doubt Cappy has to be the first. If there is a better quarterback in the country, he's got to be a combination of Sammy Baugh, Y. A. Tittle and God."

Which means FSU, as usual, has a pitcher, leaving it to Peterson to come up with an adequate crew of catchers. He has lost Ron Sellers, everybody's All-America and one of the outstanding flankers in collegiate history. Last year Sellers caught 86 passes for 1,406 yards and 12 touchdowns. Knowing no one would ever fill his jersey, Peterson retired it.

"But," he says, grinning, "some of our kids just might catch a pass or two this year." For starters, there's Jim Tyson, a junior and the best pass-catching tight end in Peterson's nine-year tenure at Florida State. "He catches balls," said the head coach, "that most tight ends can't get with in five yards of. Hands, speed, timing. I guess

After a shaky start Bill Cappelman proved to Florida State that he can handle his job.



ance you that he's going to hurt a lot of people." As the passing attack goes, so goes FSU, and another key will be the production of Don Peterson, a junior given the job of replacing Sellers. He has good speed and sure hands.

Should the passing game falter—and in Tallahassee they believe the church will falter first—Coach Peterson can fall back on a proved running attack. The biggest gun is Tom Bailey, large and fast, and with just enough meanness to enjoy running over other people. "The finest runner I've ever had," said Peterson. "He makes tacklers think before sticking their head in there. Nobody is going to gang up on our receivers with Bailey around."

And there are other goodies: a fairly big, fast offensive line, hopefully capable of overcoming a short measure of inexperience, and a defense that will be tough if Peterson doesn't have to go to his bench too often.

"This is a good squad, strong and fast," said Peterson. "I'm just afraid we might not have enough players. No competition. We're spending as much time firing them up as we are getting them in shape. Complacency will kill you."

To offset such a handicap, Peterson has scheduled what he calls "my fits" every second or third day of practice, when things appear to be going too smoothly, he will charge out onto the practice field, order his players to run laps and then charge after them shouting what a bunch of misbegotten, lousy, unathletic, lazy, fat schoolboys they are. Among other things.

"Exempt," he says, grinning, "I'm really not in good enough shape to throw a strong fit. I hurt my knee last year and it's slowed me down. I've got to get back in real good condition. Throwing fits is just like playing football—you've got to be able to go at top speed."



Like all avid chess players, Pepper Rodgers enjoys the element of surprise. He has been known to do a somersault on impulse anywhere at all, on football fields, at sorority houses—anywhere. Last year he concluded his final TV show with an enthusiastic rendition of *Angie Bells*. "When I came home from the studio, all my wife could say was, 'How could you?'" The biggest surprise of all, and the most famous, was his unimpeachable 12-man defense against

Penn State in the final seconds of the Orange Bowl.

Rodgers enjoyed telling the story of that misfortune at banquets last winter. "When I first came to Kansas in 1967, we lost our first two games. A few weeks later we lost to Ohio University. No matter what I did after that, people asked me how I managed to lose to Ohio University. Well, I got pretty sick of it. So there I was in the Orange Bowl last year with 15 seconds left and I ask myself what can I do to make people forget the Ohio University game? 'Abernathy,' I said, 'get in there.'"

Rodgers' surprise this year is likely to be his Kansas Jayhawks. No team in the Big Eight suffered more from graduation losses. He has had to replace 13 starters, seven of whom were drafted by the pros, but he does not seem concerned. When Rodgers is told that this season's Jayhawks will be unable to match Missouri and Oklahoma, he smiles and says, "I think we will be all right."

A major reason for Rodgers' optimism is his fullback, John Higgins, voted the Big Eight's Sophomore of the Year last season, runs with power and speed. "Block, do everything," says Rodgers. "Block, return punts, even tackle if he has to. I've been playing and coaching since 1951, and he is the best I've ever seen." But, despite such praise, the excitement in Lawrence this fall revolves around the new tailback, a junior college transfer named Ron Jesse.

Already the stories describing Jesse's talent as a ballcarrier have spread to the enemy camps in Columbia and Norman. The first two times he was handed the football in spring practice, he ran through the starting defense for touchdowns. Jesse is one of several athletes borrowed by Rodgers from the Kansas track team. His events are the high hurdles and the long jump and he did 25' 2½" in the NCAA indoors last winter. Jesse's only drawback is his preference for relaxation. When it came time for him to run the hurdles in the Southern Illinois dual meet, he was nowhere in sight. A teammate eventually discovered him sleeping under the bleachers. "He is a great prospect," says Rodgers, a coach who has never had trouble motivating his charges, "and I am determined that he will be a great football player."

Rodgers is known as a quarterback specialist. His first season at Kansas—1967—he began to transform Bob Douglass, a huge, awkward runner, into a left-handed quarterback who executed the option better than anyone in college football. Rodgers' project now is Jimmy Ettinger, Douglass' substitute for two years. Like Douglass, Ettinger kicks a leg back upon receiving the snap from center, but that is where the comparison ends. "He isn't the runner Bobby was, but he's a better passer," says Tight End John Mosier. "Douglass was a throw-

er. Ettinger has a fine touch on the ball."

Ettinger has an experienced receiver for short passes in Mosier, a two-year regular. But what Rodgers really enjoys is the long pass. "It's fun, and I like excitement." The excitement will be provided by Split End Kerk White, a transfer from New Mexico Military Academy and the junior college 220- and 440-yard dash champion. But much of Ettinger's confidence should come from the knowledge that every time he calls signals he is standing behind Dale Evans, an All-America candidate at center.

"Last year most of my lectures were on offense," Rodgers says. "This season I plan to talk mostly about the defense. I didn't want those offensive players to get bored, so I moved four of them over to the other side of the line." Three, including George McGowan, last year's starting split end, have been sent to the deep secondary. The fourth, Tackle Larry Brown, a Vernon Vanoy's replacement at left end.

Kansas' interior front line is the strongest part of the defense. Shotstopper Karl Salts, the NCAA indoor and outdoor champion, enjoys playing right tackle. Al Jakobiec proved to be an excellent middle guard last season. But the best of the middle three is a newcomer. Rodgers waged a recruiting battle this year with dozens of other schools for a student at Kansas City Junior College. It wasn't until May that he finally signed him. His name is Bruce Mitchell, and he'll be easy for Jayhawk fans to locate. Mitchell is 6' 7" and weighs 298 pounds. "He moves like a cat," Rodgers says dreamily. "He's so quick he could play middle guard and left tackle at the same time." He also plays basketball. Opposing runners who survive Mitchell, Jakobiec and Salts will then have the unenviable task of facing Emory Hicks, an all-conference linebacker. His nickname, Mr. Bad, is an indication that the greeting will be less than cordial. Mr. Bad was the star of Nowata High in Nowata, Okla. During the team's big game against Dewey for the conference championship, he had his wind knocked out, and the crowd stood in shocked silence. Nowata's coach ran on to the field and stood anxiously over him. "Are you all right, Emory?" the coach asked. Mr. Bad grinned. "I'm O.K.," he answered, "but how are the fans taking it?"

The fans in Lawrence, who not long ago went to the games because there was nothing much else to do on Saturday afternoon, have good reason to take their football near this season.

And for neatness, how's this for a Rodgers' scheme? "You know what I'd really like to do this year?" he says mischievously. "I'd like to persuade Jim Ryan to go out for football. I'd give him uniform No. 100, and in our first home game [Syracuse] he would go out long, and we'd throw him the bomb."

But he's only kidding. Isn't he?

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PACIFIC EIGHT

For a team banking everything on an unproved JC-transfer quarterback to lead it back from a disastrous 3-7 season, UCLA has been making surprisingly optimistic noises. Perhaps that old bridge master, Tommy Prothro, figures he's going to sneak up on some overconfident opponents. His key man is Dennis Dummett, who threw for 30 touchdowns in two JC seasons and will operate the Bruins' new triple-option offense. UCLA major assets are Linebacker Mike Ballou, a good group of runners headed by Tailback Greg Jones and a delightful first-half schedule, once by this week's opener against Oregon State the Bruins meet four teams that won a total of five games in '68.

Oregon State might do some sneaking up, too, because Doc Anderson has a pumpkin patch full of redshirts, plus Defensive Tackle Jess Lewis, who skipped last season to wrestle in the Olympics. The only returning starter from the offensive backfield is Billy Main, a top-notch kickoff returner.

California had its first real winner in 10 years in '68 and will be tough again, especially with a strong defense led by End Ikey Augustine, one of seven Texans on the squad, and Safety Ken Widemann. The question mark is at quarterback, where handsome Randy Humphries had a bad spring. Up in Seattle, Washington's Jim Owens has discarded his athletic director's hat and will concentrate on bringing the Huskies back, aided by a stout defense and Scarback Harvey Blanks. Oregon's Ducks have some nice schedule advantages—no USC, for one—but they need everything they can get. So does Washington State.

WESTERN

The interesting thing about the Western Athletic Conference is that its teams play football while much of the country is asleep. When Arizona takes on Arizona State on a Saturday night in Tempe, it isn't until Monday afternoon that the East finds out who won. Night games are popular in the conference—there are 25 of them—and so is offense. Hold an opponent to 30 points and you're a cinch to win.

Wyoming's Cowboys will be gunning for their fourth straight title, but they must play their main challenger, Arizona State, away. Many members of last year's 7-3 team are back. Utah just might have something to say about the conference race. The Redskins have the league's top quarterback in Ray Groth, who accumulated more than half the team's offensive yardage last year. Utah has good speed in both its offensive and defensive backfields.

Arizona has lost 12 starters from its Sun Bowl team, but Ron Gardin is back (having switched from flanker to halfback) and so is Tackle Rex Macklin. But, with a new coach, Bob Weber, and a dismal defense, Wildcat fans who want to see another bowl game will have to watch last year's films. Colorado State lost nine defensive starters, but the two who remain—Backs Earle Thomas and Jerry Shearer—are good ones. A flood of junior college transfers will try to fill the gap. Brigham Young is groaning over the loss of its quarterback, split end and placekicker, all injured. UTEP is rebuilding, while New Mexico will try to recover from a season in which it gave up 40 points a game.

SOUTHWEST

After Texas, Arkansas and SMU, what's left in the Southwest Conference? Well, there's Texas A&M, but not much is left of the Aggie team that was picked to do so well last year and failed so miserably. Coach Gene Stallings has versatile Dave Elmendorf, who played five positions in 1968 and who is being tempted by offers to play pro baseball, and Larry Siegent, who has made some glittering runs during the last two years.

Texas Tech, which finished fourth in the conference, has two good quarterbacks, Tom Sawyer and his backup Joe Manulich. Tech's running game should shine, especially if sophomore Duany Hardaway does as expected. Count on Tech to pull at least one upset this year on the order of last season's 31-22 surprise of Texas.

Pity TCU. Try playing Purdue, Ohio State and Arkansas for openers. But the Horned Frogs have a swift backfield and a scrambling quarterback in Steve Judy, so they may score a lot of points on somebody.

The new head coach at Baylor, Bill Beall, hopes to bolster a defense that gave up point totals of—duck—48, 47, 47, 40 and 35, to name a few. Beall was a defensive coach for seven years at LSU, which rarely gave up 47 points in a season. He has 19 starters returning, but needs to find a fullback to replace Pinkie Palmer, the Bears' leading scorer.

Rice failed to win a game last year, finishing 0-9-1. Improvement, if there is hope for any, must come from the sophomores, led by two quarterbacks, Stahl Vincent and Phillip Wood, and Offensive Tackle Ron Wademan.



THE CONFERENCES

MISSOURI VALLEY

Life is rough for coaches in the Missouri Valley. Rod Rust of North Texas State has two years on the job and that makes him the senior citizen. Four of the six teams in the conference—Wichita State, Cincinnati, Tulsa and Louisville—have new headmen. All of them will be out to match Billy Murphy of Memphis State, who last year coached his team to a 4-0 conference record and the title. If names carry any weight, the team should repeat. Quarterbacks Danny Pierce and Rick Thruow can keep the Tigers on target. All-MVC Fullback Ray Jamieson and Tailback Jay McCoy, the team's leading scorer in '68, are back.

North Texas State should be Memphis State's only rival for the title. The Eagles have good depth. All-MVC (for two years) Quarterback Steve Ramsey returns and he should be all the more effective now that his favorite receiver, Ronzee Shanklin, has regained his eligibility. Perhaps the Eagles' biggest need is a punter. Cincinnati, which lost the nation's top punter in Greg Cook and No. 2 receiver in Tom Rossley, held on to No. 2 Punter Benny Rhoads (42.5 average) and its national scoring leader, Jim O'Brien, a split end and placekicker. But even with all four they couldn't win the title.

Tulsa, with new Coach Vince Carillon, has two questionable lines but some good running in both backfields. Wichita State and Louisville have little to offer their new coaches. The Shockers have no blockers, but an improved defense. They also have seven sophomores in the starting lineup. The Cardinals have two quick backfields and front lines that call for them.

BIG EIGHT

In 1967, Colorado Coach Eddie Crowder was quoted by a Denver sportswriter: "Eddie, one of your toughest problems figures to be replacing Bernie McCall at quarterback. I know you never felt McCall measured up to what you expected but, after all, he did produce more than 3,000 yards career-total offense."

Crowder, who rarely loses his temper, snorted, "Nuts, if Bobby Anderson handles the ball as much as Bernie McCall, he'll gain 5,000 yards." That prophecy may well become fact this season. In two seasons the Buffs' quarterback has accumulated 3,643 yards, and he has an excellent chance of becoming the first man in Big Eight history to break the 5,000-yard barrier. Not that Anderson is the only gun in the Colorado armory. There is balance to the rest of the offense. Ward Walsh and Steve Engel proved to be strong runners last season. Crowder recruited with defense in mind to prevent the Buffs from being as generous to opponents (24 points a game) as they were last year.

Nebraska, with an experienced defensive unit, may be another spoiler. The offense isn't bad, either, what with Joe Orduna carrying the football. How good the Huskers become depends on sophomore Quarterback Jerry Tagge.

The feud between Kansas State's Vince Gibson and Kansas' Pepper Rodgers still rages. For the first time in three years Gibson has a chance to win a round when his Wildcats confront the Jayhawks in Lawrence. Oklahoma State and Iowa State will furnish lighthearted moments for the rest of the conference.

BIG TEN

It was 1966, and Ray Nagel had just taken over the head coaching job at Iowa, inheriting a helpless team that had won only one game the year before. He was meeting with his players for the first time, telling them where most football games are won or lost, like on the line, when he looked up and saw a tackle sneezing away. "Hey, Jones," Nagel shouted. The boy stirred. "Where are most football games lost?"

Jones didn't even have to think about that one. "Why, right here at Iowa, coach."

This year was to have changed all that, and Nagel, a normally ebullient man, was saying, yes, maybe we can go to the Rose Bowl. But, when 16 of the team's 20 backs (including five defensive starters) boycotted spring practice and were ultimately suspended, Nagel was no longer talking roses.

Duffy Daugherty may be losing sleep over his Spartans, a team that should be better than last year's 5-5 club, but one which may have trouble improving that record. The reason: a masochist's schedule, which includes every Big Ten title contender plus Notre Dame and SMU.

Minnesota, normally big and brutal and defensive, will depend this year on offense. A full backfield returns, including Jim Carter and Barry Mayer. Michigan, which got its new coach, Bo Schembechler, from that cradle of coaches, Miami (Ohio), may have to wait a few years for results.

Illinois, Wisconsin and Northwestern should again fill in the bottom of the Big Ten, though Wisconsin may have a find in sophomore Halfback Greg (Grape Juice) Johnson.

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL *continued*

MID-AMERICAN

Ohio University has won the conference title for the past two years, and there are good reasons to believe that this year will make it three. Among the best are Quarterback Cleve Bryant (who holds all of the school's passing and total offense records after only two years) and Split End Todd Snyder, whose father coaches the basketball team. Folks around OU insist that if Bryant and Snyder had gone to that other Ohio school—the one in Columbus—they'd both be All-Americans by now. Last year OU was 10-0 but, with Penn State and Minnesota on the schedule this fall, it will have a hard time duplicating that. If the Bryant-to-Snyder combination is covered, OU can turn to the running of Fullback John Roush and Tailback Dave LeVeck. Ohio's weakness is its defense, which yielded an average of 38 points a game last year.

The main challenge will come from Miami (Ohio), 7-3 last year, which has a new coach, Bill Mallory, and a top pro prospect in Tight End Gary Arthur, a 6' 5", 230-pound senior. Miami's defense, which last year was one of the most effective anywhere, promises to be strong again.

Behind these two teams come Bowling Green, with a defense that may be as good as Miami's, and Toledo, which has the NCAA placekicking record holder in Ken Crotts, a senior who has made 64 straight extra points during his career. Kent State is hanging its hopes on players who were injured last year and versatile Jim Corrigan's switch from tackle to linebacker. Western Michigan, the one out-of-state team, is out of luck as well.

SOUTHEASTERN

All winter Kentucky's new coach, John Ray, stamped the Bluegrass, spreading his message of confidence and faith. Not only will Kentucky win this season, promises Ray, the builder of Parseghian's defenses at Notre Dame, but the day is coming when the Wildcats will appear in the Top 10 and be invited to their first bowl since 1952. This may seem like so much rhetoric considering that Kentucky has won only eight games the last three seasons, but Ray has some of the league's best talent in Quarterback Stanley Forston, End Phil Thompson and defensive aces Dick Palmer and David Roller.

Another perennial doormat, Vanderbilt, also is on the way up, thanks to young Head Coach Bill Pace. Last year the Commodores were 5-4-1, their first winning season since 1960, and what's more, their frosh were perhaps best in the league.

Louisiana State, with one of the South's strongest defenses, will rest its hopes for another bowl bid on unpredictable Quarterback Mike Hillman, passing star of last season's Peach Bowl, and senior Fullback Eddie Ray. Auburn, likewise strong defensively, must play four monster games—Tennessee, LSU, Georgia and Alabama—on the road. Quarterback Pat Sullivan and End Terry Beasley, both sophs, could give the Tigers their classiest offense since the Orange Bowl days of Jimmy Sidle and Tucker Fredrickson.

Mississippi State still has the SEC's leader in passing and total offense, Tommy Phair, but Tommy probably can't take the Bulldogs phair enough. Florida, coming back from a disappointing year, will have to rely on sophomores.

SOUTHERN

While rich in tidewater-state lore, interesting alumni and other collegiate colorfulnesses (the second-oldest college, teams named the Spiders and the Paladins, and a team that still clings to the single wing), the Southern Conference does not really concentrate on football. "We have no solid, first-rate football teams," says one expert. A bit harsh, that judgment, since Richmond—which was the exception last year, beating Ohio U. in the Tangerine Bowl—returns 27 lettermen. The Spiders lack Quarterback Buster O'Brien, 10th all-time major-college passer, yet replacement Charlie Richards may surprise pessimists.

True to its name and history, The Citadel will depend on a small but high-spirited defense. Linebacker John Small, 255 pounds, is the cornerstone, but Middle Guard Roger Meyer and Halfback Billy Watson are sturdy, too. Quarterback Tony Passaderi throws well to disciplined receivers, but he is also counted on for too much of the running attack in the Veer (option) offense. Single wing East Carolina has a passing fullback. Butch Colson completed 66% last year, scored 48 points and totaled 1,135 yards in 1967. Tailback Billy Wightman, quick but fragile, accounted for 925 last fall, yet sophomores Bill Wallace and Jack Patterson can push both. William and Mary still has a case of the greens—even the crotch is new—but people like Center Bob Herb add some seasoning. Indian fans can also savor Linebackers Wes Meeker and Dave Holland, Quarterback Jimmy Laycock and Safety Tom Duffy. VMI, Davidson and Furman are still league members—very still.



ATLANTIC COAST

Sixteen years divorced from the old Southern Conference, the ACC—now to some extent a league of dogwoody schools slowly seceding from the South—is gradually abandoning the big-time football scene, too. Significantly, South Carolina, one of the schools most successfully resisting northernization, has this season's best outfit. Paul Dietzel gets Fullback Tommy Simmons, Tailback Billy Ray Rice and Wide Receiver Jimmy Mitchell from another undefeated freshman squad. The Gamecocks don't need that much help. Quarterback Tommy Supps rewrote SC records as a sophomore, Fullback Warren Muir is a mean inside runner who gained 805 as a soph and End Fred Zeigler has caught 94 passes. Halfback Rudy Holloman rushed 530 yards last year.

North Carolina State redshirted its entire 1967 freshman team, so 60 sophomores are available if needed. Tackle Ron Carpenter (6' 5", 250 pounds) and Safeties Jack Whitley and Gary Young type a strong defense. Erratic Duke set 34 school and conference records in 1965, yet finished 4-6. Quarterback Leo Hart (2,340 total yards) set 12 of those. Aside from Linebacker Dick Biddle, who seems to be in on all the tackles, and sophomore Rich Searl, who makes defensive half a glamour position, the defense is bad. Clemson should finish in the first division, helped by the defensive prowess of End Ivan Southerland. North Carolina's offense, its only chance, leans heavily on Halfback Don McCaskey. Virginia has excellent architecture. Maryland and Wake Forest have no depth, no passer, no defense, no hope.

IVY LEAGUE

In the Christmas-card colonial village of Hancock, N.H. stands a splendid Revolutionary-era inn, authentic to the last candle sconce. But last fall one miniature TV in the peg-beamed barroom kept Yankees on their feet, cheering play, replay and rerun of The Last 42 Seconds, the berserk 42 seconds in which undefeated Harvard scored 16 points to tie undefeated Yale 29-29. Harvard could go seatless and defeatless again if Coach John Yovosin can rebuild the defense and if Back Richie Szaro heals. End Pete Varney, Tackle Fritz Reed, Halfbacks Ray Horablower and Steve Harrison (a sophomore), Quarterback Frank Champi and defencemen John Cramer and Rick Frisbie put brimstone in Puritan Power.

Yale, losing its entire backfield and all its stars, will surrender its 17-game unbeaten streak and fall into the second division. Princeton is playing it close to the vest, but the weed is that the Tigers may be giving up the single wing so that Scott MacBean and Brian McCullough can be in the backfield at the same time. If Princeton does go to the T formation, sophomore Rod Plummer could become Princeton's first black quarterback. Penn is the other serious contender. Quarterback Bernie Zbrzezny (say Zo-brez'-nee), Center George Joseph and Fullback Bill Sudhaus talon a hawkish offense. Dartmouth, with Quarterbacks Bill Koenig and Jim Chasey, cannot be discounted. Split End Rick Furbush and defencemen Keith Cummins and Theo Jacobs provide the Cornell guns, and Brown will be more respectable. Columbia, as customary, will be a riot to watch.

THE INDEPENDENTS

Independents, according to Webster, date back to Cromwellian England. They were a political grouping that led to Congregationalists, Baptists and Friends, organized to achieve congregational autonomy. But on the campuses of University Park, South Bend, Houston and Tallahassee the students have quite a different definition. Independent means freedom from conference play, sectional rivalries and, in August and September, at least, freedom to dream of becoming the national champion. There are several other schools with football teams capable of breaking into the Top 20 before the season ends. Although less talented than Penn State, Notre Dame, Houston and Florida State, they should also enjoy themselves this fall.

The best of the group is Miami. Charlie Tate has 15 starters returning from last year's team, which was breezing along until the Hurricanes died in their final three games. Now more experienced, Miami should escape late-season doldrums. "Our defense is rough as hogs," Tate says. The blue ribbon winners are Safety Tony Stawarz and End Tony Cline. Stawarz has accounted for 99 tackles in his two seasons working the secondary, and Tate considers Cline as talented as Ted Hendricks, consensus All-America last season. As usual, the Hurricanes will be able to run, as they return their two leading ground-gainers, Vince Opalsky and Bobby Best. Tate's two problems are his offensive line and his quarterback. The line was so small last year that the team did not have adequate pass protection. Tate now has established a stan-

continued

dard of 6'3" in recruiting offensive linemen. Quarterback Lew Pytel had little game time as a sophomore and is being challenged for his job by Kurt Schottenheimer, a junior college transfer. Miami plays a difficult schedule, including Alabama, Houston, Florida State and LSU. Fortunately for the Hurricanes, the latter two will be played on Friday nights in the Orange Bowl. They have won 12 of 14 Friday night games at home over the past three years.

Friday night is less exciting in Blacksburg, Va. The choice of entertainment is limited to beer at the Golden Gobbler or a few racks of pool in the SportsCenter. The show picks up on Saturdays when Virginia Tech picks up in Lane Stadium. President T. Marshall Hahn leads the cheers during the games and then offers locker room congratulations, a practice that has become ritual since the Gobblers very rarely lose at home. This fall's team is the best in Coach Jerry Claiborne's nine years. Although the Gobblers have lost seven starters, three from the two backfields, they should make it back to the Liberty Bowl on the strength of an excellent batch of sophomores.

"If a player feels like taking a girl to a movie, then I know he's in shape," Coach Jim Carlen of West Virginia says. Carlen's athletes spend most of their time in their dorms, which is as good a place as any, considering that Carlen is a tough disciplinarian and Morgantown, the site of the university, doesn't have a level street to walk on. There was a time when the city spent the fall waiting to watch Jerry West play basketball, but Carlen has recently been promoting football: AstroTurf in Mountaineer Field, an invitation to the public to attend all practices and the Mountaineers themselves—his best advertisement. All-America Carl Creel anchors the defensive line at middle guard, and the secondary, which ranked seventh in pass defense last year, returns intact. The passing combination of Mike Sherwood to Oscar Patrick, which broke 14 school records last season, provides the offensive excitement; so does Halfback Eddie Silverio, who concluded his junior season running 195 yards against Syracuse.

Ben Schwartzwalder's Syracuse Orangemen were a disappointment in '88—their six victories were the fewest in as many years. "We worked so hard on our passing game that the bread and butter—the rushing—broke down," Schwartzwalder explained. But this year he'll unveil another sophomore running back in the tradition of Brown, Davis, Little and Csonka—Tailback Marty Janusiewicz, who rushed for nearly 800 yards for the unbeaten freshmen. An easy schedule—Penn State and Kansas offer the main competition—guarantees Schwartzwalder his 30th straight winning season.

Although Mercury Morris is no longer at West Texas State, and neither are six

other offensive starters, the Buffaloes could improve on last year's 8-2 record. Rocky Thompson, Mercury's replacement, is even faster and was a junior college All-American—and he's not even the star of the team. That honor belongs to Fullback Duane Thomas, who averaged 6.2 yards a carry as a junior. Coach Joe Kerbel prefers to run the ball—and with those backs who can blame him—but Quarterback Clarence Redice makes a more significant contribution than just handing it off and waving Thompson and Thomas goodbye. Last year he kicked 11 field goals, including a 52-yarder.

Among the other top independents are two service academies, Air Force and Army. The Falcons are likely to have their best team to date. Last season was supposed to be a rebuilding year, but the young team compiled a 7-3 record. Virtually everyone returns to Colorado Springs this fall. Ben Martin has a combination coaches' daydream about: speed in the backfield (provided by Curtis Martin and Ernie Jennings), an excellent receiver (Charlie Longenecker), a quarterback who can throw to him (Gary Buxter), an interior line that averages 219 and depth at every position. And there is more. Dennis Louthausen is the reigning NCAA field-goal record holder with a 57-yard kick against Wyoming.

Army's Tom Cahill is less fortunate. Graduation cost him Steve Lindell, a gifted quarterback, and most of his defense, too. Luckily, he still has Fullback Lynn Moore and Halfback Hank Andrzecjak, but they won't be enough when the Cadets travel down the Hudson to play Notre Dame in New York's Yankee Stadium. However, Army should do well enough against teams like New Mexico, Texas A&M, Utah State and, yes, poor Navy, to provide another winning season for Cahill.

After winning two consecutive small college championships and narrowly missing a third, San Diego State was elevated to the status of a major college. The Aztecs are now trying to build up a big-time schedule, begging teams like Ohio State (without success) for a game. While waiting to be noticed, they are spending the fall in the brand-new Pacific Coast Athletic Association (PCAA) along with another former small college, University of the Pacific, previous independent San Jose State and four other schools. Only five starters return to the Aztecs, but the holes will be filled by some of the 17 junior college transfers Coach Don Coryell has recruited. Leading the newcomers through an easy schedule is Quarterback Dennis Shaw, who passed for 2,376 yards and 21 touchdowns last season and set school records for one game with 324 yards and seven touchdowns.

There were two Olsen brothers working toward degrees from Utah State last spring. Merlu, class of '62 and a member of the

Rams' Fearsome Foursome, was preparing his master's thesis, while Phil completed his junior year. The younger Olsen is the best member of the Aggies' experienced defense, and he is a probable All-America selection at his brother's tackle spot.

Boston College is the best of the remaining independents in the East. Red Hens completed 37 passes against Army last season, tying the most single game completions by any quarterback in the nation. "Hens is super, just super," says Coach Joe Yukica. The Eagles have a strong running game again this season with Fred Willis and Ed Ride-out, joined by big, fast sophomore Bill Thomas, whom Yukica considers to be one of the East's best backs. Although the Eagles ranked third nationally in total offense last year, the defense gave up 22 points per game. No improvement is foreseen.

Rutgers is looking forward to a big day in its tiny stadium when the Scarlet Knights celebrate the centennial anniversary of that first football game against Princeton. The game will be regionally televised by ABC, and President Nixon has tentatively accepted an invitation to join 30,000 in the stands. Nixon will no doubt be impressed by Rich Polcastro, the quarterback who entered the lineup for the final six games of the season and threw 15 of his 68 completions over the goal. Bruce Van Ness will give Polcastro's arm a rest with his running. He has been moved to tailback, and pro scouts are anxious to see what he can do there.

Villanova, minus an experienced quarterback for the third straight season, has slight prospects, while the presence of four new head coaches at other Eastern independents makes their prospects uncertain. Bob Deming brought a quartet of assistants to Buffalo while Bill Whitten will try to build a winner at Holy Cross. Carl DePasqua at Pitt has Middle Linebacker Ralph Cudruch and Tackle Howard Broadhead—if healthy—and End Paul Naponic—if he wants to play—for an excellent defensive line. The offensive power is restricted to the foot of Punter Joe Spicko, who kicked 63 times last year and will likely have as many opportunities this fall. At Navy, Rick Forzano is the Midties' 30th coach, and he is as optimistic as possible considering the scheduling: Penn State, Texas, Notre Dame, Miami, Syracuse and Army.

There is a new Bear down South, P. W. (Bear) Underwood at Southern Mississippi. Bear Bryant, not just out of kinnship, has expressed concern about Alabama's meeting with the Southerners. His reasons are Tailback Larry Moulton and Guard Rex Barnes. Tulane will start 13 sophomores—the best is Defensive Tackle Bob Waldron. Georgia Tech's Bud Carson was given one more chance as head coach after only two seasons (8-12). Carson must win this season or lose his job. Bye, Bud.

CONTINUED

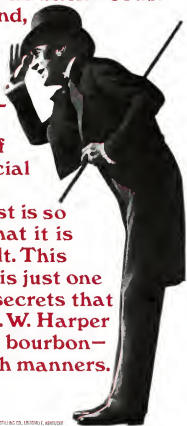
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THE SMALL COLLEGES



NORTH DAKOTA STATE

After chasing San Diego State (which last summer was ruled a major school) for two years, North Dakota State finally edged the Aztecs as the top small college team in the country in 1968. The margin, however, was about as thin as a chin strap, for while Dakota was going unbeaten in 10 games—including a 23-14 win over Arkansas State in the Pecan Bowl—the Aztecs were stumbling ever so slightly (in a 13-13 tie with Tennessee State) to finish 9-0-1.

This year, without San Diego to contend with, it is unlikely that Dakota will fail to repeat as small college champion. The Bison are minus 18 lettermen from that bowl scam, but this can hardly be termed disastrous when 31 are returning. Coach Ron Erhardt's only problem will be shoring up a defense that has lost several players, for the Bison attack should look like a stampede. Little All-America Halfback Paul Hatchett leads the way. In 1968 he raced for 1,213 yards and 19 touchdowns (including five in one game). Bruce Gramsme, the spunky leader who piled up 1,080 yards in total offense, returns at quarterback, and Halfback Tim Mjos (say Mewas) should be in for a big year. Split End Chuck Wald is the best wide receiver the Bison have ever had (he caught 47 passes for 561 yards and five TDs), and Tight End Les Nicholas is a devastating blocker.

Erhardt, who is 27-3 in three years at Fargo, is the cautious type. "We aren't talking about just replacing seniors," he argues. "We're talking about replacing overawing seniors, six of whom signed with the pros."

Look for the Bison to replace those seniors, just as they have done for the past three years, and win their second straight small college title.

INDIANA OF PENNSYLVANIA

It's getting so that Indiana University of Pennsylvania will soon have only itself to blame for occasionally being confused with that "other" Indiana you know, the one from the Big whatever it is. Last year—just one season after Johnny Pont's Hoosiers lost a toughie to O.J. in the Rose Bowl—here was IU of Pa. dropping a 31-24 heartbreaker to favored Delaware in Atlantic City's Boardwalk Bowl. Before that, the Big Indians had swept through a nine-game schedule without a loss, stretching Coach Chuck Klausung's five-year record to 39-5.

This year should be more good times. "True, we lost 20 players," Klausung says, "but if I had to handpick the seven or eight I need now, they're among those coming back—players like Dave Smith [flanker], Walter Blucas [quarterback] and Tom McCracken [fullback]."

Indeed, as long as Smith is sound—and Blucas has time to get the ball to him—JUP is going to score. "Smith is our superstar," says Klausung. "He can do anything." Apparently he can, too, for no sooner had the whistle blown in the tough loss to Delaware than Smith was in a car headed for Beaver Falls, Pa., where at 8:30 that night he was in IUP's basketball lineup against Geneva College.

Speaking of Beaver Falls, don't look for Blucas to be a Narnath or a Hamraff. Still,

he has shown he is a winner—a quality that may have nearly Pitt, a perennial loser, wishing it had grabbed Blucas when it had the chance.

NEW MEXICO HIGHLANDS

Even back in the 1960s things were rarely placed in and around Las Vegas, N. Mex. It seemed there was always something—from a shoot-out to a fistfight—to live up to the town. Just like its failed namesake today, Las Vegas then was big-time when it came to local entertainment—from Black Jack Ketchum and Rattlesnake Sam to Little Jack the Cutter and not only one, but two Billy the Kids. Las Vegas' reputation for virility even reached Teddy Roosevelt, who recruited a few of its hardy souls for his Rough Rider regiment.

Now Las Vegas people have become more enchanted with football than they ever were with gunplay, for last year New Mexico Highlands—that unimposing little liberal arts school out on University Avenue—didn't lose a game all year and wound up fourth in the nation. To make things even more exciting, the Cowboys ran up 533 points to the opposition's 53.

This year Highlands should be just as good, although the margin of victory may be somewhat less until sophomore Quarterback Steve Pruitt gains some experience. "The defense gave us great field position last year," says Coach John Levra. "I expect it to do it again. We don't expect to win by quick-kicking."

The only player the Cowboys will really miss is Halfback Carl Garrett, who was

continued



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COLLEGE FOOTBALL *continued*

drafted early by the Boston Patriots, but 23 lettermen—including six stars of that proud defense—are back. David Graham, a 260-pound tackle, is a definite pro prospect and he'll have a lot of help from Linebacker John (Pocahontas) Smith and Halfback McKinney Evans. All Pruitt has to do is throw the ball in the general direction of Larry Kelly, a speedy flanker who is as popular on campus as he is talented. "Yeah," says LeVra, "Larry's a real Coke 'n' jokin' type."

WILKES COLLEGE

When the Wilkes College Colonels of Wilkes-Barre, Pa. trot onto the field against Lycoming on Sept. 27, they will be putting the nation's longest winning streak on the line. Since 1965 the Colonels have won 29 straight games. Last year they once again won the Lambert Bowl, which is given annually to the best small college team in the East.

Defense is the secret at Wilkes (the Colonels have posted 10 shutouts and given up seven points only 11 times during the streak), and this year, with eight back on the platoon, look for more of the same. The attack? Well, nobody can be sure about the attack.

Quarterback Joe Zakowski has become famous for his unpredictability. A left-handed passer, he is a gambler somewhat reminiscent of the old Johnny Unitas. "Joe's just not normal," says Ed (Bucko) Burke, a starting tackle. "He's the kind who on third down and 15 will run a quarterback sneak [even Unitas wouldn't do that] and make 16 yards. We're always confused by what Joe does—but he's a winner."

"When Joe was born, the doctor tried to make him a righthander," says Mrs. Zakowski, "but it didn't work and I'm glad it didn't. He's just fine as he is. You should see how neat he prints."

The Colonels, who will be defending their fourth straight Middle Atlantic Conference championship, are a proud group. "We have a good bunch of guys," says Center George (Deacon) Conway. "We've got a few guys with long hair, like Zakowski, but the guys seem to realize you can't keep long hair and still win. So most of us cut our hair short in the football season." Mrs. Zakowski agrees. "Just a few of them even wear sideburns," she says. "But even when they do, they aren't hunkie-looking."

"We should go 8-0 again," predicts Zakowski. "Coach Schmidt never yells at us and we never practice very hard. We just expect to win."

PUGET SOUND

Until four years ago the University of Puget Sound hadn't made much noise on the football field. But then Bob Ryan quit coaching at nearby Puget Sound High to take over

continued



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COLLEGE FOOTBALL *continued*

at UPS, and the Northwest has been aware of the Loggers ever since.

Last year Puget Sound won eight of 10 games—both losses coming in the final minutes. Now, with 27 lettermen returning, season ticket sales have tripled, and the 3,300-seat Baker Stadium has been expanded to accommodate more than 6,000. "I can remember when you could rattle around in our stadium, take almost any seat in the house," says Ryan. "Now things get pretty crowded."

Ryan can hardly wait for the opening kickoff against Pomona. "If coaches were permitted to be optimistic, I'd be that way this year," he admits. Two reasons line up behind the center. "Instead of having just one good quarterback, I've got two," Ryan says, "and last year, when one seemed to be a bit off the other was always on." Bob Botley, however, is rarely "off." In three years he has thrown 21 touchdown passes, scored nine TDs himself and gained a total of 2,316 yards. Behind him is Bob Cason, a tall, skinny sophomore who throws as well as Botley runs. "Cason's one of those scramblers," waxes Ryan. "I mean, he drives us nuts. But he's got some arm." The preferred target of both quarterbacks is Dan Thurston, who last season caught 11 touchdown passes.

"Thing is, we scored so much people forgot we really emphasize defense around here," says Ryan. The Puget Sound defense does indeed resemble a logjam now and then (UPS held the opposition to 141 points last year, while scoring 288).

And—just like some big-time schools—Puget Sound has a soccer-style kicker. Few, however, are quite as small or as glibly as Clint Scott, a 5' 6", 145-pound senior from South Africa. Scott, who holds 17 school records, booted a pair of 42-yard field goals last season and hit the upright from 52 yards. "He's so little, we try our best to keep him away from contact," sighs Ryan, "but it seems like he's always popping up in the game films making the tackle on the kickoff."

THE REST

South Dakota could put itself in the running for the national championship if it can upset North Dakota State on Oct. 4, for Quarterback Jim Foster is one of the best to be found anywhere. However, the Coyotes' problem is that the game will be played in Fargo, where NDSU has yet to lose since Erhardt became coach.

A few teams that are usually pushing for the top could be in for trouble this year. Among them are Grambling, which still can't get used to taking the field without Little All-America Quarterback James Harris, and Wittenberg, whose coach, Bill Edwards, moved up to athletic director after 14 straight winning seasons.

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◆ Astronaut **Mike Collins**, in New Orleans for Mike Collins Day, was the soul of diplomacy before the Oilers-Saints exhibition game, which the Oilers won 30-14 after a halftime fireworks show featuring the lift-off of Apollo 11, the moon landing and a giant portrait of Collins. Asked whom he would be rooting for, Collins replied, "Would a 'no comment' be all right?" New Orleans, you see, bills itself as Collins' "adopted home town," and his father, Major General **James Lawton Collins**, was born across the Mississippi in Algiers, La. But Houston, of course, is the home of NASA. Mike Collins gave himself away when he jumped up and almost cheered after Oiler Quarterback **Pete Beathard** completed a long pass. Referring to two bad breaks, Saints' Coach **Tom Fears** said "it was a black-cat night for us"—devilishly appropriate when you consider that Collins was born on Halloween.

A group of Texas athletes got jobs this summer as office workers in the state's General Land Office, which is salvaging several million dollars worth of treasure from Spanish galleons sunk off the Gulf Coast. One morning a truck arrived in Austin bearing some of the treasure and the boys learned why they were hired for office work. It took eight of them, including three from the University of Texas—football players **Paul Kristyuk** and **Travis Resch** and basketball player **Wayne Dwyer**—to hold each of six rare Lombard cannons, weighing 1,200 pounds apiece, upright in an undersized elevator as it rose to a third-floor vault. "They got all the strong backs and feeble minds for the job," said one athlete. "It was the slowest elevator I've ever ridden," said another.



◆ Vacationing in Hot Springs, Ark. recently, Senator **Fairbairn** played a round of golf and, having shot about 90, reflected that golf is man's most frustrating game. Still, he allowed, it has its compensations. "I've played football and a lot of other sports," he said, "and what makes golf different is that a sorry player like myself can hit a shot just as good as a good player." Besides, he added, "it keeps your mind off other problems." Golf, concluded the Senator, might even be the antidote to ease the world's tensions. "I am sponsoring a movement," he said, "to build a golf course in the Soviet Union. We will give them the course and free membership. If they ever get to competing at golf they'll really be distracted."

◆ **Bob Lannier**, St. Bonaventure's 6'11" All-America center, was recently arraigned in City Court in Buffalo, N.Y. The charge: speeding. Acting as his own lawyer, Lannier pleaded innocent. Judge Ann T. Mikoll tried to arrange a trial date to suit Lannier. Lannier complained that it was a 60-mile drive from St. Bon-

aventure to Buffalo. Judge Mikoll said she thought he could make it and fixed a date. Said Lannier, "I won't be here, baby." Said the judge, "I am not your baby." Lannier was there and pleaded guilty. "Use your speed on the court," said the judge.

◆ **Dick Smothers**, a motor sports buff who races whenever and wherever he can, popped up in St. Jovite, Quebec last weekend to drive a Formula B Chevron. Meanwhile, rumors have been popping up that CBS, which has virtually ignored motor sports, is looking for ways to increase its coverage. Aha! At least one Smothers brother could be back on CBS after all. And in the driver's seat at that.

The Mets are riding high, they may even win something, and whatever happened to **Martinez** **Mary Thorneberry**, whose claim to fame as the *Amanus*' first baseman in 1962 was an almost supernatural ability to misjudge pop flies, let throws carom off his glove and allow grounders to slip between his legs? Well, Thorneberry does public relations work for a truck rental firm in Memphis, has become a Yankee fan and hasn't seen a major league game since he last played, after a fashion, in one. Actually, his reputation as a clown was less fact than fiction. Says Thorneberry, a bit wistfully, "Baseball was always more of a job than a game or a pleasure."

◆ Besides playing first base, a Chicago institution known as **Eric Banks** owns a Ford agency, writes a column, does a TV sportscast and has now been appointed to the seven-man Chicago Transit Authority by Governor **Richard Ogilvie**. Said the grateful Banks, "Since the governor has honored me with this

position, I promise to get him some World Series tickets." However, the governor may have a little more in mind. As *Chicago Daily News* columnist **Mike Royko** has written, Ogilvie is "a man of vision.... He has visions of Cub fans shouting 'Hey-Hey Ogilvie!' as they file into the voting booth and visions of a beaming Banks at his side when he campaigns for re-election in black neighborhoods."

"In baseball a home run is a home run, a dropped ball is a dropped ball, a stolen base is a stolen base." The speaker was **Frank Reynolds**, the ABC-TV news commentator, and he was lamenting the lack of clarity in general news as compared to sports news, which he found "easy to comprehend." Said Reynolds, "It is possible that one reason for the tremendous interest in sports these days is that so much of the other current news seems to make no sense." How about the shenanigans of the NCAA, the AAU, the IDC and the ABA, Reynolds?



Something to sing about: fish, bait and blondes

Experimenting with contemporary themes in opera, the University of Iowa staged an absorbing production involving a construction crew and a fishing camp. But would you fish with these characters?

American opera lovers, dismayed by the news that the Metropolitan in New York will not open this season on schedule, can take heart from recent developments in music and fishing in Iowa. The University of Iowa has produced an opera called *\$4000*, which is unquestionably the only opera in existence in which the characters sing about fishing, bait and the horrors of life in a place where fishing supplies are sold. First shown last month to startled audiences, *\$4000* so far has racked up four performances, accompanied by a 60-piece orchestra and enthusiastic notices.

Among its other distinctions, *\$4000* is the first opera since Puccini's *The Girl of the Golden West*, back in 1910, to be set in the great outdoors. Comparisons stop there, however. *The Girl of the Golden West* comes to a climax with a poker game. This new venture into outdoor opera begins with a poker game. The game in Puccini's opera is crooked; the heroine plays cards with the sheriff, with the life of her boy friend as a stake, and wins by plucking three aces from her stocking, where she evidently carried them for just such emergencies. The

poker game in *\$4000* is on the level, but the money is no good. The scene is a construction camp in a Southern swamp, with the workmen using company scrip, not knowing the scrip is worthless.

Al, a surveyor, has been winning steadily, despite the fact that his mind is not on the game. Or on his work, for that matter. As he rakes in his winnings he sings about his girl, Sally Anne.

*I only think about her all the time.
I see her in my transit when I'm sighting.*

No wonder the construction company officials have decided to give up the project. To make matters worse, Pili Donovan, the villain, leading hantone and foreman, is equally absent-minded about the game and his work. He too sings about Sally Anne. He sees her with him at the races, drinking juleps.

At the first performance of *\$4000* at the University of Iowa the orchestra played so loudly it drowned out the singers' lines. Whether this was an unintended blessing is still in dispute. In any case, the other poker players become so incensed at Al's continued good luck that he takes the \$4,000 in scrip that he has

won and goes to his shack. It appears that employee relations in the construction company are in pretty bad shape. Pili persuades the losing workmen that Al has cheated, and they start after him with shotguns. The first scene ends when the paymaster arrives from the company headquarters and sings that it is all over: the company is busted.

But Al and Pili do not know that, and throughout Scene 2 they run through the swamp, to the accompaniment of music that one critic said "strongly suggests slithering, slimy, crawly swamp creatures." Al means to get away with his \$4,000 and marry Sally Anne. At dawn he appears in a tiny hotel-and-bait-selling establishment. The wife of the owner befriends him, thinking he must be a fugitive from the law, which indicates the kind of fishermen who patronize the place. Al sings:

*Can I buy clothes and shaving stuff
in town? I mean, when things open?*

She sings in reply:

*What town? When things are open
here the town's still closed.*

Al sings that it is true, worms don't do much to liven up a place. This inspires Mrs. Applegore (that's her name) to an aria about the tedium of selling bait to fishermen:

*Place? A penitentiary for bass
A crazy house for addled beam
A prison where they lock up gars
Look at me. Have I started
growing scales?*

Mr. Applegore, overhearing, thinks Al and his wife are having a love affair. Mrs. Applegore lends Al money to telephone Sally Anne. But Pili, meanwhile, has emerged from the swamp and is struggling with Sally Anne in her room and planning how the two of them can trap Al and the \$4,000. In the final scene Al is momentarily overjoyed when Sally Anne runs into the bait shop and calls on him to leave at once. (Pili is waiting outside with a knife.) Mrs. Applegore

continues



CLIMAX OF OPERA FINDS THE CAST STRUGGLING—AND SINGING—IN BAIT SHOP

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sees him and warns Al and gives him her husband's gun. Disillusioned by Sally Anne's treachery, Al refuses it, singing that Pill can take the money and Sally Anne and go. As Pill enters, Mr. Applegate grabs Al, pushing him toward Pill, who stabs him, as Mrs. Applegate, shooting wildly with her husband's gun, kills Pill also. At this point the workmen with shotguns who have been looking for Al make their entrance. They find the bodies and the scrip on the floor and force Sally Anne to pick it up, singing:

It's two cents on the dollar that they're paying, girl. Easiest eighty bucks you'll ever make.

No opera in history has ever been so intimately connected with bass fishing, trout streams and duck blinds as *\$4000*. Ten years ago Vance Bourjaily, then 36, was a visiting lecturer at the University of Iowa, where he met Tom Turner, 45, the son of an Iowa governor and head of the department of music theory in the university's school of music.

A novelist who also has been active as a television and outdoor writer, Bourjaily mentioned that he was going trout fishing, which aroused Turner's skepticism, as he did not believe there were any trout in Iowa. The result was that he and Bourjaily went to a stream about 60 miles north of Iowa City that actually contains trout, and a hunting and fishing collaboration began which eventually developed into their opera with a fishing and poker-playing background. "I got damned sick of operas that always seem to be about 15th century peasants," Bourjaily said.

In 1962 while he and Turner were hunting pheasants, they began to discuss an opera with a native setting and plot. "Even after we decided to do it," Turner said, "I just couldn't bring myself to make the commitment. You know, something like this ties up a lot of people and money over an extended period of time." Once the decision was made, Bourjaily turned out the libretto in three weeks.

The *Daily Iowan*, the student newspaper, praised the chase through the swamp, its critic saying it reminded him of Eliza crossing the ice in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Other reviewers praised the orchestral brilliance of the score and the novelty and originality of the venture. With bold staging and lighting, the opera played to capacity audiences in its first four performances, and now Bourjaily and Turner are looking around for another production. "Maybe opera can be made to appeal to the contemporary man," Bourjaily said. "We're trying to take it out of the drawing rooms. I would much rather have seen the review on the sports pages, where it more properly belonged, than on the society page."

Be that as it may, a few more operas that present fishing in such a deplorable light as does *\$4000* might galvanize the Iraak Walton League to underwrite the Metropolitan's productions of *Tosca* and *La Bohème*. Not to mention construction companies.

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One thing worked out neatly at the U.S. Open at Forest Hills last week: the best player in the world won. By beating a fellow Australian, Tony Roche, 7-9, 6-1, 6-2, 6-2, top-seeded Rod Laver added the U.S. Open title to the Australian, British and French ones and completed the Grandest Slam, or at least the first Grand Open Slam, in tennis history. Laver has now won five of the seven big-four tournaments held since the creation of open tennis, and it looks as though the sport will have to be opened considerably wider, to include angels, highly trained kangaroos or something as yet unimagined, before anyone else will be in Laver's league.

As a factor at Forest Hills, though, the hardnosed Aussie left-hander would have to take second place to the weather, which let everyone down. "I live in a near-tropical country, where we have monsoon rains, and I have never seen 5½ inches of rain in 24 hours before," grouched Owen Williams, the South African tournament director who was brought in to transform the U.S. Open but was hard pressed to do more for it than the rain did to it. The 13-day tournament grossed nearly twice as much—\$500,000 would be a good guess—as last year, but Williams estimated that the rain—which canceled play on two days, interrupted it on three other days—cost the enterprise some \$100,000. Williams' rain-checks-but-no-refunds policy also angered a number of fans. "The public in this country is certainly spoiled with regard to rain-outs," Williams exclaimed at one point. "In England there are no refunds, no rain tickets, no anything. But here if you don't give their money back they want to kill you."

But then nothing looks more deflated than a wet tennis crowd. On Saturday, when showers of considerable force first delayed play and then interrupted the taut semifinal match between Laver and Arthur Ashe, some 11,000 sodden fans huddled together under the stands comparing the day's outing with the festivities at Woodstock. There were no muddy sleeping bags or stoned young people kneaded into the surface of the grass courts in the Forest Hills stadium, but a tarpaulin cover and the use of hovering helicopters as improvised drying-off devices failed to keep them

You can play Laver but you can't beat him

Australia's Rod Laver proved again at Forest Hills last week that the best players in the world are no match for him as he waltzed away with the men's singles title to complete his second Grand Slam

truly playable. They gave rise to bad bounces ("You get to know the patches after a while," noted semifinalist John Newcombe), they got so chewed up around the baselines that, when a player bounced a ball preparatory to service, it frequently got away from him and on Saturday, at least, they sounded downright squishy from the stands. Laver declared that grass courts in general were obsolete for championship play, and by Sunday, Williams was recommending a more sophisticated system for draining, drying and covering the courts; even more preferable would be an all-weather surface.

The grass wasn't the only thing that failed to hold up. The U.S. Davis Cup team was also washed away. Bob Lutz lost to Tony Roche in the first round—no disgrace—but on one horrible afternoon Clark Graebner, Stan Smith and Charlie Pasarell all disappeared. Graebner had to default with a twisted ankle, Pasarell lost to a lesser Australian, Terry Addison, and most stanningly, Smith got beaten by Ilie Nastase, one of two Rumanians who will challenge for the Davis Cup later this month. Most disappointing of all, the No. 1 U.S. doubles team of Smith and Lutz lost in the third round, in straight sets, to Earl Buchholz and Ray Moore, virtually a pickup team. Smith and Lutz were late for the match and nearly had to default because they journeyed to Connecticut to have lunch with officials of PepsiCo, Inc. The U.S. should still be comfortably favored over Rumania in the Davis Cup—Graebner's ankle is supposed to be healed by then and Ashe demonstrated that he was close to the top of his game—but the Open was still a blow to U.S. court prestige.

It was something of a leap forward for capitalism, however—to a good many fans' irritation. It may be inconsistent

to applaud the elimination of hypocritical amateurism and then to complain about having come to MARLBORO COUNTRY emblazoned on the new \$167,000 Forest Hills scoreboard, but then there was also "Spalding" on the front and back of the ballboys' shirts and "Pepsi" on the drink cooler behind the umpire's stand and the new IBM board proclaiming ponderous and not always comprehensible statistics, and there was Arthur Ashe wearing pastel shirts instead of the traditional white—not out of color consciousness or independence but because of what is known as a tie-in. That is, a certain pastel-shirt company has reached a certain special agree-

continued

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TENNIS (continued)

ment with the USLTA and Ashe. There also was the Borden's yogurt booth, whose staff of girls kept giving people promotional buttons to wear (none of the players wore them, though) and the fact that a can of domestic beer set you back 75¢ and an everyday ice-cream sandwich 30¢.

There were other rough spots in the proceedings. Leaflets were handed out in protest of Williams' back-home implication in apartheid, and Ashe announced that he had had to talk an unnamed group of protesters out of an attempt to disrupt the tournament. The world's and history's only prominent black player said he told the dissidents to give him time to get himself admitted to the South African meet in March a project to which Williams is lending his support. Finally, Vice-President Spiro Agnew, in presenting women's singles champion Margaret Smith Court her trophy and check, stimulated a good deal of heavy murmuring in the stands by announcing that runner-up Nancy Richey—a fully developed competitor who if anything probably played a bit over her head in reaching the finals against the masterful Mrs. Court would surely "continue to improve."

And yet, despite the unfriendly elements and possible grounds for complaint, there were many times during the tournament when the tennis and a beer were worth all they cost and more. The still-arresting Pancho Gonzales, dabbling away each drop of sweat on his forehead aborning and occasionally shouting "EeeeeeARRGHhththathall-thathwayeecccaargh" at himself, won a picturesque five-set match from long-haired Dane Torben Ulrich before bowing out to Roche in the fourth round, and in a postmatch interview Ulrich strengthened his claim on the role of the Allen Ginsberg of tennis by declaring he saw no reason why "I can't keep on developing for two or three hundred years." Roche and Newcombe fought magnificently through five semifinal sets before Roche finally won 3-6, 6-4, 4-6, 6-3, 8-6. And Laver—hitting winners off Ashe's hug serve, clipping the corners with looping top-spin ground shots and contriving by acrobatics or foresight to be in the right place again and again—earned every one of the \$16,000 he won in the richest tennis tournament ever. The U.S. Open was on uncertain footing in more ways than one, but it imported a lot of class. **END**



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SAMSON: Let's get back to that temple thing. You must admit the odds are pretty heavy against my being conked by a temple.

MONY MAN: One never knows.

Ed. Note: One does know today. Knows that, several years later, after being clipped by Delilah, Samson was conked by a temple. And even though our MONY Man proved right, it pains us to relate that Samson left not one penny in insurance. Which brings us to the moral that follows directly.

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An Emerald mare takes over My My's red roses

When Austin Knowlton looked at the sports page of Louisville's *The Courier-Journal & Times* on a recent Sunday morning, he had two reasons to be pleased. The Cincinnati Bengals had won and a five-gaited mare named Valerie Emerald had become the new world champion at the Kentucky State Fair Horse Show. Knowlton is a director and part-owner of the Bengals and owner of Valerie Emerald. He is also part-owner of the Cincinnati Reds, and they had lost. Oh, well—two out of three.

Valerie Emerald's victory had not come easily. The biggest class in recent years—18 horses—entered the ring for the stake. My My, who had won the event for the past six years, was dead, and every trainer with a stake horse was out to replace her. Knowlton himself had been waiting impatiently for some time. In the class, too, was Knowlton's 20-year-old daughter, Valerie, the only amateur, riding a horse called Purloined Emerald. You had to follow your program carefully to separate the Valeries and the Emeralds.

Valerie Emerald was one of the favorites as the class started, but there was strong opposition. Joanne Gaunt's Glory Kalarama had won the gelding stake two years in a row and was second to My My in 1968. Hayfield Farm's Hayfield's Bold Knight had won the stallion division, and Tom Moore on Knollend Farms' Hallelujah and Don Harris on the Greshys' Giddy-Up-Go were also in contention. From the beginning it was obvious that this was going to be a very hard class to judge, and prolonging the suspense were interruptions while two shoes were replaced and a time-out was called for equipment repair. But the judges finally came up with six horses—the live favorites and Purloined Emerald. These were worked again and once more the choice was difficult. When the champion's red roses went to Valerie Emerald it set a record for rider Frank Bradshaw. He became the first to handle seven world's grand champions in a row. Reserve to Valerie Emerald was Hayfield's

Bold Knight, and Glory Kalarama was third. Many spectators disagreed with the judges, and one remarked sarcastically, "I predict a long reign of one year."

That remains to be seen, but one other mare in the show is definitely enjoying an extended reign. Farlier in the evening Knollend Farms' Bellissima, with Tom Moore in the saddle, won the Grand Championship Three-Gaited Stake for the third year in a row. This, too, was a class full of quality and the judges sent three horses, Bellissima, the Dodge Stables' Lover's Sensation and the Twilight Stables' Snow Flurry out to work again. Snow Flurry, a mare from California, wears what must be the most unusual bridle in the show ring. Her owner, Helen Wallerstein, was waiting her furrer when she was struck by the new upholstery on his couch. It was a shiny bright blue, and Helen decided it would be fine material for a browband and noseband. She tracked down the remnants and had her saddlery shop run up a browband and cavesson. Now when her mare passes in the ring she comments, "There goes Sam's sofa," a remark that is apt to mystify listeners. In Louisville Snow Flurry and Sam's sofa had to settle for third as Bellissima lived up to her name and left the ring wearing the winner's yellow roses.

Another repeat winner was a five-gaited pony named Right As Rain. He has lost only three classes in the last three years for his owner, 16-year-old Andrea Wallion, and one of the defeats had occurred in this year's qualifying class at Louisville. "We were walking up to the ring through the barn area, and when we passed the chicken exhibit he opened his eyes and showed a lot of white," said Trainer Charles Crabtree. "I thought that son of a gun was going to doublecross me again!" It was all too true. In the ring Right As Rain was unmanageable. But it was a different story in the stake. The half-bred (by a Hackney stallion out of a Saddlebred mare) was very right that night and was champion gaited pony of the show. **END**

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Corn's Aces prove they're really pros

Bucking a trend, the first team of professionals played up to form

Before the Summer Nationals began in Los Angeles last month most students of form were agreed about the outcome of the various events. When it was over the past performance records had proved as unreliable as they often do at the racetrack.

In the team championship for the Spingold Cup—a good example—form dictated that the semifinals would come down to four favorites: a powerful Eastern squad led by Ira Rubin; a brash young sissome that had become the first professional team in bridge and called itself the U.S. Aces, although everyone else called it the Dallas Aces; the four young Californians, led by Richard Walsh, who had won the Vanderbilt Open Team Championship in Cleveland this spring; and, of course, the defending champions. So the defenders were one of the 76 teams in the record field of 140 that didn't even make it to the first knockout round. George Rapée, Sidney Lazard, Edgar Kaplan, Norman Kay, Eric Murray and Sammy Kehela were ousted in the two-session qualifying stage, failing even to break average, though for Murray and Kehela there was consolation later in the week as they became the first Canadian pair ever to win the Life Masters Pair Championship. Then the Walsh team failed to survive the third knockout round.

Another early victim was the strong team led by Alvin Roth, who was reunited with his partner of many winning, bygone years, Tobias Stone. Roth was beaten by a team whose total masterpoint holding, 4,375, was little more than half of Roth's own personal hoard of 8,300. The Roth team total was over 19,500 master points.

Meanwhile Rubin's favored Easterners were playing very erratically. They

continued



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Texas A&M vs Nebraska

SEPTEMBER 27



Mississippi vs Alabama
(Night Game)

OCTOBER 4



Texas vs Oklahoma

OCTOBER 11



Californnia vs UCLA

OCTOBER 18



Michigan State vs Iowa
Auburn vs LSU
Texas Tech vs SMU
New Mexico vs
West Texas State

OCTOBER 25



Air Force vs Army
Ohio State vs Northwestern
Miami vs Houston
Texas A&M vs Arkansas
LSU vs Mississippi

NOVEMBER 1



Iowa vs Indiana
Oklahoma vs Missouri
Florida vs Georgia
Stanford vs Washington

NOVEMBER 8



Notre Dame vs Georgia Tech
(Night Game)

NOVEMBER 15



Four "Wild Card"
regional games to be selected
followed by
UCLA vs USC (Night Game)

NOVEMBER 22



Texas Tech vs Arkansas

NOVEMBER 27



Army-Navy followed by
Penn State vs
North Carolina State

NOVEMBER 29



Texas vs Arkansas

DECEMBER 6



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BRIDGE *continued*

trailed in the early stages of several matches and had to rally to win. Indeed, in the quarter-finals, they had a four-IMP squeaker against an all-female team captained by Dorothy Hayden.

As the event wore on, however, it was the six young men from Dallas who became the center of attraction. Bobby Wolff, formerly of San Antonio, James Jacoby, the only original Dallasite, William Eisenberg, formerly of New York, Robert Goldman, formerly of Philadelphia, Robert Hamman, formerly of Los Angeles, and Michael Lawrence, formerly of Berkeley, Calif., are members of the first all-pro team, sponsored by Dallas financier Ira Corn. Three of them—Hamman, Eisenberg and Goldman—had been on the team that represented North America in the 1969 World Championship. Jacoby had represented North America in 1963, the year we came closest to beating the Blue Team. But Corn is not the kind of patron who is content with anything but a winner, and the rumor in L. A. was that the Aces would have to win, or else.

And they did. Corn's Aces breezed through to the finals, winning their knockouts by an average of more than 100 IMPs per match. At no time, however, had they been challenged by a top-class team. In the finals they faced the power and experience of the Rubin team, which included Jeff Westheimer, Sam Stayman, Vic Mitchell, Phil Feldesman and Bill Grieve. As early as the second board of the 72-deal match, the Aces showed they were as fresh as when the event had begun a week earlier.

When the Rubin team hought the contract the ace of diamonds won the first

trick, and West shifted to the jack of spades, taken by dummy's king. Apparently mesmerized by the opening lead, declarer led a diamond to his queen. West took the king and played ace and another spade. Though this gave the declarer two spade tricks, his total came to only seven as West later got in with the ace of clubs to make, in all, three spades, two diamonds and a club.

When the Aces played the same contract, West led the jack of spades. Bob Hamman realized that he would need at least three fast tricks in the minor suits and that only the club suit offered him any chance for that number. West almost surely had the ace of clubs, for East would probably have made a response on the first round of bidding if he had held that card.

So at trick two, after winning the spade lead with dummy's king, Hamman crossed to the ace of hearts and led a low club to the queen. When this held, a finesse of the club 10 set up three tricks in the suit. West was in with the ace, but if he attacked spades or diamonds he would give declarer his fulfilling trick. If he simply exited with a heart, declarer could play diamond himself to make the contract. The result was worth six IMPs to the Aces.

The Dallas team led by 29 IMPs at the quarter, by 39 at the half. The third quarter brought them another five IMPs and, as Rubin pressed to try to recover in the fourth quarter, the Aces picked up 49 more to win by 93 IMPs.

Now the Aces will await a playoff match later in the year against the winner of the Vanderbilt—the Walsh team—so decide who will represent North America in 1970 in Stockholm. With Italy's Blue Team retired, North America will have its best chance in more than a decade to win the World Championship.

Whether the Aces win or lose in the playoff, our nonplaying captain, Oswald Jacoby—James Jacoby's father—will have a family-style headache. If the Aces lose, Captain Jacoby will have to decide which pair from among the losers he will add to the four-man Walsh team to complete his squad for Stockholm. If the Aces win, the captain will have to decide whether to replace one pair of the winners with a pair from the losers, which he has a right to do. Finally, if the Aces win and he keeps the team intact, he must choose when and against whom his son will play.

END

North-South vulnerable West dealer

			NORTH				EAST	
			♠ K 4				♠ 7 5 3	
			♥ K Q 10				♥ J 7 5 3 2	
			♦ J 9 6 2				♦ 5 3	
			♣ Q K 6 3				♣ J 7 4	
WEST								
♠ A J 10 9 6							NORTH	
♥ 8 4							♠ Q K 2	
♦ A K 8 7							♥ A 9 6	
♣ A 9							♦ Q 10 4	
							♣ K 10 5 2	

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
1 ♠	PASS	PASS	1 NT
PASS	2 NT	(All Pass)	

Opening lead: ace of diamonds

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Sport was Box-Office



Buster nailed to his feet, a 'Keystone' comic launched sport-movie humor



Boxing saw a new defense when, in 1915, Chaplin made 'The Champion'



Bert Lytell acted and then some in the oh-so-serious 'Sporting Life'



What Chaplin could do, Keaton could too, and down went boxing again



In 1925 a tackling dummy was a leg's up on shocked Harold Lloyd



A master of the comic cue, Fields tried his sport in 'Six of a Kind'

Poison

The beginnings were hilarious—and profitable—but then hokum took over as Hollywood made hundreds of sport movies, most of them stinkeroos

by Robert Cantwell

CONTINUED

Midway through an early baseball movie Billy Bevan, playing an ace pitcher, is discovered by an irate husband hiding in his wife's bathtub. Bevan's presence there is innocent. To avoid any impression of wrongdoing, he submerges, breathing through a shower tube—the sort of thing that might happen to anyone. But the husband is the pitcher for the rival team, and mixed up with crooked gamblers, too. He holds Bevan's head under the water until Bevan gladly agrees not to pitch, which means throwing the game.

So we see Bevan disconsolately in the outfield, the wrong team winning. The husband hits a long fly in Bevan's direction. Bevan is so inept an outfielder that he cannot even find the ball, which bounces into a tar barrel. It looks like a clear case of injustice triumphant. But wait. All is not lost. The villain jumps exultantly on first base and the base sticks to the spikes in his shoes. He races for second like a man trying to run on one snowshoe. The third-base coach waves him on because Bevan cannot throw the ball. It sticks to his fingers. Finally Bevan gets off a throw to the plate just as the villain, great clouds of dust rising from bases affixed to both feet, slides for home. What happens next is obscure. We see the catcher and the umpire searching everywhere for the ball, which they finally locate stuck in the hair of the villain's head. It all ends happily. Bevan wins. And that's the way it used to be with sport and the movies. Then it got worse. But not for lack of trying. There have been 75 hilarious years of trying.

Bevan's out-of-the-bathtub-and-into-the-tar-barrel scene was a brief sequence in a forgotten two-reel Keystone comedy, but it was representative of a light-hearted view of sport that flourished in the early days of the movies. The Keystone company was the property of a pair of enterprising gentlemen from Brooklyn, Adam Kessel and Charley Bauman, who really did know something about sport. They were bookmakers. In fact, most of the early moviemakers

were mixed up in sport in one way or another. Bronco Billy Anderson, the original Western hero, was a baseball enthusiast: he signed movie rights in 1908 with the Chicago Cubs and the Detroit Tigers for the first World Series ever filmed. In his early days in Hollywood Charlie Chaplin never missed a Tuesday night fight at the old Vernon Arena, and one of the first and funniest of his masterpieces was *The Champion*, made in 1915, with its classic portrayal of an alarmed fighter in the ring with a stony-faced giant who obviously possessed no sense of humor. Harold Lloyd's first comedy roles included *Lonesome Luke* and the *Bargains*, filmed at the race-track in Tijuana, with Lloyd playing a stableboy so astoundingly lazy he would not even lift a bale of hay that had fallen on a recumbent horse owner. He let the horse eat it. Buster Keaton worked a rundown between bases into a scene in *College* and climaxed the film with a pole vault into the window of a second-story room where the villain had imprisoned his girl. In *A Night at the Opera* the Marx brothers craftily inserted the music for *Take Me Out to the Ball Game* for the score of *Il Trovatore* and sold peanuts to the operagoers. They also won the big race in *A Day at the Races* by re-routining the track and scored a touchdown in *Horse Feathers* in an improvised chariot made from a garbage cart.

Plainly, it did not matter in the movies whether you won or lost and certainly did not matter how you played the game. In *The Freshman* Harold Lloyd became unforgettably entangled with a tackling dummy. W. C. Fields reached into his golf bag for a club and drew out a garden hoe, or played pool with a wavy cue. Consider *Giddap*, another Keystone comedy. Andy Clyde, Billy Bevan and other unlikely horsemen are playing polo. The ball is knocked over the fence and the horses follow. The game is suddenly a steeplechase, the horses leaping fences and galloping neck and neck down a road, pursuing a bewildered bicyclist. The ball had landed in a basket on his handlebars. Moments later the ball is lost among some cattailpops in a fruit stand. The players recover it

and pound on, and we catch a glimpse of a fruit-stand owner sitting amid appalling wreckage. Whacking the ball ahead of them, the players race into a quiet residential section, where a well-groomed family is sitting down to dinner. The ball rolls through the open door, and in an instant the house is filled with horses and flailing mallets. A lucky shot propels the ball outdoors again, leaving the dazed residents staring wonderingly about them. "The townspeople didn't think very highly of actors as a class," Hedda Hopper wrote in her nostalgic recollections of Hollywood's early days. "When a picture company secured the use of a private home as a location it was left in such a mess." That was something of an understatement.

Sports remained standard movie material for nearly 40 years. Thomas Edison put the first baseball game on film as early as 1898 and made the first comedy, *Crazy at the Bat*, the following year. David Wark Griffith filmed *In Old Kentucky* in 1909, a melodrama in which the heroine replaces a crooked jockey at the last moment and wins the big race. Home Run Baker became the first famous athlete to turn movie actor when he starred in *The Short Stop's Double* in 1913. In *The Punch Hitter* (1917) Charles Ray, who was a good baseball player in private life, is a country boy mercilessly hazed in college until remarkable coincidences leave him the only player available to bat with two out in the ninth inning.

As the years went on there were hundreds of others. But somewhere along the way sport movies became a special category of filmmaking, not quite as stylized as Westerns or serials, but nearly so. And they also began to form their own record in Hollywood annals—one of fiscal catastrophe. So many bad sport movies were made that they virtually died out as a popular art form. The culmination of it all was probably *The Babe Ruth Story*. It was so awful—and such a staggering box-office failure—that most of the big movie companies shuddered at the very sight of ball and bat. All told, there were only two baseball movies made in 14 years. When Ted Wil-

Iams retired, Producer Spyros Skouras was approached with the idea of a film on Williams' career. "No, no," he said. "People wouldn't even go to see a baseball picture with Babe Ruth in it." In 1968 *Film in Review* analyzed almost a hundred old baseball pictures and commented editorially: "Bashall has been so indifferently dramatized in has practically been salvaged." During the 1920s and 1930s there were, on the average, films about one sport or another released every other week, many of them with big-name stars and top directors. And almost always they were posson at the box office. Now sport films appear at the rate of one or two a year.

The familiar sport-movie product—the one about the star quarterback kidnapped on the eve of the big game, the boxer who is ordered to throw the championship fight by gangsters who have made off with his girl, the rookie pitcher who gets the big head—has disappeared. The bad repute of sports films is even seen in television reruns. In Los Angeles about 200 old movies are now projected each week on local TV stations. No more than a dozen are sports films. You can sometimes see them if you have insomnia—things like Clifford Odets' insufferably highbrow prizefighter in *Golden Boy* or Ronald Reagan making a comeback from drink as Grover Cleveland Alexander in *The Winning Team*, with Doris Day and the St. Louis Cardinals standing around looking embarrassed, or Pat O'Brien in *Knute Rockne: All American*, with Reagan as the dying George Gipp.

If you prefer to sleep between 3 and 5 a.m. and are willing to pay \$20 an hour for a projectionist, the film companies will sometimes dig into their archives and produce one of these turnkeys for a private screening. If we had



*Sport and sentiment rarely mixed well
but Cooper as Gehrig was tearful*

a decent economic system they would pay you \$20 to watch them. In any case, after a few hours, no matter how camp your tastes, you are going to conclude that there is some better use for your money. All of which leaves unanswered the engaging, if somewhat esoteric, question: How did Hollywood and sport come to such an unpretty pass?

The first sports film ever made was shown in New York City in August 1894, four months after the first movie house opened. Michael Leonard and Jack Cushing, two lightweights, were filmed in a 10-round fight. It was a real fight

that is, there was no scenario—except that the ring was only 10 feet square so the camera could catch all the action. Leonard caught Cushing with a right to the jaw, Cushing dropped, and that was the end of the picture.

There happened to be an unusual theatrical interest in boxing that year. On the night of Sept. 3, 1894 three plays opened in New York starring fighters and ex-fighters. At Jacobs Theater, ex-champion John L. Sullivan opened in *A Time American*. At the American Theater, James J. Corbett, then the champion, stepped forth in a revival of *Gentleman Jack*. Down on 14th Street, Steve Brodie, an ex-fighter not then famous for his real or imagined leap off Brooklyn Bridge, made his bow in *On the Bowers*. All on the same night. And all three were successful, at least at first. "Mr. Sullivan was manly," said a review, "and spoke his lines distinctly."

During those days boxing matches were stag affairs, so the simulated fights on the stage attracted audiences that had no opportunity to experience the real thing. But fight films ended the vogue for prizefights in the legitimate theater. Late in 1894 Corbett left the stage and traveled to

Thomas Edison's new studio in New Jersey—built at a cost of \$637—and made a fight film of his own, the second sports film ever made. Corbett, who was a good actor, took no chances. He picked an unknown Trenton heavyweight, Pete Courtney, for his opponent, and he prepared a script calling for him to knock out Courtney in the sixth round.

The shadowy background, the tense figures at ringside, the awkwardness of Courtney and the pose and stage presence of the champion made the occasion historic. And two influential developments in filmmaking were started by the picture: huge profits from a small investment and the practice of dubbing films after they were made.

The third fight film was shown six months after the Corbett-Courtney fight. It starred Young Griffo, an Australian featherweight, renowned as the fastest

continued

fighter of his time. "He was a marvel," said Corbett, who was very fast himself. Griffo was also an eccentric, even in that age of spectacularly individualistic fighters. He never trained, drank to excess and sometimes refused to sit in his corner between rounds, standing by the ropes and making speeches instead. His opponent was Charles Barnett, the setting was Madison Square Garden and Griffo quickly put Barnett away. The fight and the film lasted only four minutes.

There was another sports film made in 1895. It was essentially a newsreel—the 116th running of the Derby at Epsom Downs, a thriller won by Lord Rosebery's Sir Visto. This marked horse racing's debut on the screen. Twelve sports events were filmed in 1896. By

superb collection of films dating up to 1912. But after that there are almost none until 1939.

By 1904, or 10 years after the first was shown, there were about a hundred sports movies on view. They amounted to an early version of ABC television's *Wide World of Sport*. Moviegoers could see a cockfight, a hurdle race, a harness race, a game of jai alai, a caber toss, a crew race, a practice session of the unbeaten Yale football team and various oddities, including something entitled *A Unique Race Between Elephant, Buyle, Camel, Horse and Automobile*. Most of these are of interest only as social history, like *Casey at the Bat*, the comedy that Edison made in 1899. Whatever Edison's genius, it did not include a sense of comedy, but his film of the old poem was inadvertently funny. The pitcher lofts the ball very slowly, so the camera can follow it. Casey swings at everything, missing so badly that his reputation as a great slugger can only be accounted a mass delusion. After he strikes out, Casey argues with the umpire, stealthily crooking his leg behind the umpire's knee. When the official trips backward, players rush in swinging, two well-dressed men wearing derbies appear mysteriously and join the fight and the movie ends in a confused pileup of struggling figures. As a dramatic effort, it could hardly have brought joy to Mudville.

The big financial successes were fight pictures, and the moviemakers began backing these and other sports events much as television does today. The first movie-financed fight of substance was Bob Fitzsimmons against Peter Maher in Mexico on Feb. 21, 1896. The producers put up \$10,000, and movie history lists it as a fiasco because Fitzsimmons knocked out Maher with the first punch. There was no fight to film. Sports history records the event somewhat differently. Maher was a tough Irish heavyweight, Fitzsimmons was lucky to have won their first fight by a knockout in the 12th round. For various legal reasons the 1896 fight was held in Mexico, across the Rio Grande from the town of Langtry, Texas (pop. 75). A special train carried 182 fight fans on a 16-hour

trip from El Paso. They stumbled across a stretch of desert, descended a steep trail to the riverbed, waded and splashed to a heaving pontoon bridge across the flooded river and paid \$20 for their tickets. They saw Maher rush out and land a left on Fitzsimmons' mouth, Fitzsimmons came back with a left and a right, but Maher smashed a left to Fitzsimmons' head. Fitzsimmons clinched. His nose and mouth were bleeding and he seemed badly shaken. He backed away when they broke, Maher following. Maher led with a left that missed. Fitzsimmons sidestepped and swung a right that caught Maher on the chin. Maher hit the canvas, going over backward. The moviemakers had wanted a real fight—no Corbett-Courtney scenario—and they certainly got one. But they wished they had used a script after all.

In addition to the sudden ending the sky was so stormy that nothing showed on the film except gray spectral shapes. So for the first time the weather had become a major factor in heavyweight fights. When Corbett defended his championship against Fitzsimmons in Carson City, Nev. in 1897, the New York *Herald's* account of the fight began: "The day was clear and beautiful and just right for the kinoscope." Corbett was knocked out in the 14th round, and, the paper reported, "The films alone should net a hundred thousand dollars to each pugilist." But sentiment soon turned against the moviemakers as fight promoters. When Terry McGovern fought Pedlar Palmer for the world bantamweight title in Tuckahoe, Sept. 12, 1899, the headlines went like this: **MC GOVERN KNOCKS OUT PALMER FOR THE BENEFIT OF PICTURE MEN.**

The movies were now being patronized by sports fans who questioned official decisions. For example, the decision in the 25-round fight of Jim Jeffries and Tom Sharkey at Coney Island in 1899—awarded to Jeffries—was so bitterly resented that the opening of the film on Broadway, the first time a movie was presented as a complete theatrical performance, was packed with Sharkey partisans who threatened to riot over visual evidence that their man had won.

"Nary Blue and Gold" could have sunk young Jimmy Stewart

1898 Edison was able to persuade a New York amateur baseball team to play before the camera in the backyard of his home.

One of the many paradoxes in movie history is that these early films are better preserved than those made after the movies became big business. Film cost a lot, so the pioneer moviemakers deposited paper prints of their reels with The Library of Congress for copyright purposes, and these lasted long after the old nitrate films disintegrated. Now the paper prints have been remade into movies and The Library of Congress has a





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The great burroom argument of the time was whether Domino or Henry of Navarre won their match race. This was the race that immortalized George E. Smith, later known as Pittsburgh Phil. He stood impassively munching figs at the rail as the horses crossed the line in what the judges ruled was a dead heat. Smith had bet \$100,000 on Domino and, by keeping his cool, became the prototype of innumerable steely-eyed movie gamblers who risked fortunes with less agitation than the average citizen feels when ordering a steak. A melodrama, *The Suburban* (written by the same Charles Dazey who wrote *In Old Kentucky*), was a hit. It was made into a movie with King Baggott, the first of the male movie stars, and retitled *The Kentucky Derby*. With this the gambler as a Pittsburgh Phil type became a movie fixture: he appeared in *The Thoroughbred*, in *Princess O'Hara*, in *Sporting Blood* (with Clark Gable) and right down to *Saratoga*, the classic of the type, the movie Jean Harlow was making when she died.

Addie Kessel and Charley Bauman were two gambling contemporaries of Pittsburgh Phil. A recent movie history disparages them as "a pair of credit bookies," but in fact they were well-known operators, though not plungers. Adam Kessel was born in 1866 and grew up in Brooklyn, where he and his brothers had a small printing business. As a sideline they turned out a sheet of baseball scores and race results called the *Sporting Gazette*, which they distributed in pool halls and barbershops throughout New York City. "This brought us into a sporting crowd," Kessel said, "and what with one thing and another we began making book."

Kessel was tall, slim, wiry and wore a small mustache, the classic gambler's get-up. Bauman was short, dark, and heavy-set, a Brooklyn boy who claimed to have gotten his start as a streetcar conductor pocketing coins handed him for fares. Among their customers at the track was Charlie Streimer, who, in 1907, operated a small film exchange and who owed them \$2,500. Unable to pay, Streimer made them partners in his firm.

Soon Kessel was head of the New York Motion Picture Corp., with an office on 14th Street near Tom Sharkey's saloon. Prospering, he opened another office near the theatrical district. Two of his brothers did the office work, and Kessel himself lived in considerable style at the Hotel Savoy.

By now the movies were becoming a sizable business. A survey of fire hazards in New York in 1908 revealed the astonishing fact that there were 180 movie houses in the city. But there were only half a dozen movie producers. One of them, a Chicago-based firm owned by Colonel William Selig, had profits of \$5,000 a week. Yet the whole movie business was hampered by uncertainty over patents and copyrights. An exhibitor could rent or buy a film and then make as many copies of the film as he wanted.

By the time Kessel and Bauman became moviemakers it was impossible to film a subject of immediate interest, such as a fight picture, and not have it duplicated within 24 hours. Adding to the confusion was the practice of some pioneer movie men, notably Sigmund Lubin, a Philadelphia opium, of reenacting fights. He hired actors who went through the motions of the fighters as the round-by-round newspaper accounts described them. He reenacted the 42-round fight of Joe Gans and Battling Nelson in Goldfield, Nev. that was Tex Rickard's first promotion, the fight of Jimmy Britt and Nelson for the lightweight championship, the George Dixon-Terry McGovern fight that ended when Dixon's manager threw in the towel so Dixon could keep his record of never having been knocked down, the Corbett-Kid McCoy fight that was rumored to have been fixed until the punishment that McCoy took made it plain he was really trying. When Harry Thaw shot Stanford White in Madison Square Garden, Lubin even reenacted that, giving unsuspecting customers the impression he had a camera on hand as the murder took place.

In December 1908 the major film companies organized a trust, the Motion Picture Patents Company. They agreed to

pay Edison royalties and were in effect licensed by him. More than 10,000 exhibitors in the U.S. paid \$2 a week for the right to use projectors and to rent films. To further control output, the trust bought up the entire film output of the Eastman Kodak Company, the only U.S. producer of motion picture film. Edison got a royalty of one-half cent per foot for all the film used, amounting to about \$500,000 a year. In 1912 anti-trust laws dissolved the organization, but in the intervening period all filmmakers outside the trust worked at a decided disadvantage.

Meanwhile, sports was, in a way, getting a New York vaudeville performer, Mack Sennett, into the movie business. Sennett owed Kessel and Bauman so much money from his racetrack bets that they could see no way to get the money except to put Sennett to work making movies out West. With Sennett when he reluctantly headed for California was Mabel Fortesque, known as Mabel Normand, a winning little 17-year-old girl who had been working as a model in New York. Also in the company was Fred Mace, later well-known as the villain who used to drop safes and other heavy objects on Charlie Chaplin. He was then famous as the leading man in *The Upright*, a musical comedy that had a record-breaking run of 350 performances in Chicago.

A little later Kessel sent Charlie Chaplin himself to join Sennett. Chaplin's film career had an exceptional beginning. He did not owe Kessel any money. Kessel's brother Charles happened to catch Chaplin's vaudeville act and asked Kessel to hire him, which he did for \$150 a week, or \$85 more a week than Chaplin was getting. Soon Keystone included Charles Murray, Louise Fazenda, Fatty Arbuckle, Gloria Swanson, Chester Conklin, Ben Turpin, Mack Swain, Hank Mann, Marie Dressler, Ford Sterling and Henry Lehrman, an Austrian army officer known as Pathé Lehrman because he claimed to be able to operate a French-made (and hence patent-free) Pathé movie camera. (He couldn't.) So the Keystone comedies began, founded by a pair of New York bookies who

were to make as important a contribution to popular art as anyone in their time. For this reason alone it is possible to argue that the movies took far more out of sport than they ever gave back.

I estimate that I went through about a hundred old sports movies in the course of this study, and I came away with one strong impression: the shows were by and large entertaining when they were comedies—or melodramas—and disasters when they were tragic or sentimental. The movie colony was simply too knowing about sports to shed an honest tear over a horse race or a football game. On the stage it was different. In the durable stage plays, such as Paul Armstrong's *Blue Grass*, or Cecil Raleigh's *Sporting Life* or Rida Johnson Young's *Brown of Harvard*, the sports events took place offstage, with only a portion of the crowd shown responding to victory or defeat. But in the movies the audience was right in the ring or the backfield, and the transition from violent action to profound emotion was never pulled off convincingly. The moviemakers, wrapped up in sports themselves, couldn't fake it.

Thus Los Angeles fascination with sport even predated the arrival of the movie men. In 1910 Los Angeles had a population of 319,000—there's a statistic that can stop a man. Los Angeles fight crowds soon became bigger than those in New York or Chicago. (By 1925 the two light arenas in Los Angeles were drawing a total of 618,000, compared to 120,000 for Madison Square Garden and 104,000 for Chicago Stadium.) The movie people simply picked up the sport tempo. Jim Jeffries' sabon became the most popular bar in town. Jack Root, the former light heavyweight champion who ran the Olympic arena, had been filmed in one of the earliest of fight pictures. Tom McCarey "the greatest fight promoter in the world," according to Bill Henry, the sports editor of the *Los Angeles Times*—was a distinguished, silver-haired diplomat whose two sons, Leo and Ray, went on in time to direct some of the few good sports films that were made. Fred Newmeyer, who be-

came a director and scriptwriter for Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton, was a south-paw pitcher with Denver in the American Association who spent the winters as an extra on the Universal lot. Ted Wilde, another baseball enthusiast, became a gag writer for Lloyd. Wilde eventually became a director and made a pleasant comedy, *Babe Corner Home*, starring Babe Ruth. It was the slugger's only untroubled and profitable connection with the movies.

Some of the people who eventually made sport movies were already living in Los Angeles when the filmmakers arrived. Sam Wood, who became the best known of this group, was a high school dropout from Philadelphia who drifted to Los Angeles in 1901, became a real-estate dealer and got into movies in 1914 as an aide to Cecil B. DeMille. Wood had played football and baseball in Philadelphia and won a rowing championship. He also boxed at the Los Angeles Athletic Club and played baseball on the club team. As a moviemaker he directed Wallace Reid in his pioneer auto-racing picture, *Double Speed*. This established him as a specialist in sports films, a reputation that lasted throughout his long career. He even directed Ramon Novarro, a rival of Valentino, in a football picture, *For Glory and the Girl*, and helped Rebert Montgomery, another actor unlikely to be cast as a football player, through *So This Is College*. It was Wood who directed the Marx brothers in *A Day at the Races*.

Actually, Wood had no fondness for sport films, but one just seemed to lead to another. When he wanted Gary Cooper to star in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, Goldwyn told him he would not lend Cooper unless Wood agreed to first direct Cooper in *Pride of the Yankees* for Goldwyn. That film, based on the life and death of Lou Gehrig, did manage to blend baseball and sentiment with a certain degree of success.



"Breeding Home" starred Wendy Barne—and the odor blew in off the barn

Tom McCarey's son Leo first worked as a Los Angeles sportswriter. He started his directing career with a college football comedy, *The Sophomore*, became celebrated for *Ruggles of Red Gap* and went on to direct the Marx brothers and Laurel and Hardy. The latter, in one of their best comedies, *Should Married Men Go Home?*, had Laurel as an elegantly attired golfer with an uncanny resemblance to Fred Astaire get involved in an epic mud-throwing scene on a golf course. The brawl started when Laurel tried to replace a toupée that had fallen off Edgar Kennedy's head. He inadvertently picked up a toupee-like area of turf, a glorious sort of divot that had drosses growing from the closecropped grass, and placed it on Kennedy's head, causing Kennedy to go into his famous slow burn. Ray McCarey also mixed sport and comedy successfully, especially in a funny film about the Dodgers, *It Happened in Flatbush*, that stood out in the dismal record of movies about baseball.

Nor did the British actors in Los Angeles residence ignore the sporting scene. There was the Hollywood Cricket Club set, led by C. Aubrey Smith, who usually played the role of an English lord with a drooping mustache. Smith had once competed for England in inter-

national matches. The spectators at the cricket club's games included the likes of P. G. Wodehouse, Basil Rathbone, David Niven, Errol Flynn and Victor McLaglen, who had been a boxer and once fought an exhibition match with Jack Johnson before Johnson became world champion.

The history of the movies might well have been different had it not been for handball. Harold Lloyd and Hal Roach were handball players, and the 1936 national handball championships were held on Lloyd's private court. The locker-room crowd at the Los Angeles Athletic Club included such diverse types as comedian Snub Pollard, director Charles Ruggles and David Butler, a one-time theater manager and local handball champion who became another prime director of sports films.

It was Butler who gave sports movies a sudden boost in 1936—after they were thought to be hopelessly outdated—when he put together *Peggy Sue*, a musical about a small Texas college that received, by mistake, an invitation to play Yale and hastily assembled a football team built around a cantaloupe tosser from the farmlands. The movie was quickly and inexpensively made, with Stuart Erwin and Betty Grable starring, and was an enormous financial success, in part because of the singing of a 14-year-old girl, Judy Garland, and in part because it expertly ridiculed the innumerable tedious college football movies of the past.

To this rather closely knit fraternity of sports-minded movie talent there came from outside a continual infusion of sports celebrity nonalent, and part of Hollywood's problem was its tendency to have stars in its own eyes when it dealt with the athletically famous. Among the early athlete-actors were Jim Corbett, who starred in a serial, *The Mad-nigger Man*, in 1919 and Jess Willard, who had a brief film career in *Heart Pasch*. Jack Dempsey was once cast as a football player, surrounded by the University of Southern California team, but survived this dreadful artistic moment to make an adequate serial, *Daredevil Jack*. Johnny Mack Brown made such



Nelson Eddy was dreamy with Eleanor Powell

an impression on Hollywood with his last-minute touchdown passes when Alabama beat Washington 20-19 in the 1926 Rose Bowl that the movie colony never let him go; he jumped to stardom as Marion Davies' leading man in *The Fair Coed* and then faded into Westerns and serials. Babe Ruth struck out in a Hollywood venture that ended with him suing the movie company for \$250,000 and the company suing him for \$50,000. Lou Gehrig made one film, a weird mixture of tropical idles, cowboys and baseball, called *Honolulu Buckaroo*.

But the high point came when Red Grange, riding a tidal wave of publicity, made *One Minute to Play*. The film was hastily shot at Pomona College and cost less than \$100,000. It grossed \$750,000, and Grange was immediately cast in a big auto-racing feature, with Jobyna Ralston as his leading lady. Famous race drivers were added to the cast. As one historian noted, "It looked like a perfect setup for success, but the fates decreed otherwise." One instrument of the fates was Joseph P. Kennedy. He was reorganizing Film Booking Offices, the company making the movie, and became involved in a quarrel with Grange's

manager, who wanted a percentage of the take for Grange. Kennedy ordered that Grange be dropped to a minor role in the hilling and, except for a slight return when Glenn Davis almost married Elizabeth Taylor, running backs were hunched by Hollywood until Jim Brown kissed Raquel Welch.

Were the critics right in condemning the sports movies as bombs? Was the public correct in avoiding Hollywood's best sporting efforts as stinkers? Was *Very* speaking for the entire sports movie genre when it dismissed *Saturday's Heroes* with "Pac is crammed with hoke"? Face up to it. The answer to all three questions is yes. Hoke is nothing new for Hollywood, but Hollywood was never able to fuse hoke and sports in the way it fused hoke and every other human endeavor. The proof? Close your eyes, pretend your TV is tuned in on the *Very, Very, Very Late Show*, and imagine the scene as.

Jimmy Stewart, beginning his otherwise distinguished career, is a football player in *Navy Blue and Gold*. And what is it that the old Captain (Lionel Barrymore) is saying to him? "As long as you wear the Navy uniform nobody cares whether you win or lose. But Navy cares greatly how you play the game!"

The trainer, leaning on the fence next to Wendy Barrie in *Breeding Home*, observes that the Thoroughbred is nature's noblest creation. And what's that Wendy is saying? "Don't ever change, Steve; don't ever stop thinking that."

Nelson Eddy, that toothy musical-comedy baritone, is cast as a West Point football hero in *Rosalee*. He hurries to Vassar after winning the big game, posts himself beneath Eleanor Powell's window and sings

*I'm your dream soldier
Reporting for duty. . .*

It is *The Babe Ruth Story*. William Bendix, playing Ruth, leans forward to speak to a boy who has been hopelessly crippled all his life. "Hiya, kid," says the Babe. The words so inspire the youngster that he rises from his wheelchair and walks.

Oh, yes, he does, sports-movie fans. Yes, he does.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOXING **PERRY GARRRY** knocked out Brian London in the continued second round of a notable bout in Oakland, their unceremoniously announced fight at age 24, clearing his hands from the second round, heil, sounded after London had been dropped for an eye count, but the referee had admitted to the fight for the first time. British Jerry said he plans to study mechanical engineering and art. "If the boxing part doesn't turn out," he said, "I've still got two years to teach me to be a boxer."

SHIROO SAHRO, world featherweight champion from Japan, scored a second-round knockout over Jose Fernald of Mexico in a 15-round title bout at Napporo, Japan.

FOOTBALL **DALLAS**, led by 1961 Heisman Trophy winner Roger Staubach after regular quarterback Craig Morton went out with a dislocated finger, clinched a three-field goal lead by New York and beat the Jets 23-9. In addition to Morton, the Cowboys line back Matts with a shoulder sprain, and the Jets had to miss their star player Mike Butler's nose was broken for the eighth time. Joe Namath surely started out of the haphazard to start his knees for the game that could allow Namath to back a local 44 yards in a touchdown, sending LOS ANGELES on its way to a 30-20 win at Ruffalo. The Bills, O. J. Simpson, finished with the Cowboys start, went into the better with an 85 yard drive, but it was called back after a penalty, and the Jets had to miss their star player HOUTSON rolled over New Orleans 10-14 helped by a 70-yard punt return by rookie Ray Lewis from SAM. KANSAS CITY and St. Louis fought a close game, but Atlanta Defense Tackle, C. Carly Clay, interrupted a pass and returned it 80 yards for the deciding touchdown. Miami finished out what victory, scored late, winning on Boston 31-0, and rookie quarterback Greg K. took over the University of Cincinnati, but he took good in the CINCINNATI Bengals 13-11 win over Denver (page 26). Cook made a 78-yard TD pass to Bush Tamm, CLEVELAND's Travis Williams kept on showing his old nuclear form, driving for 10- and 44-yard touchdowns in the third period at the Packer Bowl. Pittsburgh 31-29 CLEVELAND defeated Washington 20-10. MISSOURI gave some second stringers in a long game for the New York Giants, but the Giants won the victory after their former quarterback, Paul Taylor, a 28-21 disappointment in Minneapolis. There seems to be no sign of the 1961 BROTHERS Club, Linn Beyer, who has scored 173 yards on defensive efforts in his game. This time he returned as a member of 45 yards to quarterback Errol Mann, three field goals at the 10 yards came from behind to help Philadelphia 23-21. In San Francisco 51 COLTS Quarterback Charley Johnson threw touchdowns

seven of eight and 604 yards and ran for 100 yards another score in the Cardinals won 21-10 and kept the Oilers winless in five games.

GOLF **ORVILLE MOODY** the U.S. Open champion whose name came from some local the master of ceremonies for Grand Old Opry, finished a small field of big winners, in the 137,000 World Series of Golf in Akron, Ohio with a final round 67. He had the 141 placed him two strokes behind Masters champion George Arliss (68) still being from stroke (68) and four strokes behind Bruce Ogden and Jack Chaney Tony Jacklin and Ray Floyd.

At Walpole Lake, Mich. **LARRY ZIEGLER** won the \$100,000 Michigan Golf Clinic, beating ex-University of Houston star Hermo Banaas in the second hole of a sudden-death playoff. Missouri Ziegler was to work out below the last round that he entertained thoughts of picking up his club and going home. Transcendent Supervisor George Walsh shocked the players when he announced that the sponsors of the new tournament said they didn't have enough money to pay all the prize.

HARNESS RACING **NEVILLE FRIDT** on his second world record of the week, winning the non-winning race-mile 1:10.000 Sprint, Rodney Troy in 1:54.95 on Saratoga Raceway's half-mile track. But the 4-year-old bay colt, driven by Stanley Damsel, set a time mark of 1:54.95 for the State of the Indiana State Fair, breaking Goodenough's 11-year-old record by 1/2 second.

HORSE RACING **SILENT SCREEN** (10:40) won the \$100,000 nighttime seven-furlong Arlington-Washington Futurity at Arlington Park by eight lengths (page 27).

In another race race for 3-year-olds the \$100,840 delectable Malibu Stakes at Belmont Park Allied Vanderbilt's **COLD COMFORT** (10:40) won by four lengths.

HOTSPOTS **JACKIE STEWART** of Scotland clinched the world championship for Formula 1 cars with a narrow victory overochen Rind in the Italian Grand Prix at Monza. There are three events left in 1968, but Stewart's grand prize win and nine-second placed him far ahead with 60 points.

TENNIS—Australia won't have anything to do with the Davis Cup final coming up. Top players from Davis Under dominated the U.S. Open in Forest Hills (page 22). **MRS. MARGARET COURT** won the women's championship, beating Nancy Riether of San Angelo, Texas 6-2, 6-2. But the big news

was **ROD LAYER** who successfully completed his second grand slam with a 3-6, 6-1, 6-2, 6-2 victory over countryman Tony Roche in the rain-soaked men's final.

TRACK AND FIELD **KARIN BALZER** of East Germany broke her own 100-meter hurdles world record with a 17.9 clocking at a meet in East Berlin. The old mark was in July six 17 seconds flat.

MISFORTUNE KILLED When the light plane in which he was a passenger crashed on a landing near Newton Iowa, **ROCKY MARCIANO** former heavyweight boxing champion of the world, The Rock, who was 40 years old, died when he died with the title Sept. 23, 1952 with a 11th round KO over Jessy Joe Walcott. He defended the title six times and retired undefeated on April 27, 1956 with a record of 49 wins in 49 bouts, 43 by knockout. His trainer, trainer Helen, included Joe Louis, Louie, a coach, a trainer, and a trainer, and Charles (Tracy). He started boxing in the Army 8000 playing high school football in Brooklyn, Mich. and trying out as a catcher with the Chicago Cubs. He turned pro in 1937 and won his first fight by a knockout, then scored 13 straight KOs starting the following year. He was elected to the Boxing Hall of Fame 10 years ago.

TRADED To the Chicago Bulls forward **CHET WALKER**, 29, of the Philadelphia 76ers, who announced that he was going to leave the team even though it takes him back to the state where he played college ball (Bradley University). Forward Guard **WILLIAM** will be traded to the Bulls in the exchange for forward **JIM WASHBURN** and a player to be named later.

SOLD To the newly formed neighborhood Recording Co., Ltd. **CHUCK ALA**, a former Philadelphia top professional boxer of Thompsons, The 1,000-year name will retain its name and general manager, Joseph (Fat) Larr.

DIED **CARL KARLIVACZ**, 36, a defensive back with the Detroit Lions (1953-57), New York Jets (1958) and Los Angeles Rams (1959-60), of a heart attack in Glen Cove, N.Y.

CREDITS

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by KENT HANNON

AMERICAN LEAGUE

What was once the Western Division race suddenly began to look like a cakewalk, Eastern Division style. The season-long suspense of Minnesota's (7-1) battle with Oakland (2-6) pretty well ended in the 18th inning of a five-hour marathon played Saturday night in Oakland before only 17,600 fans. And for the second time in three games it was a home run by little Cesar Tovar that won the game 8-6 and most likely a play-off berth for the Twins. The A's left 18 men on base in the game, including 14 in the extra nine innings. Earlier in the week Tovar's 10th inning grand-slam home run had continued a five-game Minnesota winning streak. The homers overshadowed Oakland's win in the second game of the series and Reggie Jackson's 46th home run of the year. For a disappointed Jackson, usually the first to admit he is a streak hitter, it was his fifth home run in 35 games after hitting No. 41 on Aug. 2. Elsewhere in the West no one was doing exceptionally well, especially Seattle (3-5), which finally won at home after 15 consecutive defeats. Unimpressed, Mayor Floyd Miller announced he would begin proceedings to close the gates of Sicks' Stadium to the Pilots if they failed to provide the city with a promised \$660,000 letter of credit and a \$150,000 performance bond. Helping to pay their bills, the Pilots' front office sent Tommy Davis, his 81 RBIs and his big salary to Houston Danny Walton, who was leading the American Association in homers and RBIs, came to Seattle in return and promptly hit two home runs. Chicago (3-4) had won seven out of 10 ball games before three defeats at the hands of California (4-5) put a stop to loose talk describing the White Sox as the

"hot club" in Chicago. The Angels, with only 19 runs, did well to win four games, which was not much of a consolation for their best pitcher, Andy Messersmith, who lost a four-hitter to the Senators 2-0. Kansas City (4-5) did not mount the kind of drive that would assure the team of third place and a share of what little Series money goes with that kind of finish, but the Royals did get a three-hitter out of 25-year-old Roger Nelson and a five-hitter from Dick Drago two days later as the staff turned in three complete games. What excitement there was in the East was provided by Washington (5-3) and New York (5-3) battling spiritedly for fourth place. Senator right-hander Jim Hannon pitched his first complete game of the year, a three-hit shutout over the Angels, as Frank Howard smashed his 43rd home run. The Yankees briefly moved to within a game of the Senators, with Fritz Peterson and Sean Battenson tossing two- and three-hitters and Bobby Murcer getting three home runs. Baltimore (5-2), still winning two games for every loss, was 14½ games ahead of the Tigers and devastating when it had to be—as in a 5-4 victory over Detroit. Frank Robinson, Boog Powell and Brooks Robinson clouted successive homers to save that one in the ninth inning. Jim Palmer won his 10th game in a row and Mike Cuellar, who came to Baltimore for reserve outfielder Curt Blefary, won his 20th. Unlike other Oriole starters such as Dave McNally and Tom Phoebus, who have had trouble finishing, Cuellar has 16 complete games and 30 decisions in 34 starts. Detroit (4-5), with a rampaging Willie Horton (below) leading the way, had 16 home runs for the week and yet cheated the Tiger pitchers by scoring only 38 runs.

Boston (4-3) won its 13th game in 20 starts but gained only two games in the standings. Cleveland (2-6) split a series with the Yankees while snapping an eight-game losing streak.

Standings—East: Balt. 55-45, Det. 50-50, Bos. 44-52, Wash. 27-58, NY 69-60, Cleve. 38-64, Phil. 35-53, Cal. 35-61, Chi. 59-77, KC 56-62, Cts. 54-62, Sea. 52-65.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Willie Davis had not had a hit in four at bat and his 30-game streak seemed over as Los Angeles (3-4) carried a 4-0 lead into the eighth inning against the Mets. But Dodger Pitcher Claude Osteen, working on a three-hit shutout, was abruptly solved for a pair of two-run homers, and Davis found himself with another chance to extend his new club record in the ninth. Maury Wills singled, moved up on a sacrifice and, when Met Manager Gil Hodges sportingly refused to walk Davis, scored on Davis' double to left. The streak ended short of a league record the next night, and the Dodgers did not win another game all week, dropping 3½ games out of the Western Division lead. However, there was little stopping Davis, who began a new streak with eight hits in three games and raised his season's average to .323. Cincinnati (3-3) pitchers kept the Reds in the pennant race, while the hitters produced only 22 runs. Jim Maloney and Gary Nolan threw the staff's second and third complete games in four weeks. Maloney's two-hitter followed a doubleheader loss, and Nolan's four-hitter was his third straight win. The Reds helped him with their fourth delayed steal of home. "It's a gamble," said Manager Dave Bristol, "but that's what life is." Phil Niekro of Atlanta (3-1) was the one singing *That's Life* the night be-

HIGHLIGHT

Good pitching might, as the adage goes, beat good hitting every time, but there is nobody in baseball who won't take both. Recently the Detroit Tigers have had both, mainly because of outstanding performances by two heroes of the 1968 season, Denny McLain and Willie Horton. When McLain beat the Angels 3-1 for his 20th win this year, it was Horton who accounted for the victory, bringing in all three runs with one swing. On Aug. 30 McLain won No. 21 against Seattle and Horton hit his second homer in two days. In doing so, he kicked off the same kind of hitting spree that the league had suffered through earlier with the A's Reggie Jackson. Horton hit four home runs in the next two days against Seattle and Kansas City, skipped a day and blasted two more out of the park to help McLain to his 22nd victory. When he homered Sat-

urday against the Orioles, Willie Horton had hit nine in three days. By Sunday he had driven in 18 runs and batted .422. This clearly was not the same Horton who, booted in May, left the club "for personal reasons" and was fined \$1,300. His teammates were disappointed in Horton then because they felt he had deserted them when the pennant race was just developing. Always a sensitive person, Horton apparently was still suffering a let-down after the 1968 World Series, when Manager Mayo Smith replaced him for defensive reasons, notwithstanding his extraordinary throw that caught Lou Brock at the plate in the fifth game and turned the crime Series around. But all is forgotten and forgiven now. Horton has hit 26 homers, has 80 RBIs, is batting .265 and is not bothering to remind anybody of the American League record he once tied with 11 outfield patterns in a single game. The pitcher that day? Denny McLain, of course.

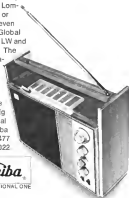


HORTON: HOMERS FOR DENNY

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fore, when he beat Cincinnati 14-2 for the fifth time and did not allow a hit after Tony Perez belted a knuckleball into the seats in the first inning. "I knew she'd be looking for the knuckler," Nickro said after throwing the one hitter. "and I didn't know how long I could get away with hanging them. I had the best fastball I've had all year." San Francisco (14-3, page 22), formerly a lamb in Houston (5-3), finally came through after seven straight losses there, beating the Astros 7-6 in the second game of the series with the help of Willie Mays, who returned from a knee injury to ram a game-winning two-run triple. The Giants lost the third game, too, but could still afford no laugh at Relief Pitcher Ron Herbel's gag. His only two hits had come in the Astrodom. "I'm strictly an indoor hitter," he said. San Diego (6-4) played its best ball of the season, surprising Los Angeles with sturdy pitching 1-0, 4-1, 3-1 and 4-2 after the Dodgers had averaged nearly six runs on 11 hits in four previous games. In the East, Pittsburgh (5-1) refused to admit it was too late to catch the leaders. The Pirate hitting—the best in the majors—was even more persuasive. Counting Carl Taylor, who had seven hits against the Cubs but who has not batted enough times to qualify for the league's top 10, Pittsburgh has six, 100 hitters. Pitcher Steve Blass even caught the fever, going 4 for 5 and cracking a three-run homer while firing a four-hitter. Chicago (3-4) led by five games and had a string of six victories before 16-game winners Bill Hands and Ken Holtzman and 19-game winner Ferguson Jenkins were beaten in succession. The footsteps that continued to haunt the Cubs, however, were not those of Pittsburgh but of New York (5-4) which for the umpteenth time this season refused to quit. Tom Seaver, with a pair of complete game wins, became the first Met ever and the first National Leaguer this year to reach 20 victories. While no other starter could go the distance and the bullpen was erratic, the Mets did show good power (16 home runs) as they headed into their two-game series with the Cubs. There will be no pennant in St. Louis (2-4) this year, for good pitching has been offset by a lack of hitting and an inability to win at home. With Bob Gibson on the mound, the defending league champions got 14 hits and still lost to the Reds. Montreal (3-4) scored only two runs a game but got excellent pitching out of a converted first baseman, Steve Renko, and Bill Stoneman, who both won five hitless, and Howie Reed, who lost a five-hitter. Before a week's-end disaster in New York, Philadelphia (3-5) had the best pitching in the league as rookie Billy Champion, Woody Fryman and Rick Wise all won complete games. Champion's three-hit shutout snapped a seven-game losing streak.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

MEASURE OF A MAN

Sirs:

Dan Jenkins has done it again! *Thanks for the Memories* (Sept. 1) is one of the best tributes to an outstanding athlete I have ever read. Not having had the opportunity of seeing Arnold Palmer in person, I nevertheless have been a fan of his. Dan Jenkins has brought him closer to all of us.

CLEMENT M. BOULE

Landen, N.J.

Sirs:

Dan Jenkins' tribute to Arnold Palmer is a sensitive, concise, poignant and yet thoroughly complete expression of the real essence of the man. I have often asked myself what it is that makes Arnold Palmer stand a notch above the other champions of golf—both past and present. Dan Jenkins has defined that something for me.

A defeated Arnold Palmer cannot be replaced as the King of Golf because his reign was never based simply on his victories. The championships he won made him king only because they brought attention to his approach to the game—that "unmixed joy of trying," which Jenkins describes so well. Palmer does not attempt to hide his moments of ecstasy or disappointment, but neither does he become preoccupied with them. His total commitment to winning is coupled with a total acceptance of the outcome, and in the final analysis it is this attitude that makes Arnold Palmer "something immeasurable as champions."

H. C. GOODPASTER, M.D.
Overland Park, Kans.

ON THE LINE (CONT.)

Sirs:

John Underwood's series, *The Desperate Coach* (Aug. 25 *et seq.*), is both thought-provoking and timely. A variety of reasons come to mind that might help to explain the increasing difficulties of college football coaches. Football is a game, and one of the primary reasons for the existence of games in society is that they provide a release for the pressures and tensions of everyday life. In the case of college football much of the discontent being voiced by the players is caused by the imposition of society's problems on young males at increasingly younger ages. For many there is little intrinsic delight in living in a situation in which they feel that everything they see as wrong in their world is being duplicated in their games. In such a situation much of the element of enjoyment goes out of games.

Combined with this increased awareness are the grandiose claims that have been made over the years by coaches who suggest that football is the greatest thing since organized

religion for the betterment of mankind.

Undoubtedly, we are in a period of reaction against the manner in which a specific game is handled. Many ridiculous demands and claims are being made against a group of men (the coaches) who have in the past made some pretty ridiculous demands on their athletes. So far there has been very little direct criticism of the game itself.

One hopes that the seeming impasse between coaches and players will be resolved in a fair and reasonable way. The players will have to come to an understanding that if they want to participate in a team sport they will have to accept a certain amount of discipline. And the coaches will have to become more aware of the personalities of their players and to realize that, in a world where priorities are being challenged, a change in their own position on the scale does not necessarily mean a loss of dignity.

Ironically, it is as a game that football stands its best chance of survival. It is only as an impersonal big business and as a rather cynical moral training ground that it is in danger.

MICHAEL J. WENZEL

Baywood Park, Calif.

Sirs:

I think that your articles on the desperate coach touch on some very valid problems that face college athletics today. What John Underwood and the various coaches interviewed fail to see is that there is a revolution going on on college campuses that has nothing to do with the SDS or the RSU—it is a revolution of the mind—and it is not necessarily bad.

KRITH J. JOHNSTON

Alexandria, Va.

Sirs:

Congratulations on your first two articles in the series on coaches. You have demonstrated convincingly that the coaches are absolutely out of touch with what's going on in the world and on the campus. They have become the vestigial appendages of U.S. higher education. But how clever to assign John Underwood, who appears even more out of touch than the coaches, to write the story.

LEON HOWELL

New York City

Sirs:

Your reporting of the Andros-Milton affair was noteworthy for a number of reasons. In my mind the most prominent of these was the presentation of Andros' statement of the principles around which he organizes and conducts his life and work.

Though Coach Andros apparently does not feel that he directs his football team in a very democratic way, I respectfully beg to differ with him. From what I read, it does seem that Oregon State football is oriented toward explicitly stated rules and goals. Within this framework there are apparently open channels for communication and the redress of grievances. By joining such a team/society (take your pick), a person agrees to accept at least the foundation on which this structure rests. Change in the system is promoted by *constructive* means and *majority* vote. Those who break the rules must bear the responsibility for their actions. Each member of the team is expected to "do his own thing," be it block, pass, teach or whatever, to the very best of his ability. The individual does this, not for self-aggrandizement, but for the attainment of mutually agreed upon goals. If a person cannot function within this matrix, then he is free to leave. Forgive my simplifying things, but the foregoing sounds very much like a democracy to me.

MARTIN R. ADAMS

Kent State University
Kent, Ohio

Sirs:

John Underwood does a terrible disservice to the trackmen of Providence College, to the college itself and, most importantly, to its progressive and distinguished president, Father William Haas.

Coach Hanlon's cross-country teams have been strong, it is true. However, so small part of that success is due to the outstanding financial and moral support that the coach has received from Father Haas. Providence has always been able to attract outstanding runners, most of whom did not develop under Coach Hanlon. The one restriction Father Haas has placed on his coach is that the recruited trackmen be bona fide college students—and, unfortunately, there has been the rub. The coach has been unable to adjust to the outstanding athlete who is also an outstanding student with a real interest in his education.

To say that the hassle over the TV set was inspired by the coach's concern for the studies of the athletes involved is to misstate the case. The four athletes involved, had, at the time of the incident, a combined academic average above B. The coach's pique was really based on the athletes' refusal to confine their thinking and interests exclusively to track when not engaged in study.

Providence College track under Coach Hanlon was not, as implied by Mr. Underwood's article, an example of modern

continued

YESTERDAY

Second Time for Vander Meer

He had pitched a no-hitter in Cincinnati four days before. Could he repeat the performance now in Ebbets Field? by BILLY REED

As soon as he came out on the field to begin his warmup pitches, he was conscious of the crowd. Brooklyn's Ebbets Field was not exactly a joyful place for young Johnny Vander Meer. The Flatbush fans—the loudest and loyalest in baseball history—loved to mock his pitching motion, his “rocking chair,” as the sportswriters dubbed it. “One” the crowd would chant as he dipped down, “two” as his arms came overhead, “three” as the right leg kicked, “four” as the torso rocked forward and the ball was released. Anytime Vander Meer pitched in Flatbush it was an adventure, but this night was something more.

Maybe it was the lights. It was the first official major league game ever played at night in New York City or anywhere outside Cincinnati, for that matter. The 615 floodlights tinted the grass a surrealistic green, and already, in the dugouts, the players were grumbling.

“This screwy schedule gets your stomach shot to hell,” said one Dodger. “You’re eating a steak dinner at midnight and colliding with yourself getting up for batting drill the next day.”

More likely it was not the night game but that other thing, the no-hitter, that was in the mainstream of Vandy's consciousness. Four days earlier he had pitched at against the Boston Bees in Cincinnati, and the fans in Flatbush were letting him know they knew all about it—with raspberry jam Brooklyn style.

Official paid attendance that night was 38,748—one of the largest crowds ever to attend a game at Ebbets Field. Three bands performed on the field, and Jesse Owens, the Olympic star, gave an exhibition of running as if to prove to what depths sports heroes can be reduced in short periods of time. Only

two years after his historic Olympic triumphs in Hitler's Germany, Jesse was barely getting along as a promoter of all-Negro baseball and basketball teams. Trying to make ends meet, he moonlighted by doing exhibitions.

It was 9:23 when the first pitch was thrown to Cincinnati's leadoff batter, Second Baseman Lonnie Frey. In the third inning the Reds scored four runs, thanks mainly to Frank McCormick's three-run homer into the left-field bleachers. Meanwhile, although the chanting fans were doing their best to psych him out, Vander Meer hung goose egg after goose egg next to Brooklyn's name on the scoreboard. The sixth inning passed, then the seventh, and still the Dodgers didn't have a run—or hit. However, by now Vander Meer was thinking about it—and so were his teammates.

Then, in the bottom of the eighth inning, a strange thing happened. The Brooklyn crowd got to its feet, not to further harass the man with the rocking-chair pitch, but to cheer him. As Vander Meer walked toward the mound for the bottom of the ninth, illuminated by 92 million candlepower, the crowd was beside itself. The first Dodger batter, Buddy Hassett, hit a slow roller down the first-base line and Vandy tagged him out.

Two to go.

Then Babe Phelps walked. So did Cookie Lavagetto. And Dolf Camilli. On the mound Vander Meer looked anxiously at the Reds' dugout and, sure enough, here came the manager, Bill McKechie. A pitcher began warming up in the Reds' bullpen. The crowd yelled, “Leave him in,” which is exactly what McKechie intended to do.

“John, you’re trying to put a little too much on the ball,” said McKechie

continued

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Vander Meer *continued*

in reassuring tones. "Just throw your stuff. Don't give up anything cheap."

The next batter was Ernie Koy, who had raced against Owens in one of the exhibitions and beaten him at 100 yards, albeit with the aid of a 10-yard handicap. Koy grounded to Third Baseman Lew Riggs, who fired a strike to Catcher Ernie Lombardi, forcing out Goody Rosen (running for Phelps) at home.

Two outs, bases loaded, bottom of the ninth. Baseball's classic tableau for hero-making, but never before quite like this. Only one man stood in Vander Meer's way now, and there he was, digging in at the plate. Some players might have taken a dive for Vandy's sake, but not this guy. This guy's name was Durocher. Leo Durocher.

The count ran to one ball, two strikes and now the pitcher was coming in with The Big One. It popped into Lombardi's mitt, Umpire Bill Stewart called a ball.

"I had to call it a ball," Stewart said later. "It was a little high, as I saw it. Golly, I was pulling for the kid as much as anybody in the stands. It was mighty lonely out there. Everybody wanted that pitch to be a third strike, but it just wasn't. I would have kicked myself in the pants if Durocher had hit the next one safely."

He didn't. Leo the Lip lifted a high fly to Harry Craft in center field, and now Vandy knew it was in the bag. "I watched the ball going out toward center," he said later. "Craft probably played the shallowest of any outfielder, but I knew he had it all the way. If it had to be hit to the outfield, he's the

outfielder that I wanted to catch it."

Never was a 6-0 loss by the Dodgers so celebrated at Ebbets Field. Fans vaulted over the railings to rush at Vander Meer, who seemed to be in a daze. Mobbed before he got to the third-base line, Vandy needed help from his teammates and the cops to make the dug-out, and it wasn't until he got there that the full realization of what he had done began to dawn on him. He was the first pitcher ever to rack up two no-hitters in a row.

"I had a real good fastball," he told reporters. "I stayed with it pretty much until the seventh inning. Then I threw about 15 curveballs in the last two innings, where I had thrown only about five in the first seven. I was staying with a good pitch. The curveball comes to you as the game progresses."

Almost lost in the crowd that night was a bulky fellow who came back to the dressing room after the game to say, "Nice game, kid" and shake Vander Meer's hand. Later Vandy would say that meeting Babe Ruth was his biggest kick of the night.

Thirty-one years ago this summer—June 15, 1938. It was a time when baseball truly could claim to be "the national pastime" and the country rushed to embrace its new hero. Editorials spelled out his virtues, the Ohio senate passed a resolution in his honor, a move started in Cincinnati to replace a downtown statue of former President James A. Garfield with one of Vander Meer, his home town of Midland Park, N.J. wanted to name a bull park after him, newspapers sensationalized his life story and Cincinnati General Manager Warren Giles said that all writers wishing to do pieces on Vandy should be prepared to fork over \$500 of their profits. Oh, yes, Vandy's \$3,000 salary was raised.

Nobody could foresee in those wonderful days that near the end of that season Vander Meer would twist his shoulder so badly that his control would be impaired forever, that a season later Vandy would be voted biggest disappointment of 1939, that two years later he would voluntarily be back in the minors, looking for his lost control. Vander Meer was never the same again, and later he would remember something else about that June night—the specter of young Jesse Owens, Olympic hero, putting on exhibition races to keep from starving.

END



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athletes quitting under pressure, unwilling to pay the price. Rather, it was a procession of runners, usually seniors, being fired from the team shortly after the cross-country season ended. Whenever their sins, they were not grave enough to warrant expulsion until after they had provided Coach Hanlon with his personally coveted cross-country championships. The indoor and outdoor seasons offered only individual prizes and personal satisfactions to trackmen. These were the only rewards sought by the runners for years of practice and self-denial, but they did not appeal very strongly to the coach. This was but one of the ingredients in a long-running problem with Providence College track.

H. A. CROOK

East Northport, N.Y.

Sirs:

I cannot begin to describe my feelings toward Ray Hanlon as I ran his famous "guts" practices through the Providence snows. However, I can describe the feeling of anchoring a winning relay in the Boston Athletic Association meet. Gradually, I must admit that Coach Hanlon's practices were probably better preparation for the marathon of medical internship.

Now, as then, I question the man's methods. Now, as then, I respect his standards and achievements.

HARRY W. SMITH, M.D.

Worcester, Mass.

A FEW KIND WORDS

Sirs:

We at Las Colinas Country Club who became acquainted with many great golfers during the Women's Amateur Championship were disappointed in your rather slanted story concerning Catherine Lacoste and her outstanding championship effort (4 *Supper Keen-a-Shoo in La Grande Catherine*, Aug. 25). Miss Lacoste came to this country alone, without a traveling companion, and displayed not only the greatest accomplishment ever seen in the Women's Amateur (one over par in eight rounds on a very difficult course) but a truly charming and ladylike personality throughout the tournament.

Miss Shelley Hamlin, who is certainly an all-American girl, was naturally the crowd favorite since it was the U.S. against France, but it was not because of any action or words by Miss Lacoste.

We who were fortunate enough to be involved in the tournament have nothing but admiration for a great champion and lady, Miss Lacoste, an admiration, I might add, that is shared by Miss Hamlin.

TRENT C. ROOT JR.

President

Las Colinas Country Club

Irving, Texas

continued



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15TH HOLE *continued*

LUMPS

Sirs:

Your story on O. J. Simpson was priceless (*The First Taste of O.J. Is OK*, Aug. 25). It was only fitting that O.J. was given the cover article. After all, he gained 19 big yards in a crucial game, which certainly made him worthy of such praise. This was indeed an important game, one which pitted two top contenders against one another.

I suppose that O.J. had to make headlines, especially since the other games which were played that weekend had such little importance. Among these were the Cleveland-Los Angeles game (I'm sure that neither of these two will be contenders for the NFL title) and the San Francisco-Dallas game, in which Cowboy rookie Calvin Hill gained a mere 106 yards and Steve Spurrier made another feeble effort to have the 49ers find a permanent place on their bench for million-dollar quarterback John Elway.

On behalf of your readers I would like to thank Edwin Shraike for covering a truly thrilling game. I only wish I could have seen it instead of sitting in Yale Bowl with 71,000 others and watching Joe Namath hit on 14 of 16 passes in a game which marked the first meeting of the New York Giants and "that other" team from New York.

PAUL LEVY

Hamden, Conn.

Sirs:

We marveled at how SI can judge O.J. on four carries and, oh yes, one pass reception. SI seems to ignore the fact that Detroit won the game or that the Lions' dark horse rookie, Alton Taylor, gained more than 100 yards.

After the article in SI on O.J., an uninformed reader would believe he is already the best runner in pro football. If he's this fantastic in one exhibition game, just think how great he'll be once the season starts.

DOUG LINDERER

VICTOR DITTMAR

Bloomfield Hills, Mich.

Sirs:

Most people, including Edwin Shraike, seem to feel O.J. is different. Mr. Shraike points out that after a few days of professional football, O.J. was sore and ached all over. What's so special about that? O.J. is like everybody else and he'll take his lumps with everybody else.

DAVE ANSELL

Spring Valley, N.Y.

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The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland

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Magnified drawing of ordinary color picture screen



Magnified drawing of new Zenith Chromacolor picture screen

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